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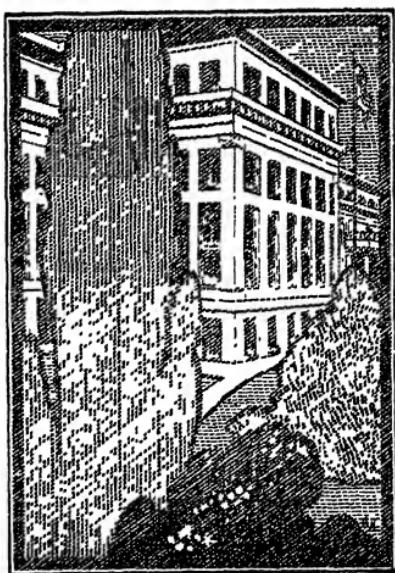


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The
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THE
COMMENCEMENT
MANUAL



THE COMMENCEMENT MANUAL

SALUTATORIES, VALEDICTORIES, ADDRESSES AND
RESPONSES, CLASS POEMS, SONGS, HISTORIES,
BACCALAUREATE SERMONS, PROPHECIES,
WILLS, YELLS, MOTTOES, FLOWERS,
COLORS, CLASS PLAYS, NOVEL
PROGRAMS, ETC.

BY

EDITH F. A. U. PAINTON

AUTHOR OF

"As a Woman Thinketh," "A Burns Rebellion," "The Class Ship," "The Graduate's Choice," "A Prairie Rose," "Star Bright," "Clubbing a Husband," "From the Prairie," "King Desire and His Knights," "The Healing Touch," "Sister Angela," Etc.



"In these sweet June days,
The teacher and the scholar trust
Their parting feet to separate ways."

—J. G. Whittier.

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EBEN H. NORRIS

MADE IN U. S. A.

DEDICATED TO THE CLASS OF 1896, CORUNNA HIGH
SCHOOL, MICHIGAN

A TOAST

Classmates, a school-bell rang today,
That had for months been still,
And bore my wandering thoughts away,
Sorely against my will.

I thought that years had passed away,
And all our ways seemed strange;
I saw us all, some far-off day,
And marvelled at the change.

I saw, of course, each dear old place,
Which we had closely known;
I saw each old familiar face,
Yet older, wiser grown.

The school-house of our early years
Had opened wide its door,
And turned us out, through hopes and fears,
To enter nevermore.

I saw the members of the class,
When called to separate,
Through many an untrod by-way pass,
Led by the hand of Fate;
I watched their paths, so wide and far
From all the past had been,
As guided by some distant star,
They fought, and fought to win!

Ah! Life's best gifts soon came to them
As swift years sped away;

The girls who could not win "A. M."

Were proud to be MA.

Jennie was caught in Karma's push;

Evah could *Cros-by* none;

While *Lena* beat about the *Bush*

Till *Nina* turned to *Stone*!

Clark's heart said "*Mary!*" prompt to seize

Life's best where it might be;

And *Walter*—Doctor, pardon, please!—

We're proud of that M. D.

Maud learned the matrimonial smile

No western suns could dim,

While *Pearl* found it *Wall-worth* her while

To face the West with—him!

Tod learned through Mexico's sad day

How lives are overcome,

Just pausing fondly by the way,

To pick him up a *Crumb*!

And next to *Claude* I turned my eyes,

And love's sweet song was sung,

As a girl 'neath Pennsylvania's skies

Agreed to be made *Young*.

Kittie to bright ambition clung,

And climbed the path to fame,

Vowing to stay forever *Young*

And win a deathless name!

While I—I laugh!—how can I say

What's too absurd to tell?

I dreamed my children ran from play

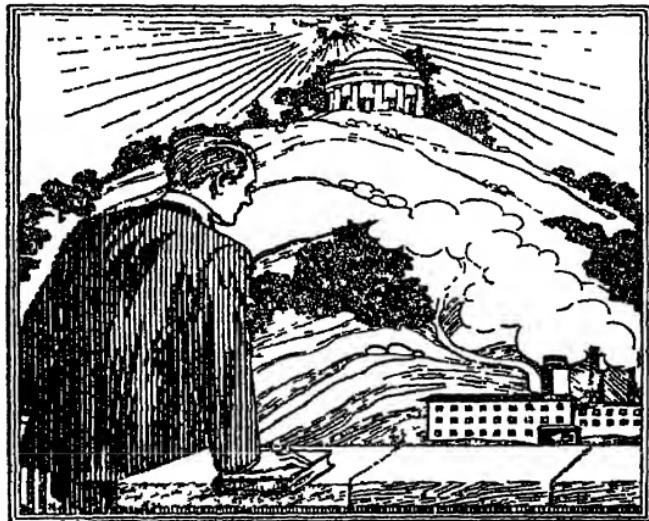
At sound of that school-bell!

My children, mind you! No—don't smile!

I knew how strange 'twould seem!

Have you remembered all the while,
I'm telling you a dream?
These were but castles in the air—
Let's drive the dream away!
We've never had a single care—
We're boys and girls today!

Yes, we are boys and girls, thank God!
So let us upward climb
Those same old stairs our footsteps trod
In Hudson Sheldon's time;
Up! up! till we've, as women and men,
Our last diploma won,
When we shall all join hands again
And hear God's great "Well done!"





PREFACE



UT of twenty years of active experience in close touch with the graduating classes through each succeeding year, in all branches of their work, the author of this volume has written and arranged the material used in its pages for the actual filling of every Commencement need.

The models have been selected for insertion herein that have proven most popular with classes all over the country, and which can most easily be adapted from year to year to the needs of the average class. Nothing has been given a place that has not won it by the success of actual service, not only once, but many times; and nothing has been omitted that after careful consideration has been found of real practical value in meeting the requirements of the time. The material is original, both in conception and construction, and will be sure to bring "something new and entirely different" in response to that annual plea.

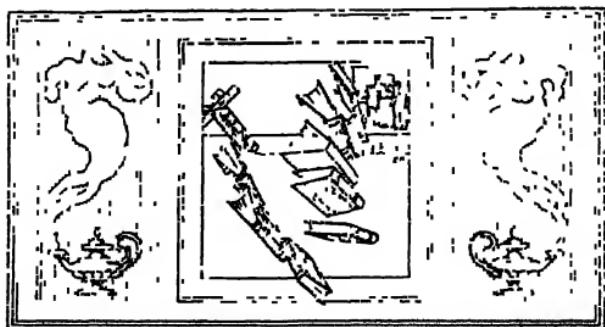
There is scarcely any limit to the clever ideas available for the various Commencement parts. A book twice the size of this might easily be filled with the unique suggestions in annual use for the parts of History and Prophecy alone. Any complete compilation being impossible of insertion in this volume, they have all been painstakingly considered, and such selections made from the whole as have through years of service been most warmly and widely commended. A sufficient variety was made use of to provide at least some one model to suit the individual taste of each one.

The "Specialties" and "Novel Programs" are entirely

original with the author, and so far as she has ever learned have never been developed by anybody else, save under her personal instruction and direction. For a number of years she has leased them in manuscript to students in all parts of the country who were in search of novel ideas; or has personally adapted them to the individual needs of the students, teachers or classes desiring to make use of them. They sprang into popular favor at the very first introduction, and have always been most enthusiastically received by both class and public, though they are now for the first time offered to the public use in this printed form.

The one idea in arranging the volume has been to put forth a work of real value, covering every need of the Commencement season, and thus of service to every busy teacher and student who needs a helping hand or a suggestive word at this time. If it tends in even a small degree to lighten the burdens of any overworked or overworried brain, she will feel that the effort with which she sends it forth will not have been made in vain.

THE AUTHOR.



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SALUTATORIES

I. OF CONVENTIONAL FORM

(a) FOR A GRAMMAR SCHOOL

Dear Parents, Kindred and Friends: I wonder if it is really necessary for me to try to tell you in words how truly glad we are to have you with us today. We are very young and inexperienced in the ways of the big world with which you are so familiar, and yet we have already learned how useless words really are when they try to express the deepest feelings of the heart. We could not possibly put our thoughts into words, and in any degree make you feel as we do, so why should we try? And yet men and women who know what it means to be wanderers over the face of the earth, tell us that there is really no sweeter word in the English language than the word "Welcome." And we really do want to say it to you, and to say it in the right way.

So often, in the daily goings and comings of life, we hear the word spoken with such an empty, hollow sound. It seems to mean so little, sometimes, as it passes from lip to lip. A word is only a word when it lacks the ring of sincerity—even a word that may express so much when it comes from the depths of the heart. And so, I hesitate, wondering how I can best express it, to make you all feel sure that we mean it as we say it—yes, that we mean more than we can possibly put into it, try as hard as we may!

Somehow I feel that I have no need to say it at all. The voice could never convey to you all that the heart would say, and there are many other ways in which it expresses itself to those who can understand, even better

than the words we try in our weak way to speak. So I feel that you must already have felt your welcome, without any of our assurances. You must have seen it in our eager eyes and joyous smiles; you must have caught it from the very air you breathed; you must, through the quivering atmosphere of the room, have sensed the thoughts of our minds.

And so, dear friends, I am not going to try to say it at all. Instead we are just going to put forth every effort to prove to you how much we thank you for coming, to repay you as much as possible for the pleasure and pride your presence brings to us, by doing or saying something that will make you feel that you have not come altogether for nothing, nor yet for our sakes alone, but because it has been good to be here.

Of course, I do not dare promise you that we will do well. We cannot tell that yet. No one can ever be sure how things are going to turn, even when he himself has planned them. But I do promise you, on behalf of every one of the class, that we will do our very best to make you glad you came. With this one aim ever in our minds, dear friends, I thank you once more for coming, and extend to you in the name of the class, our most grateful and sincere welcome.

(b) FOR EITHER A GRAMMAR OR HIGH SCHOOL

How many, many times in life we are forced to admit the inadequacy of mere words to express the deepest sentiments of the soul! Our hearts fill with emotion; and we learn when our tongues falter and our lips refuse to say what we wish them to, something of what Tennyson had in his heart when he wrote:

“I would that my tongue could utter
The thoughts that arise in me!”

Dear friends, one and all, this occasion is one of those times. Did you ever stop to think how much may lie underneath the surface of this word I have been chosen to speak to you? WELCOME!—the word that endeavors to assure you that you have *well come*—the word that we try to express in so many ways, and yet that may be so beautifully summed up in the words of that clever hostess, who proposed the enigma:

"My First I hope you are;
My Second I see you are;
My Whole I know you are!"

For after all our fine words, our lofty sentiments, and high-sounding phrases, how much more can we really put into this greeting to our friends—We hope you are *well*; we see you are *come*; and we know you are *welcome*!

Words are elastic. Of themselves they may be very small and apparently worthless; but stretched out to the full extent of their capabilities, they may be made to cover far more than we ourselves may realize. It really depends so much upon the emotions that call them forth. Sometimes our words may sound exaggerated and seem to try to say more than our hearts may really prompt. Again, we may find all words far too weak to convey to our friends the emotions that are flooding the innermost recesses of our being.

Dear friends, I must say again that this is the position in which we find ourselves tonight. To you, this may be indeed a pleasant occasion, for we shall certainly do our best to make it so; but at best, it will be only one of many, many such occasions in your life, which, enjoyable as they may all be at the time, will be but fleeting in their influence. To us, it is a great occasion, a red letter day, one of the brightest spots in all our lives, and bound to live forever in our memories.

To you, it may be but a pleasant place to be amused for an hour, and while the time away ; to us, it is a gleaming milestone along the journey of life, and the interest you show in us by coming to bid us God-speed on the way is most deeply and truly appreciated.

To those of you who have a personal interest in us as the boys and girls you have seen grow up from infancy, it means, of course, far more than to the chance guest to whom we appear but as strangers.

To those, too, who can remember their own thoughts and emotions on similar occasions in their own lives, it will be a pleasant reminder of those early hopes and aims, and will incite in them a deeper sympathy and understanding of all that we are feeling and dreaming as we enter into the exercises of the day.

To our parents and relatives, it is an hour of pride and affection ; to our teachers, an hour of mingled joy in our success, and regret, we trust, over the necessary parting. So much, you see, depends upon the individual point of view.

As for us, this occasion closes an epoch in our lives—the most important period that we have yet known, and one of the utmost value in its bearing upon all our future career. As we look back over the past few years, we feel that we can truthfully say that we have done our best at all times and in all places to make the most of every opportunity, so far as our young minds were able to understand it. We mean to continue to do that same best at all the times and in all the places where Fate may hereafter direct our paths. And we are sure that at this time, every one must realize something of what it means to us, and while grieving with us at the sundering of the dear class ties that each year has helped to make stronger, must at the same time rejoice with us that we have been able to accomplish so much as we have, while wishing

for each of us greater triumphs in whatever work may lie ahead of us.

We ask you then, dear friends, to be glad with us and for us, as we enter upon the program of the hour, sure that we are all most earnest in assuring you of our joy at having you with us, and that I, in the warm inspiration of your presence, am most sincere in telling you, in the name of my classmates, how truly glad we are that you are here. We hope that you may all feel that it has been good to be with us today, and may see in all that we do and say some assurance of your welcome, even while realizing that, as a class, we cannot well ask you to "Come again!"

(c) FOR A FIRST CLASS OF ANY SCHOOL

Dear Parents, Friends and Teachers, One and All:
We wonder if you can realize just how proud we are of this privilege of appearing before you tonight, and bidding you welcome to the simple ceremonies in which we are able to participate as the first class—the very first class—that has ever passed out into the world of real work from this school.

We are so small in numbers that we might perhaps feel more humble than we do, did we not understand full well the unique place we are to hold in the history of this school through all the years that are yet to come. Classes will come and go; boys and girls in large numbers will pour forth from these doors in all the pride and pomp of a finished course of study; men and women in years to come will look back with fond recollections to the days of their school life within these walls; but there will never be another class like unto this in all the years that are to be. We alone can be the *first*.

Do you blame us, dear friends, that we value to the

fullest extent this distinction that sets our little class supreme over all the classes yet to come and go? It is quite possible that never again will so small, and so apparently insignificant, a class be sent forth from this school. It may also be quite as possible, though we naturally shrink from entertaining that thought, that the classes to come after us may be far wiser and more brilliant than we have, with all our efforts, been able to become, and so attain to far greater heights than those to which we have so persistently and faithfully endeavored to climb. It may even be possible that the future graduates may be of better manners, of more prudent conduct, of more obedient and circumspect behavior, of more thoughtful and studious habits than we, in our carelessness, have understood the necessity of being. Nature may have chosen to lavish upon them greater gifts of personal attraction and individual talent; circumstances may have placed them in environments of greater wealth and possibilities; fortune may have favored them with such privileges and advantages as have not yet been the portion of us who leave the school tonight; but though they be larger and wiser and better, and in every possible way more attractive from the world's point of view, they can never by any possible chance be the first. That honor will always belong to us alone.

But you, dear friends, who have by your kind, persistent labors provided this school for us, and so made it possible for us to graduate from its peaceful halls tonight, we want you to know that we not only fully realize the honor that is ours, but that we also comprehend a little of the responsibility that attends upon that honor.

He who goes first is a pioneer. It is he who blazes the trail that all others are to follow. It is he who lays out the first path in which the men of future generations are to walk. And thus it is with us, the first class to

leave this school. Those who come after us will claim the right to look to us as an example. They will watch our course in life, our failures and successes, and depend upon us for the inspiration and encouragement that the younger always demand from the elder on the battlefield of life.

And you, kind friends, as we step forth to represent in the outside world the school from which we pass, have a right to ask of us that we show our colors—that we give voice to our principles, our aims, and our ambitions—for it is through them and what we make of them that all honor must reflect back upon the school whose seal we bear. We trust that you may ever find us faithful to those virtues for which you have trained and taught us to stand, as we face the problems that are to confront us outside. If we do this as you have instructed us, we shall never be ashamed to know that the boys and girls of the school are watching the career of its first class with eager eyes, and resolving to follow in the steps of us few who lead the way.

They say that, in law, when a case is once satisfactorily decided, a record is kept of that case for all time to come, that all similar cases may be settled in the same way. This is called by the men of law "establishing a precedent." We are without that aid tonight. We have no precedents to follow. We must set the pace for ourselves, and entertain you, as best we know, in our own way.

And now, to you all, who have so kindly come to watch the passing of this first class from its school life, we can only in our feeble way attempt to express our pleasure in your coming. We will do our best to make you feel that you are as truly glad you came as we are to have you with us. Any more would be impossible.

(d) FOR A HIGH SCHOOL

The garden of the world is a paradise of miracles and wonders that only those who have their inner sight wide open to the infinite mysteries of life may ever recognize. In every tiny seed is the eternal glory of creation; in every blossom, the promise of the greater possibility of which the fruit is the perfect fulfillment. Someone has written: "A poppy seed—it lies in the hand, a grain of dust, motionless, unlovely, dead. Yet think what it holds! The cool grey-green of upward-springing stalks and leaves; the compact calyx, studded with its hundreds of protecting hairs; and within, crumpled like a baby's hand, the exquisite, shining silk of gorgeous petals—sunset-rose, faint, misty white, bold, magnificent scarlet—all this in an atom of dust."

Tonight, we, as a class, are just pushing out from the tiny seed to grow upward into the perfect expression of maturer life. All these years we have been sheltered in the tiny sphere of the seedling, protected by the shell from the rougher elements of the soil and air and played upon by every nourishing force that was necessary for our unfoldment. Within ourselves has lain dormant every possibility our future may be able to manifest. No effort of Nature has been spared to awaken each spark of life in us to individual expression, and to assist the vital thing within to come forth at this time to manifest to the world the wonderful reality of its being.

For these few years, we few human seedlings have been nurtured in this one fertile spot in the universal garden, acted upon by the same elemental influences, cared for by the same painstaking gardeners, who have loved us each into being, because of the possibilities they could discover within the rude husk that concealed the inner value from any but the understanding eye. The same soil has given to each the necessary portion

of its sustaining force; the same streams have contributed their moisture to our larger growth; the same warm rains have fallen upon us; the same soft breezes have blown about us, fanning into vital flame the spark of life within us, and coaxing it to sprout and grow upward into the sort of plant for which each of us was designed. Now comes the spring-time call of life's eternal change. The present limited sphere of our being has been outgrown. We have absorbed from it all the life-force it is able to bestow upon us. We no longer need the protection of the enfolding hull. We must push out into the open air, and put forth individual stalks of the vigorous, useful planthood that is to be our life's expression.

It has been such a safe, snug, happy little season of growth to us—this period of our High School germination—wherein we have grown side by side and felt ourselves very close of kin. It is a thought of no little sadness that from this hour of our outward sprouting we will grow widely apart in all our thoughts, feelings and desires, as each becomes transplanted to his own natural habitat, and takes root in the soil to which his own tastes and possibilities must essentially assign him. It is there alone that each may produce his perfect fruit. Here, we have learned many lessons of life in God's universal garden—lessons that only a practical *growing* experience can prove. This, then, is the hour of our transplanting, when we must test in other soil the theories we have gathered; and it is to this—the great moment of our first pushing forth into the full sunshine and air of life's infinite expression—that we are timidly shooting out these sprouts to give you greeting.

Dear Friends, my classmates have conferred upon me the great honor of speaking the words that shall bid you welcome here today. I am very grateful to them for this mark of their favor, but still, as I look around upon

your faces, so much more clearly marked with the lines of wisdom and wider experience than ours may be for many years yet to come, I cannot but feel that the words of welcome should come from *you*. To be sure, you have demonstrated your interest in us by coming to listen indulgently to all that we may have to say during this one little hour of our lives, yet it is we who are passing out into your midst, we who are joining you in the larger school of progress outside these doors, we who are entering into your pursuits and pleasures, and becoming one with you in the social and business centers that make up active life. So much of our success there will depend, too, upon the way in which you receive us, and the spirit in which you respond to our enthusiasm. Is it not we, then, who should ask for the glad hand of welcome?

Is it not we who are the outsiders, seeking for admission to your association and favor? Is it not we, who, though we have now the pleasure and privilege of entertaining you for an hour at this turn of the road, must yet step forth and demand our share in all that has been yours for so long?

Then, while we do truly thank you most humbly for coming, and trust you may have every cause to long remember with a thrill of pleasure the associations of this hour, we yet feel that we must also ask your forbearance and kindly sympathy, and crave from each of you as we step forth into your midst, the warm handshake and cordial smile that will assure us of your joy at bidding us welcome.

(e) FOR A COLLEGE OR ACADEMY

It is my great pleasure and privilege tonight, friends, to greet you with the "distant voice in the darkness," of the "ships that pass in the night," and in the name of all my classmates to pass on to you the glad hail of our enthusiastic "All's well!"

From the beginning of all true thought, the providence of God has been the most beautiful and the most sublime of all life's mysteries. The scholarship of the world has fathomed great depths of knowledge; the philosophers of the ages have handed down to us many grand and deep thoughts; poets have touched our hearts with their songs of mystic power and revealing truth; but no human mind has ever yet been able to form any adequate conception of the marvelous dispensations of the divine control.

Browning assures us, happily,

"God's in His heaven;
All's right with the world,"

and his optimism wakes a responsive chord in every heart. We are glad to receive, over and over again, the assurance that the world—aye, every individual, every atom—moves on its course in perfect accordance with the plan of the Creator, and that whatever comes to us in the way of either happiness or pain comes as an Angel of the Lord to work His will, and play its part in the grand plan of human development. We are glad to realize that nothing in the universe is too small to come under the protecting and controlling eye of the One who, as Pope so beautifully tells us,

"Sees with equal eye, as God of all,
A hero perish or a sparrow fall;
Atoms or systems into ruin hurled,
And now a bubble burst, and now a world."

There are many times in every lifetime when everything seems dark and disheartening. Even as young as we are, we have had our glimpses of this universal experience of mankind in our existence. Even in our preparatory days we have learned the meaning of disappointment and sorrow—to some degree, at least—from

the human standpoint, and have seen times when it was hard for us to look up at the stars, and feel perfectly sure that Browning knew just exactly what he was talking about when he wrote that cheering "All's right with the world." There is no lesson in life harder to learn than the angelic ministry of these dark hours, and no truth quite so difficult to thoroughly comprehend as the one so sweetly expressed by some grand, noble soul who has told us that every disappointment should be read as though written "*His* appointment." We are always ready with a "Why?" for every such assurance, and because we are so utterly incapable of fathoming the divine will, the answer is seldom forthcoming to that frequent cry of the disappointed and discouraged soul. But we must believe that

"God never does, nor suffers to be done,
Aught but thyself wouldest do, couldst thou foresee
The end of all events so well as He,"

and to feel sure that it is necessary for us to bear the crosses and undergo all the penances and deprivations of life to reach the perfection of character we all so earnestly desire to attain, and that,

"Behind a frowning Providence,
He hides a smiling face."

It is grand to feel that we are a necessary part of the divine plan of creation—that everyone of us, no matter how humble of origin or meek of spirit, is placed upon this earth in our own particular spheres for a definite purpose with an individual mission that no one but ourselves can perform—that God holds our destinies in the hollow of His hands, and shapes our paths according to His own all-wise, all-powerful conception. When we once grasp the magnitude of this great truth, we will understand how true it is that no matter what comes to us

as individuals, as a class, as a school, as a community, or as a nation, still while

“God’s in His heaven,
All’s right with the world.”

One of our late poets writes, in this connection,

“Nothing is meaningless; here and there
Are fragments of life that seem incomplete;
Some sudden meeting, some fleeting care,
Or a stranger’s face that awhile we greet.
We say, ‘A strange thing happened today!’
Then turn aside, and as soon forget;
But we little know what we careless say,
For nothing has ever ‘happened’ yet!

“Each little fragment, though small it be,
Has a part completing in God’s great plan,
And in the perfected web we’ll see
How He guided the destinies of man;
Methinks throughout life’s vicissitude,
’Twere far more easy to be content,
If we only more surely understood
That God hath fixed our environment!”

And Pope has given us the same inspiring thought in the well-known lines from his “Essay on Man,”

“All Nature is but Art unknown to thee!
All Chance, Direction that thou canst not see;
All Discord, Harmony not understood;
All Partial Evil, universal Good;
And spite of Pride, in erring Reason’s spite,
One truth is clear, Whatever is, is right!”

Yes, friends, “All’s right with the world!” We, who are about to take our places in the great arena of its progression, are glad to assure you so. “All’s right with the world,” and all’s right with us as individuals. Our

calling is a sacred one, whatever it may be. Our path is a safe one, wherever it may lead. Our lives will all be well worth the living, wherever their lines may be cast. And we ask you to rejoice with us in this consciousness of the divine leading, as we step forth from our happy years of study to put into practice the principles that have here been so faithfully instilled into us.

You ask where we are going, and what we are going to do. Can we say? We may think in our colossal egotism that we have all our lives mapped out in systematic form before our eyes, but one breath of wind may change the whole shape of our conceptions, and move us, like mere pawns, completely across the chess-board of creation, to prove to us once more the reality of that

“Divinity that shapes our ends,
Rough-hew them how we will.”

But, while we freely admit in all reverence that we dare not tell you just what our lives may be, or where they are to be lived out, we do say, with devoted lips, and hearts wide open to the influence of divine guidance and inspiration,

“I know not where God’s islands lift
Their fronded palms in air;
I only know I cannot drift
Beyond His love and care.”

So what does it matter where we may be led when we feel within us the assurance that we are but carrying out our allotted parts in the divine plan, and that whatever we may be called upon to do will be not only for our own best good, but for the betterment of all humanity!

It is in this spirit that we face these exercises tonight. We have been led through pleasant paths to this bend in the road, and we are eager to make the turn to the larger life that lies around the corner. We ask you, then, to

join with us with gladsome hearts in the celebration of this hour, and to feel within you the same optimistic conviction that "All's right with the world," as well as with us, as we speak, with smiling lips, from joyous, hopeful hearts, the words of enthusiastic welcome.

(f) FOR A UNIVERSITY

Ladies and Gentlemen, Gentlemen of the Faculty, Classmates, Fellow-Students and Friends, One and All:

"All the world's a stage,
And all the men and women merely players:
They have their exits and their entrances:
And one man in his time plays many parts."

So wrote the great, myriad-minded Shakespeare, many and many a year ago; and so, indeed, has the passage of time proved life to be in this world of ours, over and over again. Tonight, the great curtain is about to rise upon what we may most properly call the Prologue of the particular portion of the Great Drama in which we, as individuals, have been cast for special parts. It is to witness the going up of this curtain that I am now bidding you welcome.

As we face the inevitable hour when we must step forth upon the stage, it is natural that we should look back over the drama that has already been presented, and wonder just what sort of a part has been designed for our attention. And as we cast our glances behind us, we are appalled by the majestic splendor of the scenes that have been depicted. Indeed, of all the masterpieces of tragedy and comedy that the pen of all the great world-dramatists ever put on paper, was there ever anything more thrilling than the histories of the great nations, and their heroes, as they come on the stage of action, play their parts, and then "go the way of all

humanity," and leave the stage clear for the appearance of the next players?

And how well the drama of our own national progress has been planned—how nicely the parts have been written by the finger of Fate that they fit so nicely, one into the other! How well handled are the moments of suspense, and how thrilling, even startling, the climaxes! How well balanced is the comedy and tragedy, and how convincing the moral thread that proves everywhere, in even the smallest action, development—the triumph of right over wrong!

When, on the 12th of October, 1492, the curtain rose upon a band of savages in the wilderness of the New World, playing their parts as well as they knew how, following the promptings of their Great Spirit as He gave the cues from the wings, acting out their own natural instincts as savage man hath always done in the history of the world, and finally passing from the stage to the "Happy Hunting Ground" beyond, the stage was ready for the coming of the White Man, the hero of the hour, and across the great waters came the three small sailing vessels that meant the coming of civilization to the western world—the coming of a new world into the lives and affairs of nations. This was the part for which Christopher Columbus was cast in the great drama—a great part, one of the most essential in all the drama—and yet how few were the "lines,"—how meager the "business" Fate had written into it! When he had played his part he made his exit gracefully and humbly, and passed forever off the stage of American endeavor. The first act in the drama—the Act of Discovery—came to an end, and among the wondering cries of the nations, and the startled fears of the Indians, the curtain rang down.

The curtain rose again. This time the western world

was peopled with many races of vastly different make-ups. There were the Spanish with their dusky faces, the French with their smaller features and frailer figures, the English with their round, healthy forms of British vigor—all scattered in little settlements over the stage. And many little bits of comedy and tragedy helped to sustain the interest of the watching millions across the sea. There were many different heroes in this act, of greater or lesser importance, apparently, and yet each and every one a most necessary factor in the working up to the grand climax. There was Captain John Smith, in his little encounter with Pocahontas,—there was the dramatic landing of the Pilgrims from the Mayflower, and their immediate proceeding to fall “first upon their knees, and then upon the Aborigines” and with them, alternating with the love scenes of Captain Miles Standish and the fair Priscilla, the chosen of John Alden, were many contrasting scenes of direst tragedy when some “witch” was tortured to death at the religious stake, or exiled, as was Anne Hutchinson, the heroine of the hour. Then there were the Quakers, in Boston, many of whom were hanged for their peculiar religious views by the fanatical people who, coming to the new “Land of the Free” to secure their own religious liberty, were yet not willing to concede the same to others. This is the thread of comedy running through the terrible tragedy of the times. But the scene moved along, with its troubles with the Indians, its difficulties between the various colonies, till the Act of Settlement had been played out, and the curtain rang down upon its many heroes, great and small.

The curtain rose the third time upon scenes of the utmost disturbance. Benjamin Franklin, with his little printing press, helped to circulate about the stage the programs for the various moves, while Patrick Henry made his wonderful appeal of “Give me liberty or give

me death!" and "No taxation without representation!" was the chorus from the supporting actors. Faneuil Hall, the "Cradle of Liberty," was a vital point in the first setting up of the scene, and the Boston Tea Party added a spice of comedy that proved to be more nearly tragedy as the scene progressed. Then, without a very prolonged suspense, war broke out, and the hero appeared—the Father of his Country. Thomas Jefferson, an able support, discovered about this time that "All men are born free and equal," and circulated among the actors his famous "Declaration of Independence," to which all subscribed their names with a flourish. The French actor, Lafayette, supported the hero gallantly in his maneuvers. There were many minor villains, too,—on the other side, of course,—to keep the interest at the point of the thrill, all playing to the lead of the great Lord Cornwallis. There were even some poor actors on the side of the great hero, Benedict Arnold imitating the long ago rôle of Judas Iscariot, and at times the outcome looked dubious to even the sanguine spirit of a Washington; but the Battle of Bunker Hill, the dramatic Crossing of the Delaware, the Siege at Yorktown, and many other crises carried the enthusiasm of the world in the hero's favor, and the other side was forced to surrender with as good grace as possible, while the curtain rang down amid the cheers of a watching world and calls for the great Washington. Indeed, so strenuous were the curtain calls for this great man, that he was also the hero of the next act, and he who had been "first in war," was also "first in peace." For the curtain that rang down on the Act of Revolution soon rose upon the Act of Readjustment.

This act was a checkered one, with much political strife among the actors, each of whom was anxious to be given a more prominent part to play. The heroes

were constantly changing. Hitherto the world outside had gazed in wonder at the struggle of the little new country, and had forgotten to push themselves into the drama. But not for long!—O, no! The great Napoleon had his eye ever on the alert for new worlds to conquer, and America had grown to such proportions as to be worthy of even his dominant notice. England, too, could not forget her grievance against the children that once were hers, and for a time it looked as though the United States might have to fight all Europe. Before the curtain rang down, she did have to fight Great Britain, and her naval victories were a surprise, even to herself, as they gradually led up to the bloody climax, mingling with the old victorious thrill, that closed the War of 1812.

The scenes of the drama began to be more and more numerously peopled with colored actors—comedy interspersed with the grossest tragedy, as they moved hither and thither about the stage. And gradually the scene darkened with the colored blood, until it came to the most terrible of the whole drama's climaxes, in the great war of the rebellion,—crammed with the tragedy that turned boys into gray-haired men. And as the curtain rang down at last upon the terrible conflict between brothers, represented by the rival heroes of Grant and Lee, the most ghastly of all scenes brought down the curtain, as the grandest hero the stage had yet known lay dying the death of a martyr, and the world wept the loss of Abraham Lincoln. It was said that the book of a woman had been a curiously used bit of stage property in bringing about the action in this act, in which men and women had suffered alike—the men for their lives, the women for their loves. Who can say? When the play is written the parts must be played exactly as they are written, and no action can change or hinder the development of the plot.

The next scene was a contrast—an interval of peace in which men and women and government alike seemed to try to work out their own growth without the constant strife and warfare of the past. The names of Emerson, Longfellow, Irving, Holmes, Whittier, Bryant, Lowell, and all the other literary heroes who have figured throughout the various scenes of national life, began to mean more to the actors than they had found time to realize before. With a steady working toward a peaceful termination, the whole act was startled by a cry of "The Maine! The Maine!" and it was learned that the battleship had been blown up in Havana harbor, and war with Spain was inevitable. A declaration of war, a brief but bitter conflict, and the usual victory for the American nation! Once more the Ship of State is seen, sailing like a conquering fleet, against the world. Suddenly the bullet of an assassin shoots down the pilot from his post at the wheel, and startles the audience into awe-struck silence. In the destruction of this master-mind, the darkness only relieved by his dying words, "It is God's way! His way, not ours, be done!" the curtain falls to the music of "Nearer my God to thee," amid the tears of a sorrowing world.

Today the nation stands and looks the whole world in the face with a dignity that is sure of itself, and can say to every trespasser, "Stand back!" When Japan and Russia came to hostilities, it was the "Stars and Stripes" waving between them that put an end to the difficulty, and brought about the Treaty of Peace. A world watches the progress of the great drama as it moves on and on and on, wondering what the next development may be, in the greatest plot it has ever seen worked out. But only the all-seeing eye of the Great Dramatist who wrote the parts and cast each actor for his own, can see the end that is to come, and when and

where the climax will be reached. Some say that it will be an age of women—an Amazonian age of wonderful achievement wherein men will be cast as the "helpmeets" only of the predominating sex. Others have different theories. At best, we can only conjecture. But we know that He who has so wonderfully conducted affairs to this stage of the drama will carry it forward to its most successful climax, and that whatever is in store for the great American Drama can only be to keep the Stars and Stripes waving in the lead of all other flags, and the nation at the head of every movement for the advancement of the world in all lines of human endeavor and progress, upholding the greatest, noblest, grandest principles that ever swayed the souls of men and women. And when the last great curtain shall fall upon the scene of American activity, it will be upon a drama well played by men and women who knew their lines, and did not falter—for this is the American spirit, the spirit that has ever animated the children of the Stars and Stripes.

Dear Friends, don't think I have been trying to air my knowledge of American history for your edification, nor underrating your own knowledge of every passing breeze that has added its quota to the cyclonic power of today. I have merely tried to bring before your vision a reminder of the wonderful drama into which we are today to be initiated. Ever since we were but kindergarten children, we have been consciously or unconsciously studying our lines and preparing ourselves for the parts we have to play on life's great stage. Day by day, through the intermediate and High Schools, we have added some new bit of word or action; hour by hour we have been absorbing some new thought or idea; moment by moment we have been subconsciously rehearsing for the vivid drama that is now calling us into more vital

activity. Every teacher along the way has done his best in assisting us to build up the ideal of the present.

The hour for our first bow before the curtain has at last arrived. We are ready for our cue. We know not yet whether the part assigned us be heavy and tragic, or that of the light comedian whose rôle is often the hardest of all to play acceptably; but we are sure that whatever is best for our development, as well as most fitting in our service for humanity, will be assigned us by the Great Stage Manager who never puts a man in any but the right place. We are all determined to wear our costume and make-up with the best possible grace, even if the part sometimes calls for a braver mask than our face might naturally show, if we had not learned to master every emotion, and to respond to every cue bravely and manfully, with no hesitation or stage fright at the staring of the crowd. We know that we cannot all play the leading parts at once, but by faithfully studying the noblest and best, may find our opportunities opening to us as soon as we are ready to improve them.

Be ready, then, dear friends, to applaud our every worthy effort, and encourage us on to each approaching climax, as we welcome you to this first lifting of the curtain that is to us indeed the Commencement of our lives. Again, I welcome you,—and yet, not I, but the Class of 19.., that is speaking through me.

II. IN THE FORM OF PARODIES

(a) FOR A GRAMMAR SCHOOL

(From "As You Like It")

All the world's a school,
And all the men and women merely students;
They have their lessons and their problems all,
And one man, in his time, gains many marks,
His grades being several classes: At first, Primary,

Drawing and cutting with his A, B, C,
And then the Intermediate, and the rest
Of early lessons, learned from easy books,
Unwillingly enough. And then the Grammar Grade,
Which now we pass from, with our woeful parting
At what we call Commencement. Then a higher,
Full of strange tasks we fear to find most hard,
But grasp with honor, eager and quick to learn,
Seeking the bubble education
O'er all, from north to south. And then, real living—
The fiercer grapple with the powers we find
Kind or severe, inclined to soothe or cut,
Full of wise tasks, and true development,
Until we pass the grade. The curtain lifts
Tonight, upon this class we join too soon,
And each speaks what he knows, and steps aside
In youthful pride, to face a world too wide
For us to comprehend. Each grave young voice
Just changing from its childish treble, pipes
A welcome to its friends. Last scene of all
That ends this class's eventful history,
Is this, our program. May no mere oblivion
Be ours, who welcome you to everything!

(b) FOR EITHER A GRAMMAR OR HIGH SCHOOL
(From "Hamlet")

To speak or not to speak ; that is the question ;
Whether 'tis nobler in a class to suffer
Itself to pass from school, to seek its fortune,
Yet speak unto its friends no word of welcome,
Or, by resolving, greet them ? To pass ; to speak ;
That's all ; yet by a speech we show each friend
Our heartache, and the thousand natural fears
A class is heir to. Is that consummation
Devoutly to be wished ? To pass, to speak ;

To speak ; perchance be laughed at ; there's the rub ;
 For in that speech, what strange mistakes may come,
 Though we have studied it with patient toil,
 Must give us pause. There's the regret
 That makes calamity of too long speech ;
 And who would bear the laughs and smiles of friends,
 The professor's scorn, the teachers' worried looks,
 The pangs of dying pride, his classmates' tears,
 The insolence of students, and the spurns
 That from all classes the unworthy takes,
 When he himself might his departure take
 With a bare nodding ? Who would duties bear,
 To grunt and sweat under a welcome speech,
 But that the dread of something afterward,
 The brightly colored program, from whose task
 No graduate ever turns, puzzles the will,
 And makes me rather bear the ills I have,
 Than leave to others what they know not of.
 Thus conscience may make speakers of us all !
 And thus I hereby do make resolution
 That I will voice here my pale cast of thought ;
 For enterprises of great pith and moment
 Wait your regard. Their currents turn this way.
 I, in their name, take action. One and all,
 I bid you welcome. Friends, in the scenes to come,
 Be all my words remembered.

(c) FOR A HIGH SCHOOL

(*From "The Merchant of Venice"*)

The quality of welcome is not changed.

It gushes from the heart that overfloweth
 Unto the ears that hear. It is twice blest :
 It blesses them that speak, and those that hear.
 'Tis mightiest in the mightiest : it becomes
 The reverend senior better than his gown.

The garment shows the grace of learning's dower,
 The attribute of graduate majesty,
 Wherein doth meet the dread and fear of Freshmen;
 But welcome is above this sovereign sway;
 It is enthroned in every graduate's heart;
 It is an attribute each classmate feels;
 And this Commencement hour doth now show forth
 When welcome springs to greet you. Therefore, friends,
 Though wise we seem to be, consider this:
 That, in the course of days, we all shall step
 In your vocations: we do hope for welcome,
 And that same hope doth teach us all to utter
 These words of welcome.

(d) FOR A HIGH SCHOOL
(From "Thanatopsis")

To one who, knowing human nature, holds
 Opinions of its various forms, it shows
 Queer freaks and fancies: from the shadows cast
 By past events, and thoughts, and dreams, and plans,
 High aims, and bright ambitions, lo, there glides
 Into his wondering musings, such a mild
 Yet gleaming radiance, that paints for him
 The future, ere he is aware. When thoughts
 Of the Commencement hour come like a blight
 Over thy spirit, and sad images
 Of the examinations yet to come,
 And breathless waiting for thine averages
 Make thee to shudder and grow faint at heart,
 Go forth, with book in open hand, and think
 Of all thy teachings, while from all around,
 Teachers and school board, principal, and friends,
 Comes this same word:—

Yet a few days, and us
 No principal or teacher shall see more

In all her course: nor yet in the broad hall,
Whence our young forms have passed 'mid smiles and
tears,
Nor in the familiar class room, shall exist
Our image. The world, that gave us birth, shall claim
Our lives, to be a part of the world again,
And, lost all school-day brand, developing
Our individual natures, shall we go
To mix forever with the world outside,
To be an equal with the full-grown man,
And with the woman, all matured, and placed
Where not a soul can tread upon! The work
That summons us abroad shall then unfold.
Yet, not unto our future dwelling place
Need we step forth alone—nor could we wish
Fate more magnificent. We shall go forth
With all the most successful of the world—with kings
Of capital and power—the wise, the strong,
Who've cornered all the wealth for ages past,
And made men do their bidding. All art,
All talent, ancient as the sun, all heights
Attained by men and women in the past,
May yet be scaled by us who pass tonight
In majesty from our complaining books,
Still in our memories green; while, proud of heart,
Our teachers stand with tears upon each face,
And watch us pass with decorations all,
Into the world of men! The golden sun,
The planets, all the hosts of earth and heaven,
Are shining on our heads, to thrill us with
The wisdom of the ages. All of us
Who pass are but a handful of the throngs
Who've gone this way before us, yet our wings
Are fresher—we the greatest heights would pierce,
And lift ourselves above all who have lived!—

Yet dare not boast, like him who hears no sound
Save his own splashing—though the rest are there;—
For millions in the world outside, since first
The flight of years began, have made their mark
On history's page—we cannot reign alone!

But we will work; and what if we might be
Unheeded by our fellows, and no friend
Take note of our advancement? All the school
Will share our destiny—the Juniors laugh
When we are gone; the same routine of toil
Move on, and each class, as before, pursue
Its favorite study; yet all these shall leave
Their mirth and their employments, and shall come
To face the world with us. As the long games
Athletic are played out, and boys make men,
Fair girls make fairer women, we who go
To enter in the larger games of life,
Know that, in just twelve short months more to come,
We will be asked to step a bit aside
For those who, in their turn, will follow us.

So work that when thy summons comes to join
The mass of the world's workers, that demands
In life's mysterious realm that each shall take
His portion of the burdens of the sphere,
Thou go not, like the student to his class,
With unlearned lesson, but, prepared and filled
With all thy books can teach, approach thine hour
Like one appointed to a mission vast
And full of honor, born of pleasant dreams.

But—"then-I-stop-this," friends, while we recall
Our wandering thoughts to—welcome, one and all!

(e) FOR ANY GRADE

(From "A Psalm of Life")

Tell us not, O bygone classes,
School is but an easy dream;
For the student works who passes;
Lessons are not what they seem.

School is real, school is earnest,
And today we but begin;
"Weak thou art—to school returnest!"
Oft is spoken ere we win.

Not beginning, and not ending,
Is our school of life today;
But to pause, our memories blending
With our hopes along the way.

Tasks seemed long, yet class-time fleeting,
And we've all seemed brave and gay,
Though our hearts, like drums, were beating
On examination day!

In each day's returning battle,
We have had our taste of life;
Often made the book-shelves rattle
With the zeal of learning's strife.

Now a future, ever pleasant,
Beckons from a past that's dead;
We must leave this living present,
Knowing not what waits ahead.

Lives of graduates would remind us
We could win diplomas, too;
And departing, leave behind us
Proof of all we've tried to do.

Records that perhaps the classes
Coming after us may find,
Gleaning thought which truth surpasses
From the words we leave behind.

Let us, then, be up and speaking,
For our program lies in wait;
Welcome, friends, some pleasure seeking;
Come and see us graduate!

III. OF NOVEL FORM

Designed for High School Use, But Easily Adaptable to Any Grade

(a) CLASS DECLARATION OF INDEPENDENCE

When in the course of youthful events, it becomes necessary for a class of boys and girls to dissolve the educational bands that have connected them for a period of years with the High School of their choice, and to assume, among the men and women of the world, the separate and equal stations to which their own wise nature and their new diplomas entitle them, a decent respect for the opinions of their kind requires that they should declare the causes that impel them to their graduation.

We hold these truths to be self-evident: that all young men and women are created equal, that they are endowed by Nature with certain unalienable rights, that among these are life, liberty and the pursuit of education. That to secure these rights, high schools, colleges and other educational organizations are instituted among young people, deriving their powers from the attendance of knowledge-seeking boys and girls; that whenever any grade of education proves inadequate to these ends, it is the right of the student to alter or to forsake it, and

to seek out a new institution, which bases its instruction on such branches and presents its information and training in such form as to them shall seem most likely to affect their acquiring of a higher education.

Prudence, indeed, dictates that the teaching and training in this way long established should not be changed for light and transient causes; and accordingly, all school history has shown that each successive class of boys and girls are more disposed to study on, while information is obtainable, than to step forth unthinkingly to assert themselves by abolishing the forms to which they have become accustomed.

But when a long train of good and sufficient reasons, pursuing invariably the same object, evinces a design to push them out into the real world of practical thought and action, it is their right, it is their duty, to throw off the yoke of High School government, and to form new plans and projects for their future prosperity.

Such has been the experience of this class—the Class of 19—of the Blankville High School—and such is now the necessity which constrains its members to alter the former system of their existence. The history of their career as a class is a history of repeated advances, victories and achievements, all having in direct object the establishment of absolute independence for each individual member of the class. To prove this, let facts be submitted to a candid audience:

The Board of Education of this Blankville High School has provided for us the school building, with all its appurtenances, the same to be forever set aside as an institution of learning—a place where all young men and women in search of educational advantages may meet together for the purpose of being instructed in such branches of knowledge as they may seem to need.

The very ablest of instructors have been engaged to impart their wisdom along all essential lines of thought to the classes thus congregated together, and these have for four years patiently endeavored to instill into the minds of those placed in their charge the germs of practical thought and learning that they have found necessary to fit them individually for contact with the outside world.

Kind and considerate parents have made it possible—even, in some cases, perhaps, obligatory—for us to attend the school regularly and punctually, and have given us all the assistance and encouragement within their power in our daily pursuit of the facts of life that make up its one great composite truth, which all men are faithfully seeking—the way to live!

Great care has been taken in the arrangement of the school curriculum that such branches as should be found to be of the greatest advantage to the greatest number should be most diligently studied. No pains have been spared to make the course of study and the plan of its pursuit all that it should be in every well-regulated institution.

As a class, we feel that we have worked hard. We have not done our work extraordinarily well, perhaps—not being boys and girls of exceptional brilliance—but we do have the supreme satisfaction of knowing that we have tried hard, and that we have done our very best.

In every stage of our progression, we have been commended for success in the most flattering terms; our repeated examinations have been rewarded only by repeated credits. A student whose attainment is thus markd by every merit that may attend a graduate is unfit to longer be the pupil of even a High School.

Nor have any of us been wanting in attention to our

associates. We have warned them from time to time of the approach of this Commencement, when our school would no longer extend a warrantable jurisdiction over us. We have reminded them of the circumstances of our attendance and development here. We have appealed to their natural energy and ambition, and we have conjured them by the ties of our common kindred to meet all examinations which would inevitably interrupt our connections and associations. They, too, have not been deaf to the voice of study and opportunity. We must, hereafter, acquiesce in the necessity which announces our separation, and holds them, as we hold the rest of mankind, classmates no more, but dear friends.

For be it now and forever known to all men that our instructors, after much needless examination, profitless discussions, one with the other, and serious, but quite unnecessary consideration, have arrived at the astounding conclusion that it is altogether beyond their power to teach us anything more. We have thoroughly mastered all there is to be met; we know all there is to know; and there is no longer any place for us in the institution we have attended so faithfully, and loved so long and well. The time has come, when, by every law of right and justice, we must tear ourselves away from the associations of the High School and step out alone—no longer the “grave and reverend seniors” of school life, but one and all, mere Freshmen in life’s school.

To this end, friends, we thank you for your attendance here today, and bid you all a hearty and sincere welcome to the last gathering together we, as a class, may ever have, asking you, at the same time, to listen leniently to this, our Declaration of Independence:

We, therefore, the Class of 19— of the Blankville High School, in general congress now assembled, ap-

pealing to the principal of our school for support of the rectitude of our intentions, do, in the name and by the authority of this same good principal and the instructors of the various grades of this institution, solemnly assert and declare that this class is, and by right ought to be hereafter, free and independent individuals; that it is absolved from all allegiance to the High School, and that each and every connection between it and the school is and ought to be totally dissolved; and that as free and independent individuals, they have full power to enter any business or profession, to marry and settle down, or to do all other acts and things which independent men and women may of right do. And for the support of this declaration, with a firm reliance on the protection of the diplomas that we do this day receive, we mutually pledge to each other and to the world, our lives, our fortunes and our sacred honor.

(b) CLASS LAMENTATIONS

(Scriptural Style)

Ho, everyone who heareth, come ye to these exercises; and even he that hath no friends among us, come ye, hear and heed. Yea, come, find amusement and entertainment without instruction and without advice.

For it is written, verily, the youth who has grown up to the High School is of few years and full of trouble; examinations pass over him, and he is gone. And the places thereof shall know him no more forever.

Then, though we speak with the tongues of wise men and of lawyers, and have all our lessons, it profiteth us nothing.

For the days of our course are run, yea, even as a race that was long and hard, and verily, is the end at last in sight.

Behold, then, I bring ye tidings of great grief: We have fought our short fight, we have passed our examinations, we have finished our course. And lo, the day of our emancipation is now at hand.

For in the beginning, it was written, "In the day that they have eaten all the fruit of the tree of knowledge, they must surely go."

And verily, even so have we with our own hands plucked all the fruit and with our own lips devoured it, that has grown for ages in the Garden of Wisdom.

And our delight was in the work of the school, and over its books have we meditated day and night.

Now each shall be like a mill erected by the rivers of water, and shall turn forth great deeds in our season. Our hopes, also, shall not wither, and all that we do shall prosper.

Many classes are not so, but are like the sawdust that the mill throweth away.

Yet are we sore for the days that were and are not, and that shall be unto us no more in the school forever.

Listen, then, O ye people, unto the lamentations of the Class of 19—, for the doom that hath been pronounced upon it. Harken unto our words of sorrow, and be ye filled with pity for the sufferings of our hearts.

Verily, we who have worked and played and studied together have now come to the end of our communings.

Even as to men of evil minds have those wise men and women who have been our teachers declared unto us, "Depart from our midst, O Class of 19—, for your days in the school are indeed numbered."

They direct our steps that we cannot go into our class-rooms; our end is near, our days are fulfilled, our hour is at hand.

Our inheritance is turned to sophomores and freshmen; our old seats to juniors.

The study of our days and nights is ceased; our examination papers have been given the marks that pass.

Yet are our hearts sad within us, for the school that we love hath utterly rejected us, and her doors will be opened unto us no more forever.

Verily, for this our heart is faint; for these things our eyes are dim.

Yet because we have striven and have endured to the end; because we have not grown weary in well doing nor fallen out by the wayside, we rejoice that it is as well with us as it is.

And for all these things we give thanks unto every good and perfect gift that is our own; for we have not buried our talents in a napkin, neither have we hidden our lights under a bushel, but have increased four-fold all with which we were bestowed in the beginning.

Yea, verily, for all these things we give ye grateful greeting, and welcome ye with rejoicing to behold the work of our minds, in the days that were of old, and the unfolding of our hopes for the days that are to be.

So I say unto each one of you, as I say unto all, Welcome!

(c) CLASS DIAGNOSIS

Ladies and Gentlemen:—The Class of 19—, about to go the way of all the world, and pass out into the Great Beyond, salutes you, even in the face of approaching death.

It is with the most profound regret that I find it necessary to bring before your attention this evening the serious—indeed, I may well say hopeless—condition of the Class of 19—. We have known for several years that the Class was in a somewhat critical state of health. There has been no chance for any doubt about that, for the combination of disorders under which she has been

suffering has been only too clearly manifest, and the symptoms of her disease unmistakable.

Indeed, for the past four years, her head has been so rapidly swelling with her greedy accumulation of information in the Blankville High School, that it has now assumed such gigantic proportions in each of her nine individual parts, as to cause all who know her, or have come into even occasional contact with any part of her, the most serious uneasiness lest it should burst with its enormous overflow of learning, and scatter its treasures of knowledge broadcast upon an unappreciative public.

She also has many dizzy spells, caused, it is believed, by the immense heights to which she has climbed in her search for wisdom—the blood rushes to her head and face in mighty floods of blush and bloom, whenever she is asked a question there is the least chance for any suspicion that she may not know the answer, be it of this and all other worlds, past, present, or to come—while her heart, with all its nine throbbing pulses, has become abnormally heavy with the thought of parting soon to come, and the anticipation of the last painful struggle.

In addition to this, she still carries many stabs to her vanity, that seem grievously slow to heal, received from unexpected failures and mistakes; and various scars, which even her massive pride has not yet been able to thoroughly obliterate from her plastic understanding, as well as several painful bumps and bruises, the result of stumblings while attempting to run too fast and outstrip her competitors, or climb too far above the averages of the High School precedent, in a strange and unwholesome fever of desire to finish her race before the appointed term had been fulfilled.

She is also exceedingly nervous, and hopes that you will bear patiently this evening with her frequent lapses

of memory, for her overworked and overloaded brain has begun to wander,—even more than usual,—and she has become subject to curiously unaccountable “spells” and “fits” which she hopes you will not think natural or usual in her behavior, for only the wise nurses in charge of her case have been found able to control these peculiar symptoms that approach the appearance of insanity.

Year by year, too, she has grown smaller and smaller and smaller, shrinking under the weight of ponderous study laid upon her from her former mammoth constituency to the present insignificant few. Under such conditions, who could expect, or even wish her, to linger longer in this dreary vale of tears and partings?

No, there is no longer any hope. The Class of Nineteen Hundred and —— has become altogether too wise to linger longer among the struggling youths and aspiring maidens of Blankville High School.

Last week a council of wise and learned specialists was called to sit in judgment upon the rapidly failing patient. By means of tests and other examinations, they took her temperature and mental standing, and performed a very essential operation upon her over-crowded brain. In her poor cranium they found such a jumbled up mass of mathematics, science and literature that there was absolutely no chance for relief. There, in a huge, indigestible mass, were crowded together ten years of reading, writing, drawing, spelling, language and arithmetic, eight years of geography and physiology, four years of history, three years of Latin and Algebra and Ancient History, with one year of Geometry and Chemistry, besides the most deadly kind of a medley of Burke’s “Conciliation with the American Colonies,” Webster’s “Reply to Hayne,” Irving’s “Sketch Book,” Hawthorne’s “Twice-Told Tales,” George Eliot’s “Silas Marner,” Milton’s “Paradise Lost,” Shakespeare’s “Julius Cæsar,”

“Macbeth” and “Hamlet,” and many other bits too numerous to be completely diagnosed here and now.

Truly, there was no hope of recovery—none!

When they saw the serious aspect of the case, with grave and troubled faces, these wise doctors pronounced 19— to be in the very last stages of excess of information on the brain, with an average temperature of 93 per cent, and declared in their professional wisdom that she could not possibly last longer than until the evening of June 21st.

I assure you she cannot last many minutes now, for her pulse is beating at a most alarming rate, her nerves are keyed to the highest pitch, and her temperature is one hundred and eighteen and three-fourths in the shade, and still increasing. Therefore she asks, as a last request, that you will bear with her patiently during the time that she remains with you, and remember only the good she has done—if any—forgetting her faults as one should always overlook the failings of those who have passed on to other spheres, and thinking as charitably as possible of her many glaring mistakes, thus making her last moments as easy as such moments may be made.

To this end, she invites you to be present on this solemn occasion, and to a participation in these last sad rites, extending to you her feeble but no less sincere welcome.

(d) CLASS INVENTORY

Ladies and Gentlemen, Men and Women of the Business World.—As has long been advertised by those who have been placed as overseers of our man-manufacturing institution, the finished product of 19— is today ready for inspection with a view to placing it at once upon the market of the world’s citizenship. With this in view, we have compiled a careful inventory of the stock on

hand that you may be better able to judge wisely of the value of the goods at your disposal. We, therefore, submit the following, with all due respect, to your careful consideration:

We find we have carefully stored away within the pigeon-holes and upon the shelves of our brains the following accumulation of information, all carefully labeled, and duly apprised at their face value by the examining board:

1. Reading—A-1. Ten years.
2. Spelling—Grade C—not much used. Ten years.
3. Grammar—Uncertain—left to the public discrimination—seldom off the shelf. Eight years.
4. Arithmetic—averages well. Eight years.
5. Geography—international—well liked in spots. Eight years.
6. Writing—readable, but considerably handled. Twelve years.
7. American History—unequaled. Neither soiled nor spotted. Up-to-the-minute. Six years.
8. Drawing—indistinguishable. Not marked. Irregular.
9. Civil Government. High grade. Three years.
10. Geometry—Useless, but Complete. Three years.
11. Algebra.—Q. E. D. Three years.
12. Ancient History—soiled and blood-stained. Out-of-date. Two years.
13. Literature. Mixed. Seven years.
14. English—considerably adulterated with modern slang. Four years.
15. Composition—not to be taken seriously. Untranslated. Four years.
16. Latin—dead, but still not sleeping, nor conducive to sleep in others. Two years.

17. German—slightly damaged, but still useful in examinations. One year.

18. Deportment—A-1—Q. E. D.

(Add or take from the list at will to fit the case.)

Now, ladies and gentlemen, while these are our only assets, aside from our remarkably good looks and perfect behavior, there yet are many liabilities that we feel ourselves obligated to discharge. For many years of watchful care and efficient training, we are so deeply indebted to both parents and teachers, as well as to the public at large for its many inestimable advantages, that we feel we may never be able to repay the sum in any adequate terms.

We can only ask that you will not feel that you must accept us at our own valuation, herein stated, but that you will listen with attention tonight while we endeavor to prove by actual demonstration the worth of the men and women that are being offered to your association. We shall do all within our power to convince you that it is not only a good bargain you are making with the school, when you accept us at the terms they have placed upon us, but that it is likewise a splendid investment that will repay you with interest throughout all the years to come. Feeling this to be but a small part of the real truth, we are glad to proceed further in the path of demonstration, and throw open our doors tonight to your full and free inspection, with a hearty word of welcome.

(e) THE PRESIDENT'S PROCLAMATION

I, the president of the Senior Class, realizing that we have at last, after many long and difficult lessons and various conflicting experiences, arrived at the goal of our undertaking and completed the course of our High School education, do hereby name this, the twenty-first day of

June, *Anno Domini*, Nineteen Hundred and —, as the greatest day of all our student lives.

In recognition thereof, I do hereby proclaim it as a day to be set aside from all the rest for universal celebration, in the making of speeches and the lifting aloft our voices in praise and jollification, and the pouring forth of various yells and songs of subtle and diverse significance that the air may abound with the echoes of our tongues' rejoicing.

I do likewise decree that the teachers and principal of our school, to whom we one and all feel so deeply and eternally indebted, shall be well remembered in the pouring forth of our expressions of gratitude, and that none of our parents or friends shall be forgotten in the returning of thanks for the privileges they have for so long placed so freely at our youthful disposal; but that we shall with grateful and sincere hearts remember what cause we have to be grateful to each and every one for all these mercies, and shall, in all our rejoicing, give thanks for all that we have proven to be so good.

Therefore, as we look back over the past, with all its great and wonderful victories and achievements, and look forward to the future, with all its yet more wonderful promise of great and glorious things yet to come, and mighty and marvelous deeds awaiting our hands for the doing, we must enter into this celebration in the proper spirit of young men and women, fresh from the mint of their chosen High School, and determining to put before the people who may come to be our guests, the very best demonstrations of our ability to entertain them of which we are capable, not only as a proof of what we have accomplished, but as a promise of the fulfillment of all the resolutions we have made for the life to come so soon.

And to you, friends, who have made all this achievement so beautifully possible for us, and who therefore have a right to expect of us the very noblest example of every effort it is our pleasure and privilege to render, we are indeed proud to speak the words that carry with them from all the class a cordial and grateful welcome.



VALEDICTORIES

I. OF CONVENTIONAL FORM

(a) FOR A GRAMMAR SCHOOL

Dear Friends, One and All:—They say there are people who always like to have the last word. I'm sure I cannot see why they should, for to me it seems the hardest of all words to say, and I would rather somebody else should be the one to say it. For that last word must be, to many if not to all of us, "Good-bye!"

We have finished the course that has been given us, and are now ready for a step forward along the pathway of life. So far we have come together, hand in hand, and we have been looking forward to this time as a glad one, forgetting that it was going to mean a time of parting. Now we are suddenly forced to remember this feature, and in spite of our triumph, it makes us sad. So I am not going to linger over the parting words.

To the Board of Education, as well as to our parents and friends, I would extend the thanks of the class for the privileges we have enjoyed here. We naturally feel that we are better trained and more carefully looked after than many who attend school in other places, and under other conditions, for that is the spirit of school patriotism that we have inhaled with our every breath; and so, we as naturally feel very grateful to those who have made it possible for us to come to this particular school.

To our dear principal and teachers, we have much we would so like to say, but that curious lump comes into our throats and we are choked with the unspoken thoughts that keep back the words. So we can only

look at each in turn, knowing we must leave them, and brush aside the tears that we may see their faces clearly for the last time. Dear teachers, you must all know how deeply we feel this, and can realize how much we mean by the only words we can find to say—God bless you!

Classmates, there's only one word more, and the last one must be to you. We did not realize how hard it was going to be to say it, did we? In our work here together, we have become very dear friends, and it is always hard to say good-bye, even for a little time, to the ones we have learned to care for. We have shared our pleasures, our triumphs and our few disappointments for so long that we shall miss the old companionship more than we now realize, when we are too far apart to enjoy it any longer. Some of us may work together through some of the higher grades, but for the most of us, I feel that it is indeed the parting word.

But I am sure that we shall not forget each other, and that we will always think of these days as very happy ones, that made us, as classmates, a little nearer and dearer to one another than mere friends. Let us, as we part, pledge ourselves to remember all the true and lofty aims that have been born in us in our work together here, and make our lives such as shall bring pride to our school, and cause our dear instructors, every one of them, to be justly proud to remember that they had the task of teaching us how at least to begin to live.

For now our boat glides out between
The rocks that guard the shore,
Bearing the Class of 19—
To be a class no more;
But looking forward with a smile
Of courage, strong and high,
To meet in that glad Afterwhile,
No more to say "Good-bye!"

(b) FOR EITHER A GRAMMAR OR A HIGH SCHOOL

Dear Friends, Teachers and Classmates:—Our little boat stands at rest tonight at the bending of the stream, and we are pausing awhile to draw in our breath for the work ahead.

The voyage of life is through many deep and unknown channels, with many windings and turnings that often make it hard for us to tell just what we have passed by, and what we are yet to meet. It seems a long course to follow, as we row through the waters, and we are often tempted to let our bark drift whithersoever it may; but as we rest upon our oars and look back, how very short a distance we seem to have come, after all, and how close the banks appear to be!

It is pleasant to pause here at the bending of the stream, and consider for a little the pleasant calmness of the wave-ripples through which we have so easily been rowing; but we cannot linger long, for already the noise of life's larger waters is calling us, and we know that we must row ahead out of the peaceful, shallow current of our young life, where we have been able to drift through so much of our passage, and pull hard through the deeper channels against the stream of active life.

Dear Parents, Guardians and Friends, we cannot pass forever out of this quiet channel into the deeper waters awaiting us, without thanking you from the bottom of our hearts for the privilege of beginning this voyage of life on the breast of so clear and calm a stream. For these happy years our bark has glided so smoothly along between the banks that we could reach over and gather the lilies through which we were guided, and were scarcely conscious of our own efforts in propelling our little craft up the stream. Our teachers have carefully sheltered us from every adverse wind of thought,

and have warned us with the most zealous pains of the evil rocks and shoals or tangle of sea-weed so sure to be met with in the broader channels of our onward course. We realize that had you not made this possible for us, our start on the voyage of life might have been saddened by many disasters and retarded by many a barrier that might threaten to wreck our vessel, even at the very beginning of our voyage; and we want you to know how much we appreciate your loving thoughtfulness before we, tonight, sail onward, through the deeper channels to the sea of the larger life awaiting us.

To you, dear teachers, we must also express our earnest thanks. Often and often, in the days to come, when we are thrown more and more upon our own guidance and intuition, our minds will travel back to you, and we will see how many times you have helped to steer our frail bark around this or that difficulty, till we shall long, I am sure, to return to the shelter and protection of your piloting. But you have given us both our chart and our compass, and as our boat glides out of the waters where you have been its guide so long, and your eyes, as I know they must, follow us on into the deeper channels ahead, may you ever see our green and gold as signals of promise and grateful resolution from the class that must never be afraid to show its colors, as we push out to perform our mission in the splendid sea of a bigger opportunity.

And thus, classmates, we linger at the bend of the stream—the end of our course. We have paddled together through the school-waves behind us, but each must row forth alone into the deeper channels to come, wherever and into whatever they may lead. Let us, as the billows of life force us apart, keep our green and gold, with all that they signify to each one of us, ever flying at the mast-head; and so, face every duty of the

unknown waters bravely and boldly, the principles of honor ever turning the pilot-wheel, as we sail to the success no graduate of this dear school can ever fail to win.

“Onward, through deep channels,”
May we ever hold,
Waving from all panels,
Our bright green and gold;
May we keep them floating
On each breeze so high,
True ideals denoting,
As we say, “Good-bye!”

(c) FOR A HIGH SCHOOL

We who stand tonight at the meeting between a happy past and an unknown future have reached not the end, but the Commencement of our lives. And what those lives are to be depends in a large measure upon the foundations we have been building for them in our High School years. This is a big thought, and I want you to think with me just how big a thing it is. For tonight, at the ending of our course, I am fired with the zeal of a Class Patriotism that I would like to be able to transmit to you with all of its wonderful thrilling force.

It seems well for us who are about to step forth into the arena of the world’s progress to consider something of what our parts in the great battle of life are, or ought to be, as citizens of the greatest republic and the grandest nation in all the world, representing before its people the best school of all that cover the land from ocean to ocean. We have all our lives heard a great deal about patriotism, and every citizen has seemed to define the word in his own way, according to his own ideas of party politics. During a political campaign, the speaker of

tonight will tell you that to be a true lover of your country's weal, you must of necessity be a Democrat; the speaker tomorrow night will be equally as emphatic in urging the positive need of your being a Republican, while another speaker on the succeeding night may bring forth just as many varied and weighty reasons why you should certainly and by all means affiliate with some third party.

We are all of us, doubtless, more or less familiar with the words of Decatur's immortal toast, when he said,

"Our Country!
May she always be in the right!
But, right or wrong,
Our Country!"

This, to the minds of the Twentieth Century politicians, seems, in many cases at least, to have become,

"My party!
May she always be in the right!
But, right or wrong,
My party!"

At first hearing these words sound brimful of patriotism, and we feel our hearts, as we listen, quiver with a responsive thrill to the magnetism of the speaker's enthusiasm; but to the mind of the one whose thoughts are deeper and broader and higher and purer, as he looks upon the folds of the tri-colored bunting waving in the breeze—to the one who loves his country in the way that Washington and Lincoln and McKinley loved it—the words are far enough from having the true ring. To such a heart the only true patriotism is that highest and best love of country that has the nation's purest and noblest good at heart, that has a great and lofty conception of what the nation should be, and then uses all his power and influence and energy to bring her as close to that ideal as it is possible for her to come. Not to

say, "My party, right or wrong!" or even, "Our Country, right or wrong!" but rather,

"My Country, make her right!
Keep her standard clean and white!"

Of course conceptions of the highest patriotism must vary as the history and institutions of a nation vary. For instance, Russia thinks of a divine right to universal empire. The distinguishing mark of American patriotism is freedom. The spirit of Americanism and American institutions is that of a true democracy, which shall seek to cultivate the best and eliminate the vicious, and to stand for the cause of liberty, freedom and truth at whatever cost of property, or even human life. If we love our country, then, with the best form of love, we will set for her a standard of all that is highest and purest and noblest, and then use all powers and direct all our efforts to help her to make real the ideal that we hold for her.

Dear friends, we who are passing out of High School life into more active citizenship today, feel that we have a place in the national life. We feel that each one of us has a work to do in demonstrating the spirit of patriotism that is within us. Reconstruction is still going on, all over the land. Much, indeed, needs to be reconstructed; much to be destroyed. We can all have a part in it, women as well as men; girls as well as boys. Whatever helps to make the nation better and nobler; whatever serves to elevate the people of the land to any higher plane of thought and life; whatever, in any way, makes America—or any portion of it—better worth the living in, is helping on the great work of present-day reconstruction; and remember, whatever elevates the individual, elevates to a greater or lesser degree the community in which that individual lives. We are overflow-

ing with class patriotism tonight, and we step forth into the arena with a full sense of our own importance. We know, of course, that we are "not bound to make the earth go right," but we are sure that realizing our possibilities in being a part of all "that liberates and lifts," we have also as clear an idea of the responsibility that each possibility involves, and shall each one of us endeavor to "do with cheerful heart the work that God appoints," whatever that work may be. We expect great things of ourselves, and we trust that you, too, may expect great things of us—and may not be disappointed.

Dear teachers, you who have had the training of us in this spirit of patriotism for the past four years, we know how fully you have realized that the strongest asset of the American nation, and indeed of every other nation, is its citizenship. You have certainly put forth every effort within your power to make true American men and women out of the raw material within your hands. How well you have succeeded, of course, only the future can determine. But we thank you at this time for all that you have so cheerfully done, and tried to do, for each one of us, and trust that the years to come may demonstrate to your satisfaction as well as to our own, that out of the stuff from which we were made, you were really as successful as even your ambition could desire, in turning us out—men and women.

Classmates, let us resolve that they shall. May the colors of our class, and all that they stand for, but symbolize, in its larger sense, the principles of the nation, and fire us with the zeal to make of ourselves such men and women as the United States, as well as Blankville High School, shall be glad to claim their own. Let us, as we separate, go forth with the determination of proving to the world that our High School was certainly one of the best mills in the world for grinding out individuals

that are worth while. Let us make loyalty our controlling spirit, and in being loyal to ourselves, to our class, and to our school, we shall of necessity be loyal to every larger claim that the American nation can demand of the most efficient of her sons and daughters in any hour of her need. Let us show the world as we step out into its fields of endeavor that we are the stuff the best citizens and truest patriots are made of, carrying still in our hearts whatever life may bring, the same spirit of courage and resolution and high-minded integrity with which we must now bid one another farewell. Let me, in speaking this last word, propose this new toast, to replace the suggestion of Decatur's, and voice the higher patriotism that should animate us all.

“Our Class!

Here's that she always may be in the right!
Here's that her standard may ever be white!
Here's that whatever our future may be,
Steady and fearlessly God-like may be—
Our Class!”

(d) FOR A COLLEGE OR ACADEMY

Ladies and Gentlemen, Gentlemen of the Board of Trustees, Members of the Faculty, Schoolmates, Classmates, Friends, Whoever and Whatever, One and All.— There are a number of unwritten but universal laws, as fixed and unchangeable as the laws of the Medes and Persians, that govern in their subtle way the lives of men and kingdoms, and regulate the comings and goings of men and women. Some people live through the entire course of their lives without once waking up to a consciousness of the existence of these laws. They stumble along blindly, wafted hither, thither and yon by every passing breeze of circumstance, drifting idly here and

there through an aimless existence, knowing not why they do this, that, or the other, and having no idea why certain experiences should come to them, nor why they should be forced to endure many apparently unjust difficulties and disasters. All the time, however, they are moving in obedience to probably the most powerful and invincible of all these laws—the great Law of Compensation—which was first put into words by the holy Man of Nazareth, centuries ago, when He said, “With whatsoever measure ye mete, it shall be measured unto you again.”

We may not even be dimly conscious of the workings of this great Law. We may not even guess why this or that joy or sorrow should suddenly come upon us. We may not have even begun to realize that for whatever harvest we reap, we ourselves must certainly some time or other have sown the seed. It may never have even vaguely occurred to us that for every effect, there must necessarily have been somewhere behind it, the primary cause. But it is none the less a vital truth in the life of every individual, and day by day, hour by hour, as we enjoy the benefits of every passing experience, we are consciously or unconsciously signing our name to life's same old promissory note, “For value received, I promise to pay!” For in those few words, commonplace and ordinary as they have come to seem to us through continual and thoughtless usage, lies the real keynote of all human life.

Gentlemen of the Board of Trustees, we realize that it is your silent influence at work, through the under-currents of our school activities, that has laid the foundation for this hour, and has made it possible for us to stand here before you tonight. As we linger tonight upon the threshold of active life, the doors of our school

and its educational and protective advantages swinging behind us, the question naturally arises in your minds, as well as in every one of ours, "Just what are we going to get out of life, anyway?" and we feel that you have a right to ask and expect a full and frank reply. But indeed, there is only the one sure and satisfactory answer. We are going to get out of life just exactly what we pay for—just exactly what we put into it—just exactly what we *will* to buy from the world, at the figure the ages have placed upon all life's gifts. It all rests with us. Everything in the world has its price, and we cannot gain one advancement nor advantage without, some time or another, being called upon to pay every ounce of its value. As Lowell says :

"Earth asks its price for what earth gives us ;
For a cap and bells, our lives we pay ;
Bubbles we win with a whole soul's tasking."

It only remains, then, for each one of us to decide within ourselves what we most earnestly desire to get out of life—what is really most worth our while—and then reasonably and deliberately to sit down and count the cost. For, although there are always a great many people everywhere attempting to work their smooth bit of "graft" upon the world, and frustrate the whole scheme of creation by getting something for nothing, it has never yet proven to be a successful venture, and while the "mills of God grind slowly" sometimes, yet the hour of reckoning always comes to every individual, teaching him sometimes by the payment of long years of accumulated interest on the overdue account, that "with exactness, grinds He all." Sooner or later every account comes up for full settlement.

Members of the Faculty, when we pause seriously to consider all of the workings of this universal Law, we

begin to grasp a little bit more definitely the value of your work in instilling into our minds a few of your own noble principles and lofty ideals. We begin to realize how grateful we must be to you for these years of training throughout all the life to be. How often we see men and women paying for their early mistakes, however ignorantly committed, by years of remorse and bitter expiation; paying for hours of dissipation and crime by physical and mental suffering that is very hard to bear, as well as by the scorn and avoidance of their fellow-creatures, and, worse than all else, the death of their own self-respect; paying for their indolence, shiftlessness, extravagance, or waste, by poverty and want; paying for their disregard of the laws of health and right living by disease and invalidism; or, on the other hand, enjoying the reward they have earned by industry, economy and a firm adherence to the right, with its due regard for the rights and feelings of others, in a succession of happy, prosperous years, in the respect and esteem of their fellow-beings! Thus is our life to be what we make it! Thus do we see the ultimate justice of that Golden Rule that bids us, "Whatsoever ye would that men should do unto you, do ye even so unto them." Thus, O you good and wise friends, who have given us so fair a start, do we feel our debt of gratitude to you weighing heavily upon us, till we remember that the Law of Compensation is a pair of scales that is never out of balance, and that your reward was yours, even in the doing of the deed you felt your duty.

Friends of the Undergraduate Classes, we are leaving you in the best and most capable hands we know. Nevertheless as we feel ourselves so much older than you to-night, and so very much more experienced, we feel that we must not resign our places in the class-room and on

the campus, to your full and free enjoyment, without reminding you of that old proverb,

“Sow a thought,—reap an action;
Sow an action,—reap a habit;
Sow a habit,—reap a character;
Sow a character,—reap a destiny!”

How important it is, then, that you should sow with the utmost care from the very beginning, even as we have tried to do before you, and should think only those true and pure thoughts that must eventually develop into the strong and noble life you wish to build—for, truly, we must all, in one way or another, pay the full price of even the smallest, idlest thought. As students during these preparatory years of school life, we have already experienced at various times the workings of this great eternal Law. We have earned our rewards; we have suffered our punishments; have, as the popular slang of the day would express it, “got what was coming to us.” By hard, persevering effort, and diligent study, we have mastered many of our lessons. We have paid the price for the “value received.” On the other hand, for every wasted hour, for every slighted task, for every inattentive or disobedient moment, we have paid in the time of test or examination by a lack of knowledge, a weakness of memory, a defect of development, that has led not only to a low-grade mark but has perhaps helped to place us in an inferior position in our class, and may hamper our progress through all the years of our lives whenever the need arises for the particular information which that slighted lesson would have made forever ours. We wish it were possible for you who are to come after us to profit by our example and experiences, and not have to learn all these things in the same bitter way by which the lessons have been brought home to us.

Classmates, what a big thought it is that from this time on we have the shaping of our destinies in our own hands. All these years of our student life we have been, for the most part, on the receiving hand. Life has been showering upon us its best gifts. While it is true that we have justly earned a certain portion of all that we have attained, there is a great deal of that subtle inner development, that gradual, day-by-day character building, that almost invisible growth and expansion of the dormant man and woman within us, for which we are still indebted to all the influences, both seen and unseen, that have been brought to bear upon us through all these years. We stand tonight at the very gateway of life's activities, prepared by all these years of careful, pains-taking instruction, and watchful, ever-vigilant guidance, for the struggle with that real, vital existence that awaits us on the outer side. As we look back, how easy it is to estimate, by the landmarks along the road, the "value received" of our school career! Now the time has come for the working out of our "promise to pay!" The world will at once commence to look for us to pay back into its treasury the wealth of good things it has for so long been bestowing upon us. It will demand our noblest revelations of character, our highest demonstrations of every latent possibility of attainment, our truest, tenderest attention to the needs of every brother or sister, our most faithful, self-sacrificing service. It will remind us, at every turn of the road, of that note always standing in our name with its never-failing "For value received, I promise to pay!" It will never once let us forget the cost of life—the constant expense that must be met—the unfailing price that must be paid for every gift—not in dollars and cents, but in service, in faithfulness to duty, in the uplift of our neighbor—yes, sometimes, perhaps, in unavailing pain and heartache and tears. Class-

mates, is this a hard way to look at it? It should not be. It is only the small, immature mind that could take the narrow view of its significance. To us it should be a most inspiring thought, for it sets absolutely no limit to the possibilities of our attainment. It is all to be just what we really want it to be. It is all to bring us just what we are willing to pay to gain what we desire. We can have just what we will, for Life itself will not say "Nay!" when we come with the required fee in our hands, not as a beggar, but as a purchaser who knows what he wants, and considers it worth the price that is demanded.

So, as we step forth through the gateway tonight, Classmates, let us walk out into the world bravely, with a full realization of all that will be expected of us, but just as full a realization of our own ability to meet every requirement. We have within our own souls the full value of every gift we could possibly crave out of life's great storehouse. There is absolutely nothing too expensive for us to buy with the assets at our disposal. Let us, then, resolve that we will keep our record so stainless, our ideals so lofty and unsullied, our account with life so accurately balanced, as we go, that there will never be any bad debts standing out against us, but that the "For value received, I promise to pay," as represented by our diplomas, may be only a pleasurable reminder of a most enjoyable duty and enviable privilege as we look the world in the face, feeling that we have a full claim upon such portions of it as we wish to make our own, our hearts joyously and gratefully responding to the divine command of old, "Freely ye have received, freely give!"

II. OF THE FORM OF PARODIES

(a) FOR A GRAMMAR SCHOOL

(After the rhythm of Tennyson)

Friends, Parents, Teachers, ere we say good-bye,
And wave our colors for the last glad time,
I wish—we wish—our class—Nineteen —
To thank you one and all for coming here—
To thank you that you listened to us all,
And seemed to so enjoy our youthful words,
That lack the age that gives thought mellowness.
We thank you, too, that you have granted us
The privilege of the school that we enjoy,
The chance to learn of teachers, wise and true,
The road to Grown-up Land ; and we do hope,
And trust, and pray, and more than that, resolve
That we will prove so worthy of your trust
That you will ne'er regret one favor shown.

Teachers, to you we give our tenderest thanks
For teaching us the way to live. 'Tis not
So much the learning we have gleaned from you
As 'tis the grand example you have shown,
That breathed, "Go and do likewise!" to our hearts.
Heaven bless you ever! and may you some day
Look at us each, as on through life we go,
And feel a just delight in all our gains,
Feeling 'twas largely due to help from you.
Hold us, we beg you, dear in memory,
As we shall carry with us through the years
Your tender counsel, wise and noble words,
An inspiration for the tasks ahead.
Our colors shall be kept from every stain,
Our motto ever be a watchword true.

Classmates, we spent this hour in converse sweet,
Before we unclasped hands, each from the rest,
But now, the rest-time's over. We must go
On up our separate paths alone—alone!
But higher grades will claim each one of us,
And we will not forget this comradeship,
But ever hold in memory, dear as life,
The happy hours that blessed our Grammar Grades,
Which made us friends forever, though apart.
Let us be true to all that we have learned,
As we climb up to victories still ahead,—
True to our school, our class, and to ourselves—
We then shall all be true to all the world.
Let us be men and women. Friends, farewell!

(b) FOR EITHER A GRAMMAR OR A HIGH SCHOOL
(*From "Julius Cæsar"*)

Friends, Teachers, Classmates, lend me your ears;
I come to bury the past, not to praise it.
The evil each class does lives after it;
The good is oft forgotten as they pass;
So let it be with us. Our noble teachers
Have told us that we seemed to be ambitious:
If it were so, it was a splendid gift,
And splendidly tonight are we rewarded.
Here, under leave of our principal and the rest—
For our principal is a generous friend;
So are they all—all generous friends—
Come I to speak these words of parting.

We've been a class, faithful and bound to win:
And our teachers say we were ambitious,
And our teachers are most generous friends.
We have learned many lessons at this school,

Whose records have the general average raised:
Hasn't this in us seemed splendidly ambitious?
At times, when we have failed, weak ones have wept:
Ambition should be made of sterner stuff:
Yet our teachers tell us we have been ambitious,
And our teachers are most generous friends.
You all have seen, on this Commencement Day,
How many here have spoken and sat down,
And claimed no word of praise; isn't this ambition?
I speak now but to prove our teachers' words;
Yes, here I am to speak what I do know.
You've all expected much, not without cause:
What cause could keep you, then, from praising us?
O judgment! thou art crowning us today,
For men have blessed this season. Look at us;
Our studies at this school today are over,
And we must pause till we have looked ahead.

But yesterday, our words were those of children,
No interest to the world; now stand we here,
And none too great to do us reverence.
O parents, if I were disposed to show
Your hearts and minds how wise we think we are,
I should do this one wrong, and that one wrong,
Who, you all know, are of but humble minds.
I will not do them wrong; I rather choose
To wrong my class, to wrong myself, my school,
Than I will wrong such humble-minded youths.
But there's a parchment, with each name upon it;
We've won it by our efforts, one and all:
Let but our parents see these diplomas,—
Which, pardon me, I do not mean to show,—
And they would go and grasp each teacher's hand,
And wipe their eyes, I know, in grateful pride,
Yea, beg a word from each in token of

The works and wonders that our passing tells,
Retaining it as a rich memory
Forever after.

Have patience, parents, friends—I must not show it;
It is not meet you know how wise your children.
You are not wood, you are not stones, but parents,
And being parents, seeing this grand diploma,
It will exalt you, it will make you proud.
'Tis good you know not you have such wise heirs;
For, if you should, O what would come of it?

Teachers, be patient; let us stay awhile;
I have o'ershot myself to tell them of it:
I fear I wrong the humble-minded ones
Who would escape all praises: I do fear it.
If you have fears, prepare to lose them now.
You all do know this building: we remember
The first time ever we were ushered in:
'Twas on a Monday morning, and we went
With fear and trembling up the unknown steps.
Look, in this place we've studied every book:
See what a mark our efforts here have made:
Through this same door we entered, full of fear,
And as tonight we turn our steps away,
Mark how the tears of teachers follow us,
As rushing from their hearts, to be resolved
If they can bear to part with us, or no—
For teachers, after all, are only human!
Judge, O ye friends, how well our teachers loved us!
This is the most unkindest thought of all,
For as we have to pass from school tonight,
Our gratitude, more strong than e'er before,
Quite masters us! Now speaks each mighty heart,
And in our memories of each dear, kind face,

Here at the close of these eventful years,
Which all the time seemed good, our parting tells !
O what a thought it is, dear teachers all !
Now I, and you, and all of us must part,
While other teachers may reign over us !
O now we weep, and I perceive you, too,
Are full of pity ! 'Tis a gracious hour.
Dear teachers, think not we do not behold
The good you have been doing ; look you here—
Here are our thanks, as full as we can say them !

Classmates, sweet friends, let me not stir you up
To any sudden show of sympathy !
They that have signed our cards were generous :
What personal rank they have, of course, we know not
That placed them over us ; they are wise and generous,
And have, of course, good cause for all they do.
I come not, friends, to steal away your hearts ;
I am no orator, as I hope to be,
But as you know me all, a plain, blunt boy, (Or girl)
That love my class ; and that they know full well
That gave me public leave to speak tonight.
For I have neither wit, nor words, nor worth,
Action, nor utterance, nor the power of speech,
To say good-bye ! I only speak right on ;
I tell you that which you yourselves do know :
Tell you our hour has come—our parting hour—
And bid you speak for me ; for were I older
And wiser in men's ways, there were a speaker
Would calm your troubled spirits, and say a word
For every thought of the future, that should move
The least of us to greater, stronger effort !

Classmates, this is good-bye !
Take each what course thou wilt !

(c) FOR A HIGH SCHOOL

(From "Henry VIII")

Farewell! A long farewell to all our school days!
This is the fate of each: today he enters
His class in tender hope; tomorrow, blossoms,
And bears his blushing honors thick upon him;
The third day comes a test—a telling test—
That when he fears, poor student, that full surely
His marks will fail to pass him, rates him high,
And then he leaves, as we do. We have ventured,
Like little children, playing here at life,
Four happy seasons in this school of learning,
So far beyond our dreams. Our hard-won gifts
At last fall on our heads, and now have crowned us
As masters ripe for service, in the army
Of life's great stream, that must forever claim us.
Bright hope and promise of the world, we greet ye:
We feel our hearts new opened. O how happy
Is that student who wins such princely favors!
There is, betwixt the fate we now aspire to,
And our accomplishment, much for our doing,
More trials and fears than schools or students have;
But as we go, we go forth conquerors,
Never to come again!

Classmates, I did not think to shed a tear
In all our parting; but thought has forced me,
Out of my tender youth, to play the human.
Let's dry our eyes: and thus far, hear me, Classmates;
And when we are forgotten, as we shall be,
And speak to other people, where no mention
Of school days stir our memories, say life taught us,
Even in youth, to tread the way of glory,
And sounded all the depths and shoals of honor,
Finding the way, out of school life, to rise in—

A sure and safe one, though so many miss it.
Mark every task, and that which trained us all.
Classmates, I charge ye each, gird on ambition;
With that spur, worlds are conquered; how can man,
then,

The image of his Maker, win without it?
Love thyself well: cherish the work life brings ye;
Nothing will win so much as honesty.

Still, in thy right hand, carry a resolute will,
And faith to silence fear. Be just and fear not.
Let all the ends thou aimest at be thy country's,
Thy God's and truth's; then, if we fall, O Classmates,
We fall as blessed martyrs! Serve the world;
And—Classmates, let us go!

We'll show the world the best of all we have
To the last venture: 'tis the world's: our name,
And our devotion to mankind, is all
We dare to call our own. But Classmates, Classmates,
If we but serve the world with half the zeal
We've served our school, we need not in our age,
Fear any lack of joy at our success.
Go forth with patience. One and all, farewell!
Our hopes are high! To heaven itself they swell!

(d) FOR A HIGH SCHOOL

(*From "Macbeth"*)

Is this a diploma which I see before me,
Its ribbon toward my hand? Come, let me clutch thee.
I have thee not, and yet I know I will.
Art thou not, lovely vision, sent to me
To be mine own tonight? Or art thou but
That ideal of my mind, that fair creation,
Long-cherished in my study-blessed brain?
I see thee now, in form as desirable

As that I dreamed I saw.

Thou marshall'st me the way that I was going;
And promised such a reward I was to win.
Mine eyes have seen thee oft in all my dreams,
A prize worth all the rest; I see thee now,
And with thee, bits of ribbon tied in bows,
Fairer than hoped before. This is the thing
For which I studied all that would inform
And train mine eyes. Now, with my happy class,
The race is won, and all our dreams, long-sought,
Are ours to keep. As we celebrate
Our glorious victory, we would here and now
Thank every teacher, every friend, who helped,
By patient watch, to hold our steady pace,
And guide our rambling strides toward the design
We longed for most. Now, sure and firm-set earth,
Watch all our steps, which way they walk, and hear
The very stones prate of our whereabouts,
And take the present honor of the time
For future promise. Classmates, may we live
That words to deeds their noblest spur may give.
We go, our school work done. The world invites us.
Hear it, my classmates, for it is a bell
That summons us to action. Now, farewell!

(e) FOR ANY CLASS

(After Tennyson's "*Locksley Hall*")

Classmates, rest we here a little, while our life is yet at
morn;
Pause and voice the new emotions that of this glad hour
are born.

"Tis the time which all has led to, since we heard the first
bell's call,
Summoning us to meet together in the now familiar hall.

Dear old school! How much our days here slowly led us on to know!

How much then undreamed-of knowledge we are taking as we go!

Many a day we've sat and pondered over some strangely puzzling text,

Wondering what our wise instructors could bring forth to ask us next!

Many a day we've worked some problem through in gratifying style,

Trying to make ourselves believe that we had known it all the while.

Faithfully we've toiled and striven, pressing on with higher aim,

Gravely vying with each other, emulating men of fame.

Here about the grounds we've wandered, talking over all we've read,

Thinking thoughts too deep for utterance — dreaming what must ne'er be said;

When we leaped into a future, far as human brain might see,

Saw the Vision of our lives and all the wonders that might be!

Listening for some "Never! Never!" whispered by the phantom years,

Till a song from out the distance rang its promise in our ears.

Boys will surely come to manhood; men will surely older grow;

Will the dreams of future glory follow after as we go?

Where's the fate that we must turn to, leaving happy scenes like these,

Are the doors not barred with gold to open but to golden keys?

Are the gates not thronged with suitors, do not markets overflow?

We are young, and know so little! Where's the place for us to go?

Ah! we're well prepared for action! Watch us write on History's page,

Names to shine throughout the centuries as the wonder of the age!

For we feel a wild pulsation summoning to active strife, With a whole world for the winning, in the tumult of young life!

Yearning for the wild excitement only strife worth while can yield,

Eager-hearted as in class room forging through some new-found field.

We have conquered in that class-room—we shall win in efforts new;

That which we have done but promise all the things we yet shall do!

For I doubt not through our future life's increasing purpose runs,

And our thoughts, too, will be widened by the process of the suns.

O Commencement! not the ending that it seems to all
our strife,
But the gate that opens outward to a bigger, broader life!

Classmates, may the crescent promise of our spirit never
set,
But the fount of inspiration gush through all our fancy
yet;

Howsoever life may lead, a long farewell to school we
say,
And to principal and teacher, nevermore to point our
way.

There's a blessing in my soul, friends, welling from its
deepest part
Gathering in its hold the deepest, truest, throbings of
my heart.

Let it fall on our dear school and every old friend, as
we know
We must clasp each hand and whisper, "Good-bye, Class-
mates!" as we go.

III. OF NOVEL FORM

(a) CLASS CREED

"As other men have creed, so have I mine."

So, once upon a time, spoke Theodore Tilton; and so,
upon this most momentous occasion say we, the Class
of 19—, of Detroit's East Side High School. "As other
classes have creed, so have we ours!"—and we believe
with all our hearts in many great and good things.

But is it necessary for us to voice our creed? you ask.
We feel that it is, for several great and all-sufficient

reasons. For we believe in our future, and in the possibilities of advancement, and we realize that in all progress lies the certainty of change. Therefore while we may today believe all these things we now present unto you, we may not, in the light of tomorrow's brighter light and more complete understanding, believe a single one of them. And so, if we wish to speak them at all, it is well for us to speak them now, while they are the truth of all truths to us. However, as the principles for which we have elected to stand are the deeper fundamentals of life that form the foundation of all masterful manhood and womanhood, we think there is hardly any possibility of our modifying any of our views upon these subjects in even the slightest degree; and it is therefore quite safe that we should allow ourselves to be put upon the eternal records as having given emphatic voice to every one of them.

I.

As a child believes most of all in its mother, we, the larger children of a larger maternal principle, must naturally believe, first of all in our High School, and all the educational advantages that she represents. We do not believe that there could be quite so good a school anywhere else, nor quite so complete a course of instruction procured elsewhere; and we hope that all other classes, with their various individual members, are as loyal in their belief as we are. We will always look back upon this school as one of the most hallowed memories of our growing days, and believe in it just as sincerely and thoroughly as we do tonight.

II.

Believing in our school so devotedly as we have just stated, we can hardly need to tell you how deeply and truly we believe in our dear principal and teachers, who

have labored so faithfully and patiently in our behalf throughout these years. We believe in all they have told us, all they have taught us, all they have shown us by the force of their true, earnest example, as well as their daily precept and advice.

III.

Stepping forth from the school doors, we believe, thirdly, in our good old state, Michigan, and in the cream of all her cities, Detroit. Long may she live and prosper! We believe in all her institutions, and in all her citizenship, with all their hopes and aims, past, present, and to come. Yes, with all the faith that is in us, we believe in Detroit, Michigan, and all she, as a city, exemplifies.

IV.

And we could not truly believe in our city without having even a larger belief in the larger institutions, of which she is so vital a part; therefore, we believe, fourthly, in our National Flag, the glorious stars and stripes of union and liberty. And as we watch its folds waving their red, white and blue above our heads, we pledge ourselves over and over again to its allegiance, and feel each day a renewal within ourselves of American citizenship.

V.

We believe, fifthly, in our motto, "*Ad majorem Dei gloriam*,"—which, being interpreted, signifies, "To the greater glory of God." We do not believe that we, as a class, could have selected any more inspiring words than these had we searched through the entire vocabulary of the world, with all its many languages and dialects. Everybody, whether he knows it or not, has one predominating principle in his life—one supreme influence—one inspiring force—by which all his acts are shaped and arranged. If this principle is a worthy one,

his life will be one of nobility and honor; if it happens to be an unworthy one, his whole character may descend to the depths of wreck and ruin. It therefore stands us all well in hand to think strongly and seriously of the principle that is to be the foundation of our life's pilgrimage toward the perfection we each secretly, if not openly, desire to attain. We, as a class, feel that we have chosen with a wisdom surpassing that of earth, because it was due to the guidance and inspiration of Heaven itself; and stepping forth into the great, untried world of human endeavor, and struggle, with the determination to bend every act and ambition "To the greater glory of God," we must make ourselves of value to the great force of the world's workers, where devoted service is so much needed for the upbuilding of human character, and the bettering of the conditions of mankind. We believe in the ultimate triumph of all good, and the eventual downfall of all evil, and pledge ourselves to put forth every individual effort in our power to bring about this much-to-be-desired and certain-to-come millennium. Truly, indeed, do we believe, heart and soul, in the motto which we have chosen, "To the greater glory of God."

VI.

We believe, sixthly, in our colors. We believe that it is fitting for all individuals, or bands of individuals, to show their colors bravely and boldly, that the world and their friends may know exactly where they stand. We believe in our colors implicitly, because they symbolize all that a perfect life should be at the beginning of its course through the world's work, and we shall make it one of the dominating ends and aims of our ambition to force the world, through our exemplification, to believe in them, too.

VII.

We believe, too, in our yell, which you have doubtless heard so enthusiastically and vigorously demonstrated. We believe in it because it typifies the energy and ambition of our lives, because it inspires and encourages us, because it engages the attention of our friends, and the public at large, and assures them that we are "very much alive." We believe in it because it voices our class spirit, our courage, our enthusiasm, our ambition, and gives utterance to all the pent-up emotions we could not express in any other way.

VIII.

Eighth and last, friends, we believe in ourselves. We have to, don't we, or nobody else will? But our faith is not because of anybody else's lack of faith, but in *spite* of it! We believe in ourselves because we think and hope that we are beginning to know ourselves; and while this means that we must have a full knowledge of all our weaknesses, it means that we must also have an equally full knowledge of our capabilities, and be prepared to develop them to their fullest extent. With this belief in ourselves, we step as a class across the boundary line that separates school life from life's great school, feeling no fear of the great future, but inspired by our motto, and sustained by our colors, cheered ever on and on by our inspiring yell, and certain of success so long as we are resolved upon every occasion to improve every opportunity for service, and offer the world nothing less than our very best efforts.

Friends, this is our creed—not much of a creed, perhaps, to those who have learned the lessons of life, but much, indeed, to us who have only begun to master the A, B, C.

To our parents and friends, then, we extend our sincere thanks for all the privileges they have made it possible for us to enjoy here; to our teachers we speak words of enduring gratitude for the work they have done for us in assisting this creed to take shape in our plastic minds; to all of you who have come to listen to us, we must voice our thanks for your attendance, and the lenient attention and warm appreciation you have given to our humble efforts to entertain you.

Classmates, what shall I say to you? We part tonight to enter each a separate world of work. We have been such close friends and companions that we shall miss one another for some time to come, and we will feel a lack that nothing can quite fill. But let us be loyal to our creed.

(b) CLASS OBITUARY

The joys of life are many—its privileges great—its pleasures manifold and intense; yet even throughout all of its happiest hours and most hilarious rejoicing, comes to the thinking mind, the sad and certain wail, "This too, shall pass away!" We cannot escape from this inevitable fate, no matter how earnestly we may endeavor so to do, for all things human are mortal. Yes, even the Class of 19—, of Blankville High School, is doomed to go the way of all the world, and pass from High School to return no more.

When the startling information was circulated round among her friends that poor old 19— must die, a wave of the most sincere and heart-felt lamentation swept over the entire community. To be sure, it was not altogether unexpected, for we have long known that the end must come, sooner or later, and that, in view of the complication of disorders from which she had long been suffering, there could be but little hope entertained of her

ultimate recovery. Still, we did not like to think that the crisis was near at hand, and we resolutely put from our minds the thought of her final dissolution as often as it came to us, and tried not to realize the nearness of the approaching calamity.

As year after year passed by, and the struggling patient, though fighting desperately for life, seemed in her usual health and spirits, the hour of her departure seeming just as far off as ever, we kept thinking hopefully of the future hours yet remaining, refusing to accept the verdict of the wise doctors who declared that her days were numbered. Like all of her predecessors, she laughed and she played; she sang, and she worked, and she made merry; she shouted her yell with all the gusto and vigor imaginable about the streets of the city; she studied—when she had to—even being able to sit up at night now and then when she wished to, and she rejoiced when she escaped the having to, and altogether conducted herself after the manner of organized classes since the very beginning of all school life. Therefore, when that wise council of doctors that sat in judgment on this lively patient, spread broadcast the direful tidings of the absolute hopelessness of her case, there was a wide-spread sorrow over all the surrounding community, and a mantle of mourning shrouded the entire city in its somber folds.

This, then—the awful hour we have dreaded for so many weeks—is the end of all. June 21st has come, and Nineteen —, puny, weak and emaciated, is stretched before your eyes, and struggling for breath. Draw near, all you who have been friends of this most illustrious of all High School Classes, and listen to her last words; for like all departing spirits she has much to say in the last fleeting moments of her life.

Dear Principal, we—the Class which is about to pass forever from the land of living students—thank you with our last breath for all that you have done for every part of us during the years we have been in your care. Our teachers have all had their part in instructing us, but we feel that you have been active in constructing us. They have all had a hand in our education. You have been likewise a vital inspiration. What is there left for our breaking hearts to say as we face this last scene of all, but, “Thank you!” and “God bless you!” in the hope that you will see that our memory is kept green for a week or two at least of the days that are to come when we have passed forever on.

And now to you, dear, faithful teachers, who have been our tender, patient nurses for so long, we know that we are indebted more than we could ever become able to repay, were it granted us to live for ages yet to come. You have taken a personal interest in each of us as individuals, and have done for poor old 19—, as a Class, all that was possible to make her career pleasant and profitable, and her last hours easy and painless. You have prescribed for all her disorders the remedies you considered most effectual, and have dealt out big doses of both sweet and bitter decoctions for her to swallow, which have done much to preserve her life to the present moment. You have kept your finger on her pulse through each day of her indisposition, and we feel sure you have had a thorough understanding of her condition at each rise and fall of temperature. Now, you can do no more, but bid her a last farewell, as her struggling spirit passes with its weight of gratitude forever out of your lives, and into the larger spheres beyond the veil.

Members of the Junior Class, you who will so soon be called upon to fill our vacant chairs, we cannot pass entirely from the land of the living without a word of

advice to you ere we part forever. You have watched the career of 19—with pride and admiration, and, of course, with no little envy. How could it be otherwise? She has done grandly, gloriously! Like St. Paul of old, she has “fought a good fight; she has finished her course; she has kept the faith.” See that you, then, who are left to take up the work that she has left behind, profit by her example, and “go and do likewise!” Follow in our eighteen perfect footsteps, Juniors, for your hour will surely come to you, even as ours has come to us, and we leave behind such a record for you to follow that we pass cheerfully out of our High School into the Great Beyond, feeling that our brief career as a class has not been in vain, if it helps one band of students to resolve to live to a larger purpose, but that though we must die, yet may we live forever in the memories and the purifying influences that we leave behind.

Classmates, the last moments of our life as 19—are fast ebbing away. Our pulse is growing feeble—our breath falters—and only time and energy for one more word remains. We have studied together, we have hoped and planned together, and we have faced the coming of this direful hour hand in hand, feeling proud of the fact that, though we were so young in years, we have yet been able to make of ourselves the most talented, the most accomplished, and altogether the most illustrious class of students that has ever been fated to pass out into the Great Beyond from this High School. Together, now, we pass out of existence, and the class rooms and playgrounds will know us no more forever! It is a sad thought, isn’t it, Classmates? But let us face the unknown future as bravely and earnestly as we have faced every painful examination, and every disagreeable mental operation prescribed for us, determined to keep a stiff upper lip to the last, and prove worthy of the colors now

strewn so lavishly over our remains. Do not weep, I pray you, friends, for we need all our courage to face the last dreadful moment, as gathered together for the last time, we look regretfully over the happy past, and slowly—slowly—slowly—watch the lingering moments pass into eternity, and sadly—sadly—sadly—whisper our last farewell to one another as 19— —dies.

(c) THE PRESIDENT'S FAREWELL MESSAGE

Ladies and Gentlemen, Friends, One and All:—I, the president of the Class of 19—, of Blankville High School, having been honored by my class by being chosen first, to be their president, and next, to be their Valedictorian, do take this occasion to say unto you in their behalf, these last few words.

Much has been said tonight of our past life at school, and I feel that there is nothing to be added to the words that have been spoken; much has likewise been prophesied for the future, and of that, too, I do not think I have anything more to say. There only remain the words that are hardest of all to frame, and I feel myself unable to say any of them at all well. They mean so much, and seem to express so little when once put into speech.

When we first entered this High School we were somewhat immature, and had been accustomed to think of ourselves as children, or at most, very young boys and girls. So much has been done for us since we came, and there is so much else that we have been taught to do for ourselves, that we are leaving the school tonight, feeling ourselves finished men and women, ready to take our places among the citizens of the larger world. So much have we grown up in these four short years; and all this development have we to be thankful for to those who have had our instruction in hand.

Then it is indeed well that we reflect with great gratitude upon the benefits we have derived from our work here, and upon the pains that have been taken with our training by each and every one who has been appointed to the task. Be sure, dear teachers, that we feel it more deeply than we are able to express. You, too, dear parents and friends, must feel the same assurance that we realize the large part you have played in making this a possibility, and that we are none the less grateful because our words seem so pitifully few and weak.

Classmates, in conferring this honor upon me, you made me your debtor, and I have tried to make adequate return for the favor by saying to these friends all that I felt sure you would each wish to have said I felt, as I took my place, something of the inspiration of words like those of Lord Nelson, "Nineteen — today expects every member to do his duty!" and I realized how much more you would expect of me—your president—than of any of the others. It was another illustration of "the obligation of nobility," and the weight of responsibility resting upon even those great ones who have had their "greatness thrust upon them." But I feel sure you will understand how much more every word has meant than its face value, and will take what you know I would like to say in place of the little I have seemed able to express.

Tonight, to all appearances, we have reached the end. We have come to the jumping-off place,—to the leap in the dark. But even as we reach it, we glimpse a vision of the future and see that it is indeed the end, but the *first* end, rather than the last—the Commencement of a more real and complete life. Therefore, Classmates, why are we sad? Why are we not glad and grateful for the larger opportunities for activity thus thrown open to us for the first time? And even when we speak of separation we only voice a weak sentiment that we accept be-

cause we have heard so many others give it expression, not stopping to analyze, and see that it has really nothing of truth to support it. We are not to be separated. No, never, in any real sense of the word! We will always be banded together in the ties of kindred thought and purpose and spirit that are the only real union—and wherever our bodily presence may manifest, we may be sure that:

"Our fears, our hopes, our aims are one,
Our comforts and our cares,"

and feel ourselves still working together for one common purpose in the full assurance of "the tie that binds" all congenial spirits together in the service of the common good. Our association will be sweeter than ever, our communion more satisfying, our feeling of mutual sympathy and understanding more vital and complete. Feeling this in all its fullness, Classmates, I cannot with any sincerity bid you "Good-bye," but will simply call to each a cheery and triumphant "Good Night!" sure that there will be an ever-present opportunity for each of you in "some brighter clime" to bid me "Good Morning!"





WHERE BROOK AND RIVER MEET

A COMMENCEMENT TRIOLET

(For Three Girls)

- I. *Salve*—"The Birth of the Brook."
- II. *Interlude*—"The Song of the Brook."
- III. *Vale*—"The Meeting of the Brook and River."

I. SALVE

"THE BIRTH OF THE BROOK"

Friends of the Past and the Present:—Strangers to-day who are friends to be.

We welcome you all most cordially today to this, the very last meeting that we, as a class, can ever hope to hold. Rest assured, however, that because they must needs be the last ones, our smiles are no less sincere than ever, our words no less hearty and true, our hand-clasps no less cordial and close, when we tell you how truly glad we are that you are here to bid us God-speed as we step out of school-life into life's great school.

Friends, you who have lived a little if not a large part of your lives—what does life mean to you, I wonder, as you sit in your places and indulgently watch us as we take our parting glance over the dear old school-life we have reveled in for so long? We know we must seem most pitifully young to you as you look upon us where we stand,

"Watching, with the meek brown eyes,
In whose orbs a shadow lies
Like the dusk in evening skies!"

Wise men, who certainly ought to know, tell us that life never seems quite the same to any two people in all the world. I wonder if this is true! Somehow I almost hope that it is not, unless it may mean something just exactly as wonderful and beautiful to everybody else as it means to us just now; for it is truly very much like a fairy-tale—one of those dear, delightful fairy-tales that have so deep and true a meaning underneath the surface, and that we never get too big, nor I hope too old, to appreciate, or, at least, to remember with pleasure. We wonder if any of you can possibly fail to see things exactly the way they look to us! We wonder if really

“See we shadows sailing by,
As the dove with startled eye,
Seest the falcon’s shadow fly?”

or

“Hear we voices on the shore
That your ears perceive no more,
Deafened by the cataract’s roar?”

If this is possible, friends, then, in extending to you our most sincere and hearty welcome today, I should like to give you a picture of life, as it now presents itself to us, that the Vision Splendid before our eyes may find its way to yours. May I?

Away up in the mountains, almost at the summit of human experience, where the ice and snow have made an effort to melt a little under the spell of a persistent ray of sunshine, a tiny spring of only a few infinitesimal drops of crystal water begins to trickle down the side of the massive mountain on its way to find the big world at its base. Its movement is very slow at first—in fact, almost imperceptible—so great are the obstructions in its pathway, and so very insignificant is it of itself. But the ray of sunshine continues to smile in its alluring

brilliance, and woo the little stream farther and farther from the summit of its birth, melting a barrier here and lighting up the way around a boulder there, until unconsciously to itself, it begins to grow a little, and gaining in strength as it increases in size, trickles on and on, till it is joined by other similar little streams from other parts of the great mountain, and becomes no longer the unnoticed and unnoticeable spring of its beginning, but a real, live streamlet, glittering and gleaming under the caresses of the sunshine. It becomes suddenly conscious of its

“Locks that must outshine the sun,
Golden tresses, wreathed in one,
As the braided streamlets run.”

It realizes that nothing can long retard its progress—that whatever lies in its course, it must somehow, sometime, find its way out to the great unbounded sea; because, in looking up to the summit from which it came, it remembers that it was of heavenly birth, and being from the Divine Source of all life, it must eventually accomplish the mission upon which it was first sent to trickle down the mountain side. It suddenly receives from the great spirit of life the assurance of its own vital importance to the great scheme of creation, and bubbles with joy as it realizes how large a part even its smallest drop must necessarily play in the working out of the infinite plan. And so it keeps on its way, coming ever closer and closer to the beckoning world below, which is yet, for all its constant progress and persistent endeavor, years and years away!

The little streamlet is very well contented, however. It is gaining day by day a little more experience; it has learned a little bit about the best way to flow in its appointed course, how to avoid rough places and the

impassable barriers, and how to find its way around, or steal its way through the most difficult of the unavoidable obstructions. Not a foot of its progress has been without its lesson, many of them hard to learn, and oft-times very discouraging to the little streamlet, who yet knows so little of the water-life into which it has so lately been born. But it is a brave little streamlet, and when the sun smiles encouragingly, it sparkles a happy response, and ripples and dimples in its pleasure and gratitude, forgetting everything else in the joy of being alive.

These were very happy years for the little streamlet, too small and too young to have any distinct aim in its flowing, and yet, trickling ever onward, simply because it was so impelled by its own natural impulses, and coaxed along by the faithful sun o'erhead. And in due course of time nourished by the rains and dews, and absorbing little by little the tiny springs and pools along its course, the streamlet became a full-grown stream—a limpid, laughing rill—and found itself many miles from its source, and many years nearer the great world with its beckoning river below. For, truly,

"Like the swell of some sweet tune,
Morning rises into noon,
May glides onward into June."

Pure as the sky above it, and clear as the most perfect crystal, it reflected all life just as it appeared above its surface. There were no distorted images, no imperfect reproductions; the stream gave back to the skies exactly what it received from them. Only the intrusion of a rock, or the splash of a falling pebble, ever disturbed its surface for even the briefest moment. It was strong enough now to leap over the barriers that might impede its progress, and dash with a murmuring laugh to the surer crevices below.

"And so, never ending, but always descending,"
can you see it, friends, at this time, as Southey did?—

"Through moss and through brake,

It runs and it creeps

For awhile, till it sleeps

In its own little lake;

And thence at departing,

Awakening and starting,

It runs through the reeds,

And away it proceeds,

Through meadow and glade,

In sun and in shade,

And through the wood-shelter,

Among crags in its flurry,

Helter-skelter,

Hurry-skurry!

Here it comes sparkling,

And there it lies darkling;

Now smoking and frothing

Its tumult and wrath in,

Till, in this rapid race

On which it is bent,

It reaches the place

Of its steep descent,"—

and at last, rewarded, as all earnest effort of every kind is always rewarded, the persevering little stream becomes a brook, and for a few peaceful years ripples on, acquiring experience and strength, and absorbing all the moisture that glistens in its course, murmuring inspiration and comfort to all who seek its waters, and reflecting always the blue skies of Heaven, and the bright glory of the sunshine, slowly but surely making its way toward its long-desired goal, the great River of Life in the distance.

And now, at last, the river comes into view. The broad banks are green and flowery; the trees are lofty

and fruitful; the waters are deep and clear, and look very inviting to the little brook that has worked its way so far with this one end as the sole aim of its existence. Like Tennyson's famous "Brook," it had

"Chattered over stony ways,
In little sharps and trebles;
Had bubbled into eddying bays,
Had babbled on the pebbles;
Had chattered, chattered in its flow
To join the brimming river,"

knowing that

"Men may come, and men may go,
But Life goes on forever!"

And in its journey, all the way along, it had sung a little song of its very own—a song no other brook had ever sung—because, you see, down through the ages of all the world, there had never been another brook exactly like this one!—a song no other brook would ever sing—because, you see, on through all the ages yet to be, there could never be another brook exactly like this one!

And now, friends, if you will listen, I think you may hear for yourself this little song that the brook sang:

II. INTERLUDE

"THE SONG OF THE BROOK"

NOTE.—*Introduce here the class song, sung by the entire class, or the class poem, read by a third young lady. This song or poem should be distinctly individual, interweaving the class motto, colors, etc., and making it particularly "a song no other brook had ever sung, or ever would sing," by fitting it so exclusively to the class needs. A good selection of models for these poems will be found in another part of this volume, so none is inserted here.*

III. VALE.

"THE MEETING OF THE BROOK AND RIVER"

And now, friends,

"Standing with reluctant feet
Where the brook and river meet,"

we find that there is nothing left us but the murmuring of the farewell notes. For many years this has been our school-home—the strongest association of our daily existence. In traveling together down the mountain side we have, with but one thought and purpose, learned, or begun to learn, the way to live.

With the smile of every good influence ever resting in richest benediction upon us, our lives have indeed been as calm and quiet as the peaceful flow of the little brook, which need take no thought of its own existence but just flow on and on, with its face turned ever upward toward the sunshine. We forgot—or at any rate, we failed to properly realize—that life had any real responsibilities for us, any active work for us to do, any need of our exerting ourselves in any way to enter into its fields of endeavor and labor. Subconsciously, of course, we understood the real purpose of our school life, but the fact that we were only preparing for a deeper, higher plane of existence, when we should learn only too surely that

"Life is real, life is earnest,"

and that it holds important undertakings for every individual drop fallen from the clouds into the stream of existence, did not make the definite impression upon us that, perhaps, it really should have done.

But day after day, week after week, month after month, and year after year, finally passed on into eternity; we saw other streams of greater or lesser impor-

tance pass on ahead of us to join the "brimming river," but we felt that we were not yet ready, and our time had not yet come. The blue expanse of water was still just a little way ahead, and we had not yet grown big enough within ourselves to be a part of it. But at last, before our young minds were able to grasp the fact of its nearness, the River of Life loomed up, wide and deep, just ahead of us, and we awakened with a start to the consciousness that the waters of our peaceful past were about to flow out into the vastness of the current.

And tonight we are

"Standing with reluctant feet,
Where the brook and river meet,
Womanhood and childhood fleet!"

"Gazing with a timid glance
On the brooklet's swift advance,
On the river's broad expanse!"

Ah, indeed,

"Deep and still, that gliding stream
Beautiful to us must seem
As the river of a dream,"

and yet, friends, is it any wonder that we

"Pause with indecision,
When bright angels, in our vision,
Beckon us to fields Elysian,"

knowing, as only one can know who, like each one of us, is the

"Child of many prayers,"

that

"Life hath quicksands,—Life hath snares!
Care and age come unawares!"

Is it any wonder, I repeat, that after the sheltered existences we have led in the loving, watchful care of our many teachers, we should hesitate—almost fear—to start out into a new life where, even under the best possible environments, we must be in a larger measure than we may even realize today, dependent upon our own efforts and protection for the success and safety of our every endeavor? Is it any wonder that we shrink just a little from a union with that mighty current which has looked so calm and restful from the distance, but which we see as we approach its banks, is a vast force of energy and activity, far more vital and vivid than the efforts we have hitherto known? We can see now how true it is that

“Childhood is the bough, where slumbered
Birds and blossom many-numbered;—
Age, that bough with snows encumbered;”

and it is so natural for youth to dread the advance of the cumbering snows! We shall find but too soon that our course was from the very formation of the first drop a purposeful flow toward the mission awaiting us, and that the River of Life was not after all the goal of our onward pressure that it has always appeared, as it gleamed and glittered so far before our eyes in the mysterious distance. It will only receive us into oneness with itself, and its own aims, and open our eyes to a far grander goal, far, far ahead—the glory and splendor of the Eternal Sea, toward which every drop of the River’s force is consciously or unconsciously directed. Thus, our thoughts will have become widened, our views will have become broadened, and our ideas so enlarged and transfigured as to make the goal far ahead a vastly more wonderful, vital, splendid thing. How else would

life hold aught to lure us on to action? Only the certain knowledge that the same kind Providence will guard and guide each one throughout the uncertain future as in the happy past, reassures us, and makes us truly willing to cross the brink.

Dear Parents, Guardians and Friends: We feel that we must not flow out of our narrow channels into the broad embrace of the rapid river without expressing to you something of the appreciation we feel for the privilege afforded us of attending this dear old School. We realize that many girls in this broad land of ours have never known any of the advantages that we have enjoyed for so many years, and I speak for my classmates, as well as for myself, when I assure you all that we shall certainly, in all our ways, endeavor to show our appreciation more fully by making the best use of every opportunity, and will not fail to

“Gather, then, each flower that grows
When the young heart overflows,
To embalm that tent of snows.”

Dear teachers, it would never be possible for us to even begin to express our gratitude to you for all you have done for us, so it were vain, indeed, to try. Not only by means of your faithful years of instruction have we advanced to the place

“Where the brook and river meet,”

but by the subtle, more vital force of your daily example have we unconsciously shaped our deeds and mannerisms, and accepted even your thoughts and ideas for our own. How will it be with us when we must do our own thinking, and formulate our ideas for ourselves? May your eyes follow us proudly out into the Great River, eagerly watching the rippling of the waters, and the stir of every

strenuous wave we are so sure to set in motion, knowing that each must, because of your careful training,

“Bear a lily in our hand;
Gates of brass cannot withstand
One touch of that magic wand.”

Through all of our future ebb and flow, because of your painstaking instruction, and loyal training, we shall be able to

“Bear, through sorrow, wrong and ruth,
In our hearts the dew of youth,
On our lips the smile of truth!”

Classmates, the waters of our little brook must soon be separated, absorbed and lost in the fathomless River of Life. Each individual drop will have to find its place in that Great River alone. Some of us may remain close together throughout all our lives. Others may be separated by the breadth of the whole world. We may not even remain, as now, of one mind, for the various environments and circumstances of ever-changing life may shape our purposes to far-differing ends. But while this will be only a mark of our individuality, and of the especially ordained mission upon which each was sent onward into union with the River, and while each will be but a part of the same Great River and will, in the final adjustment of creation’s purposes, flow outward into the same boundless, changeless Sea of Eternity, it is yet a present proof that this is a moment of parting—a breaking of old ties—a voicing of a good-bye that may seem to stretch to the very shores of the far-off Sea. Let us each, then, remembering every lesson that we have learned together in our winding course down the mountain, resolve to still carry on and on that “dew of youth” and that “smile of truth,” that the Great River of humanity may flow on more smoothly, with a sweeter,

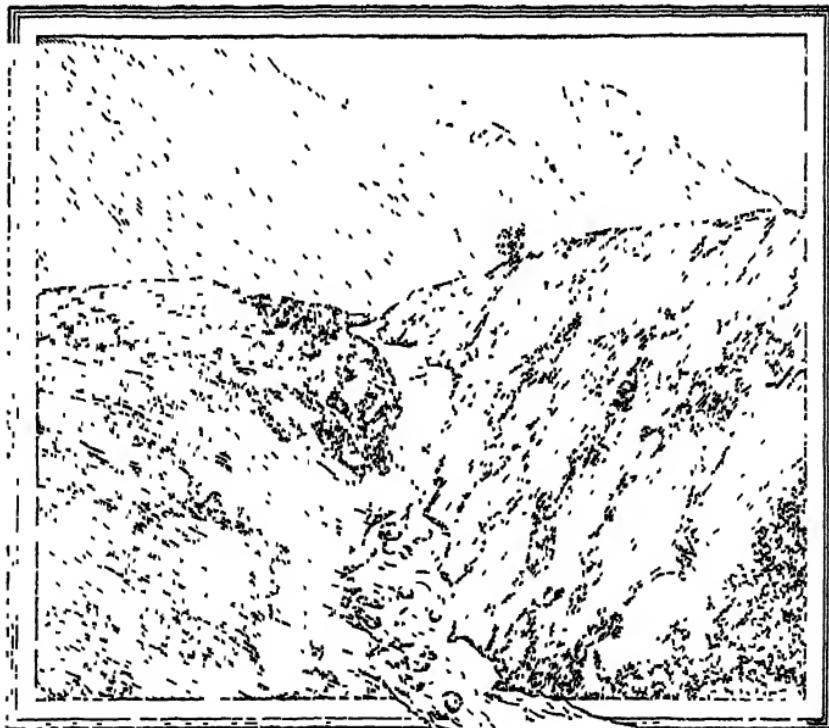
deeper, happier song, because we have become a part of it, while

“That dew, like balm, shall steal
Into wounds, that cannot heal,
Even as sleep our eyes doth seal;

“And that smile, like sunshine, dart
Into many a sunless heart,”

that all whose course we may cross, or touch for a time, may be comforted and cheered, saying, to each of us, from the depths of grateful spirits,

“A smile of God thou art!”



HISTORIES

(a) CLASS CHRONICLES

Chapter I.

Now the history of the Class of Six-and-Ninety, of the High School of the City of Corunna, County of Shiawassee, State of Michigan, is in this wise:

In the beginning, in the two-and-ninetieth year of our Lord, in the ninth month, and on the fifth day of the month, there entered into this Land of Learning, one-and-twenty seekers of knowledge. Some came up from the Eighth Grade, where they had for many months been busily engaged in storing their minds with the honey of wisdom; some were green and fresh from a far country; some came from farms, where they had been tillers of the soil; and some were from other halls of instruction.

And it came to pass, as they did enter this land, that they were received with wild welcomes and rejoicings by those who it was decreed should henceforth lead them up the slippery by-ways of knowledge.

Likewise it came also to pass that they were received with malicious glee by a certain band of wild beings who were called "Sophomores," and who because of their fierce taste for Freshman blood, did pounce upon them daily and nightly, and did cause them to suffer great things, and to say in their hearts:

"Behold, blessed be the name of Education, for because of it have we endured great torments, both of the body and of the mind. Verily have we been martyrs to its great and noble cause!"

And as they dwelt long in the land, they fell in with the customs of the inhabitants thereof, and their strange-

ness wore away, and they each became as one among the rest.

Now it came to pass, soon after they entered the land, that they were one and all seized with a strange infirmity, which did cause them to act with much fierceness and strangeness of manner, and to grapple and wrestle with their fellows in much rage and seeming ferocity. Wise men were called to look upon them, who did examine them with much care and pains, and did finally pronounce the infirmity in the male "football" and in the female "basket-ball," and did assure the frightened leaders that the malady while it needs must be contagious, and likewise sometimes fatal, was yet a necessary evil, and one that even the wise men knew not the way to cure. So, with many anxious fears, and dire forebodings, did the instructors allow the disease to run its natural course, and lo, none was killed, and few were seriously injured, whereat there was great rejoicing throughout the land.

And it came to pass, after some months, that their eyes were turned toward graduation, but many, with one consent, began to make excuse.

The first said, "I am poor in health. Therefore I cannot graduate."

Another said, "I must needs toil at home. Therefore I cannot graduate."

A third said, "I am dull and cannot learn. I pray thee have me excused!"

And still another said, "I am going to be married, and therefore I need not graduate."

So thus did this class decrease in numbers until the whole number at the end of the first year was eight.

Chapter II.

Now it came to pass at the beginning of the second year that a new band of youths did come up from the

adjoining territory, and the Class of Six-and-Ninety, in the new dignity of their promotion, remembered the days of their own greenness, and as the Sophomores of their day had done unto them, even so did they do unto these new Freshmen, and did show no mercy unto their sufferings, and no heed unto their lamentations, until all were bruised and full of much sorrow.

Now it so happened that this land to which they had come was ruled over by one known as John Gilmore Monroe, a professor of much wisdom; and at the beginning of the second year, he spake unto them, saying:

“Go, gather ye in a body, and organize yourselves into a class, that ye may gain in strength, and that your courage may wax hot!”

And as he spake unto them, so was it done, and they chose their wisest ones to be their leaders, and called themselves, with much pride, The Class of Six-and-Ninety.

And it came to pass, in the same year, that the Class did sit themselves down that an artist of much skill should make of them a picture of great beauty; but when it was done, and their eyes fell upon that which was said to be like unto their faces, disgust was upon the face of the whole Class, and they were much angry; for behold, it was like nothing on the earth, nor under the earth, nor on the face of the angry deep.

And as the Class did journey through the land, behold, there were two maidens who were fair to look upon, who had strayed far from the companies with which they had set forth, and were much sorrowful. And as the members of the Class did look upon them in their loneliness, their hearts were stirred in pity for them, and did open wide unto them that they should be gathered in.

And the whole number at the end of the second year was ten.

And it came to pass, at the end of these two years, that John Gilmore Monroe, the professor who had thus far traveled in their lead, did go from this country to far distant places, and there was much grief and sorrow in the land. For verily, had he made himself dearly beloved by the Class of Six-and-Ninety.

Chapter III.

Now it so happened that there dwelt in an adjoining territory, Hudson Sheldon, a man of much learning and good repute, who, hearing of the departure from his post of John Gilmore Monroe, removed from his field of labor, and dwelt for a time in the Land of Learning, that the travels of the Class of Six-and-Ninety might continue for many days.

And it came to pass that the Class of Six-and-Ninety found favor in the eyes of this wise and worthy stranger, and success looked fair before them, and they were much glad.

But a great cry went up from the throats of the greedy Class:

“Lo! if it doth happen that we are to graduate after many days, it appeareth that there is much need of many dollars wherewith to provide the song and dance thereof!”

And so, thinking these things, the Class made many a feast, and the public was bidden that money might be brought into the treasury, and the coffers be filled.

The first of these was held in the five-and-ninetieth year of Our Lord, in the second month, and on the fourteenth day of the month, at a house where lived a great and good man, who did proclaim God’s truth unto the people of his day and generation. And lo! great

crowds did come to this feast, and much money was taken into the treasury. And they called its name a Valentine Social, because that it was held upon the day of St. Valentine.

And the second was held in the same year, in the fourth month, and on the six-and-twentieth day of the month, at a place where dwelt a mighty man of war. And they called its name a Soup Social because that soup of much richness was provided for the people to refresh themselves. But the numbers were small, and the returns few and far between, and the Class of Six-and-Ninety was much discouraged thereat.

But the third and last feast was held in the fifth month, and on the seventh day of the month, at the house wherein dwelt the man who was mayor of all the city for many moons; and it was called an Ice Cream Social, because that mountains of frozen whiteness were consumed by the throngs that there assembled. For the people did turn out in large numbers to this feast, and did make of it the success that delighted the hearts of the greedy multitude, till the courage of the Class was again made strong.

And behold, it did likewise come to pass, at about this same time, that the Class did aspire to histrionic honors, and did present to the people a great and wonderful play, wherein each should act what he was not; and they did choose as a sacrifice one of the great dramas once so thoughtlessly committed by a great man of long years ago, and "Julius Cæsar" was once more "butchered to make a Junior holiday." And lo! again the awful deed was done; and the multitude did cry out in their hearts, "Heaven forgive them, for they know not what they do!" and with their lips, "How grand and wonderful this thing which ye have done!" and the heads of the Class did become swelled to their fullest capacity at

the praise they did receive for the murderous deed they had done.

Now it had come to pass, long years before this time, that a certain warrior of much skill, Napoleon Bonaparte, had turned with worthy intent, to conquer the people of the land of Italy. And those around him murmured and said unto him, "Cease thy vain ambition, O mighty man of war, for verily, you can never cross the Alps!" But he swelled his chest, and lifted his head in no vain boasting, and made utterance to the words, "There shall be no Alps!" and was not disheartened by their complainings, but went on to certain victory.

Now it so happened, that this Class of Six-and-Ninety, finding within themselves what nobody else had yet discovered therein—the same qualities which had made this Napoleon of old so great and mighty,—did also make utterance to the words of this great man, "There shall be no Alps!" and with one consent did adopt them as their motto, and they, and all their peoples, and all the land for far and near, rejoiced thereat, and sang loud songs of jubilation.

Now, when the six-and-twentieth day of the sixth month of the year of five-and-ninety was fully come, this Class did give yet another great feast, and did send messages over all the land, east, west, north and south, to all the inhabitants thereof, saying, "Come ye, and make merry with us; for the Class of Five-and-Ninety is to depart to a far country, and all things are now ready for a feast."

And as they were bidden, so came they in large numbers to the place set apart, and did eat of the good things of the land, and did rejoice with the Class of Five-and-Ninety at the good fortune which had come to them, in return for all their long and patient laboring at the tasks

that had been set before them. And men of high standing in the land did speak unto the people words of wisdom, and of cheer, and of encouragement, and did in many feeling words say farewell to the Class that was departing.

And when the guests did at last depart from the festivities, they were exceeding glad that things were as they had been proclaimed, and did give much thanks to the Class of Six-and-Ninety for the pleasure they had provided for their enjoying.

And behold, as the Class went on its way in great rejoicing through the land of plenty and of promise, they did overtake three more damsels who were wandering alone, and who cried unto them with a loud voice, saying "Take us into your Class, we pray you, for our companies have gone far on without us, and we cannot reach them, though we follow fast and far." And as they spake unto them, even so did the Class of Six-and-Ninety listen and have compassion unto them, and it was done unto them even as they had asked.

And lo, the whole number at the end of this third year was thirteen.

Chapter IV.

Now this, the fourth year in the history of this great and wonderful Class of Six-and-Ninety has been one of much hard labor, and but little resting by the wayside; for preparations have been making ready for them to take their final departure from the land.

Now it came to pass, as their pride grew to a great bigness within them, that the Class began to wish for badges befitting their station; and many messages were sent to the big cities and all the towns roundabout for samples of their fine jewelry; and at last, after much considering and reconsidering, the Class professed itself

to be satisfied with its choice, and pins were purchased with which they rested well content.

And it also came to pass that a great shout did go up from the throats of the Class of Six-and-Ninety, and the words thereof did find favor with the members of the Class, and were adopted as a class yell. And behold, they did proclaim this yell throughout all the streets and lanes of the city, till it did re-echo from the highways and hedges, and from all the corners of the city round-about. And lo! the people did stop their ears, and did flee in terror from the Class of Six-and-Ninety. Aye, even so, did even the cats bristle up their backs, and did seek some place of refuge from the Class of Six-and-Ninety!

And it also happened that a certain fair member of the Class, having been given the one talent of making words rhyme, one with the other, was beseeched of the Class with many words of supplication, "Go, gather together paper and pencil and bottles of ink, and write for us the words that we shall sing, that the air may ring with the music of our rejoicing." And the maiden listened unto their supplication, and said unto the Muse, "Let there be a song!" And it was so. And lo, the Class did sing with much lustiness and vigor these words that had been written.

And it also came to pass that the Class, finding themselves most brave, chose to be one of their colors, the crimson hue of courageous blood, and for the other, the blue of the sky, which was to be unto them a symbol of truth. And they did blend together the crimson with the blue, to proclaim unto the world that they did ever mean to be brave and true men and women in the great land toward which their steps were directed.

Then it straightway came to pass that the members of the Class began to write down the greatest and most

wonderful of thoughts, such as no one ever had thought before since the beginning of the world, upon sheets and sheets of foolscap, that the people who should come unto them to listen unto words of deep scholarship upon the night of their Commencement should not needs be turned away in disappointment.

Likewise did they sew and sew and sew upon yards and yards of fine silk and linen, that the eyes of the multitude should be gladdened by the glitter of their fine raiment, even while their ears should be enlightened by the wisdom of their much speaking.

Now one of their instructors, being himself wise in the ways of the world and of women, spake very gravely unto them, saying, "Let your essays be of silk, even though your dresses must be of cheesecloth!" But they opened their mouths and answered him, saying, "Nay, both shall be of silk." And as they prophesied, so was it done, even as they had said.

Now there was in this Class a certain maiden of much comeliness, Marie Luella, only daughter of William Aaron, of the House of Weeden, a man of war and of much valor. But behold! she did grow fearful of that foreboding thirteen which numbered the members of the Class of Six-and-Ninety, and her heart felt heavy within her as she communed with it from day unto day, till she resolved not to take her departure with the Class of Six-and-Ninety, but to stay yet a twelvemonth longer in the Land of Learning, and finish her journey with that company which should come this same way in the year to come. "Rather would I remain for ten years behind my companions," she cried out in her lamentations, "than that I should bring ill fortune upon them and upon myself by adding the thirteenth one unto their ranks. Pass on, O Class of Six-and-Ninety, and go forth into the world

without the evil omen that my presence among you must portend!" For verily, had this maiden studied her arithmetic long and faithfully, and had learned by many strange and curious ways how surely two and two make four. And her feet grew heavier and heavier at the bidding of her heart, as she lagged behind in her classes, and would not move ahead unto the gates. So with many tears and much bewailing did the Class of Six-and-Ninety bid her farewell, and sorrowfully pass on their way without her.

So the whole number at the end of this fourth year is twelve, which are these:

Evah Lucile, of the House of Carr.

Nina Ethel, ninth daughter of Erwin of the House of Eveleth, a man of good repute and high standing.

Claude Earl

and

Kittie Gracea, whose surnames are Young.

Mary Jane, of the House of McBride, whose father and elder brother were men of law.

Helena Belle, only daughter of Neumann, of the House of Parker, whose father was a keeper of evil men.

Thomas Walter, third son of Hugh of the second House of Parker.

Wilber Clarke, first son of the House of Shipman, whom the Class of Six-and-Ninety, with one consent, did choose to be their president.

Maude Evah

and

Bertha Pearl, first and second daughters of Charles, son of Henry, of the House of Mulliken.

John Todd, whose surname is Leavitt,
and

Edith Marie, of the House of Palmer, who now
speaketh these words of enlightenment unto
you.

So it has come to pass that of the one and twenty
that entered this land in two-and-ninety, only twelve will
depart, for verily, verily, I say unto you, that broad is
the gate, and wide is the way that leadeth to the High
School, and many there be that go in thereat; but strait
is the gate, and narrow is the way that leadeth to gradu-
ation, and few there be that find it.

Four years hath the Class of Six-and-Ninety so-
journed in the land, and gathered in large portions the
fruits from the Tree of Knowledge. But it is written,
“In the day when ye shall have eaten of all these fruits,
ye shall surely be driven forth from the land!” Now, I
say unto you, they must depart thence, to go each a
separate way, to lands they know not of, to do, they
know not what.

But “let us not be weary in well doing, for in due
season we shall reap if we faint not.”

And now may the blessings that ever attend the noble
and good and true, follow and abide with us, each and
all, now and forevermore. Amen.

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*NOTE.—The above is a literal copy of the history writ-
ten by the author for her own use at her graduation with
the Class of 1896, of the High School at Corunna, Michi-
gan. It has since been adapted to the use of so many
other classes in all parts of the country, and has proven
to cover so completely all the needs of any class, that it
has been thought best to include it in this volume in this
complete form.*

THE AUTHOR.

(b) THE CLASS PICTURE

I hesitated when I was asked to prepare this picture of the Class of 19—for your inspection. I was not an artist, and everybody knew it. Any of my teachers could tell you that I was never especially proficient in drawing anything—except attention—and could never paint anything successfully—not even my own face. Besides, the Class of 19—is a very lively subject for even an expert to attempt to sketch. They are never any of them twice alike, nor apt to be found twice in the same place or position. Even a snap-shot could never catch them in anything better than a blur. Besides, I am only one person, of decidedly individual opinions, and could only look at my classmates through my own eyes. I cannot see them as they see themselves, nor even as you might see them if you might stand for a time in my position, and be able to look at them from my point of view.

But, as it seems my fate to be expected to hold the mirror up before these fifteen boys and girls who have been my classmates for so long and be to them that power that would, as Burns says,

“The giftie gie us
To see oursel’s as ithers see us,”

I can only paint them in such words as appear to me to express them as I see them. This, then, dear friends, is the Class of 19—, as I see it today:—(I am sure you will pardon the exact measurements, as I would make a better carpenter than I would an artist, and have always been very fond of mathematical statistics. I speak in figures!)

The Class of 19—is made up of fifteen members—nine girls and six boys. We range in age from Mabel West’s sweet sixteen years, three months and ten days, to John Seely’s twenty years, one month and fourteen

days. We range in height from Grace Evans' four feet ten and a half inches—high heels, long hat feather and all,—to Claud Johnson's six-foot-two, with or without his silk stockings. We range in weight from Grace's eighty pounds (feather-brain and all) to Hiram Bennett's one hundred and seventy.

Taken altogether as the one in body that we are supposed to be in spirit, we make up an individual of sufficient age to know a great deal, if he's ever going to begin to learn, for he would be two hundred and seventy-three years old—surely an age of wisdom, and power, and dignity, verging upon veneration. Our height is eighty-four feet five inches, which certainly raises us far enough up in the world to allow us to tower above our enemies, and look down upon the inferior undergraduates. You can see, too, what a heavy proposition we are by the fact that taken altogether, and even giving due consideration to Grace's dainty figure, we tip the scales at exactly nineteen hundred and fifty-three pounds. Someone has libelously hinted that this weight is the same, either with or without Grace, but we think this is hardly a fair accusation, and we do not expect any of you to give it any consideration. Our hand is certainly large enough to get a good firm grasp upon the affairs of the world, as well as upon our own individual concerns, for we wear a seventy-eight and seven-eighths glove. Our head is of sufficient capacity to hold even the vast amount of knowledge we have been cramming into it for the past four years, for we require a hat that measures eighty-seven and three-quarters. Some say this may be due to the enormous wigs worn by some of the girls, but we pass this over in the silence we feel that it deserves. And if we do not make the success in life that we desire and expect, it will surely not be

because we cannot gain a foothold upon the world's battlefield, by way of our colossal understanding, for we wear a No. 49 shoe.

This is the Class of 19—in her big moments. Then even her Class Picture has to be taken on the installment plan. But we have not at all times such a mighty sense of our vastness. Sometimes our pride sinks to a mere average capacity, and Miss Gray assures us we have a splendid capacity for averages. We have been investigating this line, too, but will not bore you with a recital of the resultant statistics.

The girls are all Merry Widows, except Miss Jones, and the boys wonder if it is a case of coming events casting their shadows before that makes so many cling to the big hats. In that case, perhaps, Sarah will be a sailor. We are all Americans, for though we may be descended from many different nationalities, we are all united under the red, white and blue of the Star Spangled Banner and the colors of our class.

We are accomplished in all things. We have often proved to you how well we can sing, dance, read, recite and perform in many entertaining ways before the public. We have all proven our prowess in athletics, and won many honors for our class and school. We all like to do steady work under the tutorship of some person older than ourselves. We will appreciate it if you will kindly refrain from unkind insinuations along this line. Indeed, what we do not know has seemed to us to be scarcely worth the learning. What we do know has seemed to our teachers to be very much worth the learning. That may be one of the reasons why we know it, but we have nothing further to add along this line.

We have within our ranks, poets, musicians, actresses, preachers, statesmen, philosophers, professors, judges, lecturers, physicians, authors, artists, warriors and one

United States president. Do not ask me to specify the which or the who. Ask me thirty years from now, and perhaps I may be better able to say, for, of course, they are still in a state of partial development, and while I can tell you what they are now, "it doth not yet appear what they *shall* be."

But this, friends, is a subdued picture of the Class of 19—, crudely sketched from my present perspective. I did not use the brilliant colors of my imagination, lest I should lay myself open to the charge of undue self-appreciation or exaggeration. Far be it from our wish to run any such risk as that! Suffice it to say that while the career of the Class has from the very beginning been glowing with color and brightness, it is only a glimpse of the great things it foreshadows, when Life, as the master artist, mixes the shades that have been decreed by the forces of destiny for the painting of the permanent and eternal canvas that shall last throughout the ages as the perfect and indestructible Class Picture of 19—.

(c) THE CLASS PEDIGREE

Everything in the world worthy of mention or consideration has a pedigree—even a class. We, the Class of 19— of Blankville High School, are a class worthy of more than the ordinary consideration. Therefore it stands to reason that we have a pedigree well worth the looking up. The pedigree of any person or thing must, in the very nature of things, begin at the very beginning. But who can always trace the course of events back to their origin, with any sense of exactness? And who can always recognize the first seed of any development, even when it first puts forth its tiny tendrils of aspiration, and we say that it has begun to sprout?

We might look back through the ages to the days when the gods held their mighty councils on Mount Olympus, and designing the destiny of men, first saw that in the year 19—, and in this month of June, a certain band of just so many individuals of just such characteristics as ours, should be absolutely essential to the progress and well-being of the world, and so immediately set into activity those particular forces that should, through the evolution of the centuries, develop the peculiar individualities that the needs of the universe should demand at this specific moment to keep it from utter annihilation. We might trace the various stages of each atom's constantly changing environment, its progress from race to race, its transmigration from nation to nation, until its final merge with its kindred forces to form its part in the complete work of this hour.

On the other hand, we might take each individual member, and compile a family tree that might reach to the very skies that each might be able to boast the long line of ancestry that would admit him to the Sons and Daughters of the Revolution, the Colonial Dames, the Pilgrim Fathers, and every other of these descendants of Mayflower stock, whose pedigree amounts to so little, after all, to us who can trace our antecedents even back to the Garden of Eden, and write ourselves "Sons and Daughters of Adam."

Truly enough,

"From yon blue heavens above us bent,
The gardener Adam, and his wife
Smile at our claims of long descent!"

They had no pedigree at all to boast about, and yet whose names are more prominently remembered throughout all history than those of these same unpedigreed progenitors of ours, Adam and Eve?

Nevertheless we, the Class of 19—, have our pedigree; and in the revelations of character that come to light from day to day, it would be easy, indeed, to compile a magnificent Class Tree if we felt so inclined. The girls have been very good about sharing all the fruit of their gathering with the boys; the boys have been equally as apt in eating of the fruit, both forbidden and otherwise, and falling back on the old apology, "The girls tempted me, and I ate!" So we feel sure that we are all descendants of those first parents of the world.

We have all, in football and basket-ball, and kindred pursuits, shown some distinguishing characteristics of barbarism, too, and several, through this, that, or the other mannerism, could be distinctly traced back to the days of the Cave Men and the Cliff Dwellers of antiquity.

In debate and oratory, many show decided traits of ancient Rome; while in art and science, and literature, the influence of Grecian ancestry is self-evident; in beauty and grace we feel that our girls are even akin to the old Greek goddesses themselves. In much of their wisdom, seen in the secret, hidden replies given out in examinations, trace the influence of both Egyptian and Hindoo philosophy upon the modern mind of our students. The nomadic tendencies are very marked in the past lives of a few of us, and may be yet more clearly marked in the future. We feel that we have outlived the worst of our warlike inclinations, although we have grave fears for the Juniors along that line.

We are all trying to be half-way white, and realize that we are beginning to feel the influence of modern civilization. But there are some cannibalistic tastes that at times assert themselves, even yet. We will leave you to figure this out from your personal observation, as modesty forbids our being any more explicit.

One-twelfth of us is French; one-sixth is English; one-twelfth is Scotch; one-sixth we are sure is Irish (for where else could be found that particular shade of blue in the eye, and how else could they come by the names of Kathleen and Patrick?); one-twelfth is sweetly mixed with German; one-twelfth is Italian or Spanish, or something like that; (we have not been able to analyze the blood quite to the satisfaction of our instructor in Chemistry, and the similarity of language baffles our effort at translation); and the other third, so far as we can ascertain, is just the plain, everyday American of the reddest blood of all, who says to the others,

"I know you, proud to bear your name!
Your pride is yet no mate for mine—
Too proud to care from whence I came!"

So, however widely the branches of our Class Tree may spread, we assure you it is not to cover any multitude of sins in our pedigree, but to be broad enough and high enough for the aspirations and ambitions of all. We can all boast in no vain terms of the Big B's—Birth, Breeding, Brawn, and Brain—and if we give the greatest attention to the latter two, it is because it is the keynote of the American spirit to discriminate in this way, and to realize that it is not what we were, but what we are, that writes the big record for us upon the scroll of life. And that, while our history along the line has been one of which we might well be pardoned for boasting, the brightest entry of all will be for many years to come, and perhaps throughout all our lives, the four years of study in Blankville High School, and this triumphant passing out of the doors to work out, in the world, for the glory and honor of our school, a new pedigree which shall extend to the very shores of eternity.

(d) CLASS VOYAGE

It was the fourth day of September, 19—, —a calm, peaceful autumnal day, radiant with the sunshine of hope, cheer and joyous promise, that the good ship Blankville High School stood at anchor at the wharf of a new school year. It was the same old ship that had carried many passengers to safe harbor in the Land of Great Wisdom, but this day was a gala day in its history, and many people gazed upon it in wonder as they watched the eighteen beautiful and charming young ladies and the ten bold and dashing young gentlemen as they so happily stepped aboard, for it was rumored that they were about to set sail over new and untried waters in a quest for The Fountain of Perfect Understanding.

As the ship stood at anchor on that eventful morning of September, the passengers began to arrive; and as I was the first to be enrolled upon the list of passengers, to me was entrusted the important task of writing the log of the voyage—the voyage that, even then, they all realized was to be the most important of their lives. I had scarcely finished the task of placing my signature upon the ship's register when a companion joined me—a girl who had sailed with me through the eighth grade cruise among the Islands of Smaller Learning, and who I was glad to learn was to join me in this larger voyage. We were both congratulating ourselves upon the mutual pleasure of longer companionship together, when we turned to welcome a third comer, who had come from a distant city to take passage with us. We peeped over her shoulder as she wrote her name and were surprised to decipher the letters that she wrote. We had heard of the young lady before, and had known of her many pranks, so while we knew we would not find her overly fond of study, we were sure her jolly nature would

brighten for us many an otherwise gloomy hour. In a short time we were joined by a fourth, and soon so many were crowding around us that all the berths were filled and we were assured of a very happy voyage.

We were naturally very enthusiastic and asked many eager questions of our Captain, as to the incidents of our voyage and its probable length, and were assured that if we were persevering and diligent in our duties we should easily reach our destination at the end of four years. So it was with very hopeful hearts and smiling faces that we bade our parents and friends good-bye and waved our handkerchiefs from the deck at those left behind in the Grammar Grades, as we steamed away from the wharf and out of the harbor, actually embarked for a four years' absence on our Voyage of High School Life.

We were young and socially inclined, so it did not take us long to become acquainted with our fellow-passengers, nor to feel very much at home with our Pilot, the Captain, the Stewardess, and even the Porter. Our fears of shipwreck were entirely wiped away in the assurance that so able a staff of seamen had us in their charge. There were naturally a few cases of seasickness and various ones were tempted to throw up Algebra, Geometry and other disagreeable dishes and toss some of their best belongings overboard in times of rough sea, but the Stewardess assured them calmly but firmly that they would only have to consume these indigestibles over and over until they were perfectly assimilated, and so they bravely managed to hold them down.

We noticed at the outset of the voyage that the stream upon which we had set sail was comparatively narrow and sheltered, but using our field glasses we could see such wide vistas of water ahead, that we were led to inquire of the Captain the significance of the situation.

He explained to us that the Voyage of High School Life was in reality to be over four seas, though the four bodies of water were so closely joined together that they seemed but one immense sea. He informed us, further, that we had just entered upon the first and smallest of these, which was called Freshman Sea.

The usual intimacy of shipboard soon sprang up between us voyagers and we have been loyal shipmates ever since. We sailed over Freshman Sea and received our checks of identification from the Purser almost before we knew.

It would take too long to read the complete log of this eventful voyage. It would be very interesting to tell the many delightful experiences, the many wonderful lessons, the changes in the passenger list at the various ports along the way, the partings from this one, and the welcoming of that, with the why and the wherefore of it all; but after all, it has but little vital significance except to ourselves, the few who still remain together to land tonight at Commencement Wharf. We must not divulge the secrets of our shipmates. We must not forget the loyalty due to our class colors so valiantly flying at the masthead. The best and most vital history of any person or thing is never given to the world. So must it be with the Class of 19—!

It has been a most wonderful voyage and we have accumulated many souvenirs from every port, striving, however, to guard against the danger of excess baggage, and of taking unto ourselves anything which would not be of service to us on the yet greater Voyage of Real Life upon which we are this day to embark. We have not faced any gale which we were not able to withstand. We have not been wrecked upon the shoals of any threatening task. The tides of our averages have continued to ebb and flow; the waves of mathematical problems

have kept up their ceaseless motion and commotion; the billows of examination questions have sometimes tried their worst to overwhelm us; but none of them has succeeded. We have been able to procure the necessary passport at the entrance of each succeeding sea, and have been able to pay the price in good hard work for every part of the passage. We have sympathized with the seasick passengers that made up the various new classes. We have enjoyed the successful experiences of those who have landed on other shores.

Now we look at the larger, more majestic ocean ahead and feel that our experience has fitted us to withstand every storm, and weather any opposing force with no fear of disaster, saying with Byron,

“Roll on, thou deep and dark blue ocean, roll!
Ten thousand fleets sweep over thee in vain!”—

But not in vain the Class of 19—! We will go on writing new logs of greater adventure, and yet more wonderful discovery, for while the Voyage of High School Life is at an end, the Voyage of Real Life is just now and here at its triumphant Commencement!

NOTE.—*In the above History, as well as in each of the two preceding models, the general treatment should be given its personal application by the introduction of such names, dates, personal reminiscences and local references as would make it specifically the history of the class.*

(e) THE CLASS LEGEND

(After the Manner of “Hiawatha”)

Should you ask me, whence this story,
Whence this legend and tradition,
Echoing through all our speaking
With its wild reverberations,
As of High School yell and wonder,

I should answer, I should tell you,
"From four years at Blankville High School,
From four long, hard years of study,
From four years of firm endeavor,
In athletics and in class-room,
Have we gathered all this wisdom!"

Should you ask, whence Blankville High School
Gathered such a band of students,
For her campus and her class-room,
I should answer, I should tell you,
"From the green lanes of the country,
From the Eighth Grade, just below us,
From the schools about the district,
From the far-off schools of learning,
And from far and varied places!"

If still further you should ask me,
Saying, "How did all these students
Ever hear of Blankville High School?"
I should answer your inquiries
Straightway in such words as follow:—
"At the gates of Blankville High School,
Stood our noble Superintendent,
Professor Harrison, the mighty;
'I will send afar my signal,'
Said he, 'to the world of students!'
Over the land he sent his message
As a signal to the students
'Come, O come to Blankville High School,
If you would be educated,
If you would be filled with wisdom,
And grow straightway great and honored!'
From the east and from the westward,
From the north and from the southland,

Watching eyes beheld the signal,
Saw the modest little notice
Of our Board of Education,
And our noble Superintendent.
And the many youths and maidens
Said with glee to one another,
'See the signal from afar off,
Waving from a hand that beckons !
Professor Harrison, the mighty,
Calls the boys and girls together,
Calls the students to his High School!"

Down the river, o'er the prairies,
Came the students of all districts ;
Came the graduates from Eighth Grades,
Came the farmer youths and maidens,
Came the strange youths from the distance,
All the students drawn together
By the fame of Blankville High School.

As they met there on the campus,
With report cards and diplomas,
And big rolls of bright credentials,
Green as Freshmen have been ever
Since first High Schools sprang to being,
Bashfully they eyed each other,
On their faces blush and simper,
In their hearts a fear and trembling.

But the noble Superintendent
And the teachers of the classes
Looked upon them with compassion,
For they knew they were but children,
Were but young and ignorant children ;
And they spake such words of wisdom

That their fright was straightway melted,
And they joined themselves together,
And like brothers lived henceforward.
Swift the happy months went over;
Months of study, toil and struggle;
On the campus and in class-room,
Valiantly they strove together,
Wrestling with the mighty problems
That their teachers set before them;
Till the year had passed entirely,
And as Sophomores were they greeted.

Each year brought them added problems,
Greater tasks to face and conquer;
Each year brought them greater triumphs,
And rewards of greater richness;
Till at last three years were ended,
And as Juniors they were welcomed—
Aye, as bright and bonny Juniors,
Watching with the eye of envy
As the Senior Class passed by them.

Of the past, the Seniors' thoughts were,
But the Juniors' of the future.

Warning spoke the fearful Freshmen,
"Say no parting words, we pray you,
To those cruel and dreadful Seniors;
They have made our lives a torment,
Just because they were our elders;
They have beaten us at football,
Beaten us in all our strivings—
In debates and in the contests,
Laughing at our disappointment!"

But the Class of 19—
Answered thus: "Rest easy, Freshmen!"

You'll be Seniors, too, some morning,
And will wish to have some Junior
Say to you the words of parting."
Gravely said the cautious Sophomores,
"Say no word unto these Seniors;
Very fierce have been these Seniors;
Often was there strife between you;
There are feuds yet unforgotten,
Wounds that ache, and still may open!"

Laughing answered 19—
"For this reason, if no other,
Would we bid farewell these Seniors;
That our classes be united,
That old feuds might be forgotten,
And old wounds be healed forever!"

So they buried deep their hatchet,
And they spake wise words of parting:
"Farewell," cried they, "O ye Seniors!
Farewell, O our faithful schoolmates!
All our faith is centred in you;
All our thoughts go forward with you;
Come not back again to labor,
Come not back again to suffer,
Where these hard examinations
Wear the brain and waste the body;
Soon our tasks will be completed;
Soon your footsteps we will follow
To the Islands of Commencement,
To the Kingdom of Perfection,
To the Land of the Hereafter!"

And this year we, too, were Seniors—
Aye, the grave and reverend Seniors

That a High School loves to honor!

Often have we thought together,

“Lo! how all things fade and perish!

From the memory of the teacher

Fade away the great traditions,

The achievements of the students,

The adventures of the Seniors,

All the wonders of the graduates,

All the marvelous dreams and visions

We have given them in class-room!

Classes pass and are forgotten;

Scholars speak; their words of wisdom

Perish in the ears that hear them,

Do not reach the eager students

Who, in class below, are waiting

In the ranks of Freshmen, Sophomores,

For the wisdom we might give them.

Face to face we speak together,

But we cannot speak when absent.

Let us voice a lofty legend

Of the great things we have done here;

Let us write out all our great deeds

That they may be an example

For the classes that come after!”

We have learned here many a lesson;

We have worked out many a problem;

We have fought out harder battles

Than e'er class has fought before us!

None could learn so fast as we could;

None could dig so deep as we could;

None could see so far as we could;

None have won so many victories;

None have worked so many wonders,

As this marvelous class before you!

Now, as brave and gallant victors,
We must pass from Blankville High School
To the Land of Greater Promise,
And, as full-formed men and women,
Take our places with the peoples
Who have learned the big world's lessons
In that Kingdom of Perfection,
Writing ever brighter legends,
Adding ever new traditions
To the records of the great ones
In the Land of the Hereafter!

(f) THE CLASS CALENDAR

Life is a full-blown year,
With all things in their season;
Thus, in our school career,
Each change hath rhyme and reason;
The seasons come and go
Each with its gifts in hand,
That we may see and know
How well all life is planned.

FRESHMAN (*Spring*)—

Spring is the time of all green and growing things, fresh and verdant in their newness to all life. What more fitting, then, than that the Freshman, in this green time of his life, should enter school! The March winds and the April showers were very necessary to the budding of the shoots of knowledge in the Freshman mind. And we, so green and sweet in our dewy innocence, received at this time the first seeds of knowledge and felt the first pull of the plow and the cultivator in this spring of our career.

(Introduce class data in full for Freshman year.)

Truly, in our delightful verdancy, might we then sing with the poet:

“Today the Spring is in the air
And in the blood; sweet sun-gleams come and go
Upon the hills, in lanes the wild flowers flow,
And tender leaves are bursting everywhere,”

for we felt the stir of new life in all our blood, and we did not realize any more than do the Freshmen of today how very green we were. We might sum it all up by saying of ourselves at that time,

Once came four and twenty babies
Through our magic gates to pass,
Scattering “If you please” and “Maybes”—
Weren’t they as green as grass?

SOPHOMORE (Summer)—

But the March winds and April showers brought forth an abundance of May flowers, and the Summer-time came upon us almost before we knew, so delightfully did the one season blend into the other. We found the skies so much bluer and sweeter and the sun shone more warmly upon us. We had stuck our heads high enough to see nearly as much of it as we imagined we could. We held our heads very high and we kept the stalks that supported them very straight. They were not yet very heavy with their accumulation of wisdom and so did not droop with the weight. But our flowers were unfolding little by little. We were slowly but surely coming out into the light of day.

(Introduce data of Sophomore year here.)

It was with us then even as Longfellow writes:

“O summer day beside the joyous seas!
O summer day so wonderful and white,

So full of gladness and so full of pain!
Forever and forever shalt thou be
To some the gravestone of a dead delight,
To some the landmark of a new domain."

Some of us were regretting the "dead delight" of our verdant days, while others looked ahead, longing for the "new domain" where the Juniors ruled so royally. But our buds had become blossoms, and the color of our dominant characteristics had changed with the unfolding of the larger bloom. Had we been asked to explain it, it might be expressed like this:

Next year how their heads were swelling
With the lore Wise Fools acquire!
Ask them what they fail in telling,
And they turned as red as fire!

But red is the color of summer warmth and light and sunshine and glow, and even on the cheek it speaks of hope.

JUNIOR (*Autumn*)—

But verily, in school life, even as in Nature, "Leaves have their time to fall, and flowers to wither," and the autumn of our days came as soon as we were ready. Very brilliant was our foliage that year, very rich our fruitage, as the little buds of the Freshman year, grown into the flowers of Sophomore development, became the richer, more necessary and more satisfying fruit of autumn. It was indeed the harvest of all our early planting—the reaping of the results of all our dreams and hopes and efforts. The glow of our radiant knowledge flushed the whole year with the mellowness of sunset splendor. And it brought with it the glad Thanksgiving of November—thankful we knew so much, thankful we were no longer Freshmen or Sophomores,

thankful that we would so soon be Seniors and that we had been able to achieve so much.

(Introduce Junior Year data here.)

It was indeed a time of dreams and visions and many air castles, even as expressed by Reade,

“It is the season when the light of dreams
Around the year in golden glory lies;—
The heavens are full of floating mysteries,
And down the lake the veiled splendor beams!
Like hidden poets lie the hazy streams,
Mantled with mysteries of their own romance,
While scarce a breath disturbs their drowsy trance.”

But it was not all glory and wonder and splendor. There were tests, cultivations and the Fall planting, and with all our wisdom there was often much to be desired. We no longer blushed red at some unexpected question. We had passed through the stage of both verdancy and crimson confession and a new color spoke the tale of our advancement:

Juniors oft in doubtful wonder,
Puzzling where they ought to know,
Scowled like clouds of blackest thunder,
Felt as blue as indigo!

SENIORS (*Winter*)—

But even this stage passed on into eternity; the fruit was all gathered and stored away within our memories, and with the snows of all the past in hoary wisdom upon our heads, we welcome the approach of Winter. The flowers have long since decayed, as we outgrew them, and the seeds of the new life to be were stored away beneath the soil of our understanding ready, at the call of the coming Spring, to put forth their new shoots and push forth into the new world. Rugged in our young

manhood and womanhood, clad in spotless snow and frost protecting the yet immature germs of developing life from the blighting atmosphere, we stand at the end of our course.

(Introduce Senior data.)

It seems a sadder time than we expected. The world outside is cold. We know not what to expect from its bleak, bare atmosphere.

“Leaves are sear,
And flowers are dead, and fields are drear,
And streams are wild, and skies are bleak,
And white with snow each mountain’s peak,
When Winter rules the year.”

But we must never forget that tomorrow we will all enter into a renewal of life in a glad, bright, glorious new Spring time,—Freshmen in life’s school,—as green and fresh again as we put forth our new shoots as ever we seemed at school. We may be hazed by the world just as unmercifully as ever a Sophomore dared, but we know it will be to prove the value of our training and to give us a chance to demonstrate how very much we are alive. We must not, like children,

“Grieve as if for aye
Leaves, flowers and birds were past away ;
For buds and blooms will again be seen,
And fields be gay and hills be green,”

in the Spring time beckoning us away. And so we go forth, robed in the snowy emblem of our purification, no longer green, nor red, nor even blue,

For the last year satisfying,
Must all shadows safely blow ;
Senior life is purifying,
And we pass—as white as snow !

(g) SUGGESTIONS

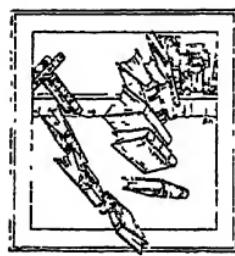
CLASS DIARY: An amusing history, read from a diary—just found—revealing many secrets.

CLASS GUEST: Introduce as a very old man one of the class to tell, in a reminiscent way, the history.

CLASS LETTER: One of the members writes to a friend abroad a full record of the class doings, describing members, etc.

CLASS TEA: Class gathers to drink tea,—all of the members, or only a few, as preferred,—and talk over the past. This may be as a scene of today, or of some distant time.





PROPHECIES

(a) CLASS REVELATIONS

Listen, O ye men and women, youths and maidens, and little children! Listen, all ye people of Blankville, to the words of wisdom from the lips of your prophet, who now speaketh unto you what hath been revealed unto her, even as it hath been decreed by the powers that be.

For it has come to pass that the veil of the future hath been rent in twain, even as it was so rent in the days of the wise prophets of old, and the Spirit of prophecy hath descended from the spheres to envelop my soul with her mystic power. Aye, I say unto you, men and women, youths and maiden, and little children of Blankville, it hath been given unto me as the chosen one of this great and good people, the Class of 19—, to dream strange dreams, and to see strange visions of the glories of the years yet to be.

Now it so happened when it was decreed that the future of the Class of 19— was to be given into the hands of this, your prophet, to do with even as she listed, that she cried out in a loud voice of lamentation, saying, “Who am I that the future of this great and glorious class should depend upon me? What am I that the fate of these most fair and beautiful of damsels, and these most sturdy and noble and manly of youths, should rest upon the decision of one so humble of intellect, and so infirm of purpose?”

But behold! even as the cry of weakness did ascend from the long-suffering soul of your prophet, a voice from the heavens spake unto her, even in the words of old, saying, “Hear now my words. If there be a prophet

among you, I will make myself known unto him in a vision, and will speak unto him in a dream," and straightway, from the clouds of the centuries gone, and from the shadows already "cast before" by the "coming events" of the proverb, there appeared unto her the fair and lovely Spirit of Prophecy, the angel of Things to Come, and lo! she did with her mystic touch roll back the curtain of the dim Beyond from before my prophetic vision, and did permit me to gaze at will down the long vista of things yet to be, that I might behold all things that now are, transformed into all things that they shall yet become even as it was so granted to the wise men of the past. And lo! as she drew back the curtain she pointed with a long, transparent finger down the avenues of a strange land, and opened her lips and spake unto me, saying: "Look! Listen! Prophesy unto the young men and young women of Blankville High School even these things which you herein behold."

So, even as St. John, the divine, said unto the world, so I, your prophet of the Class of 19—, do say unto the people of this audience, in this the twentieth century, "Blessed be she that readeth, and they that hear the words of this prophecy, and keep those things which are written therein; for the time is at hand!" (Rev. i:3.)

For as I looked into the land of the future I could discern moving among the dim shadows of the peoples yet to be, the familiar shapes of those fair and radiant beings who were once my classmates, now changed and transformed into citizens of the world outside, even as they had long hoped so to be.

And it came to pass that the veil before mine eyes grew yet more and more thin through the intensity of my vision, and behold I could see them, even as if the intervening years were not at all.

I could see our beloved President; yea, even as today, I could see him in all his dignity and majestic bearing, and his words were heeded by that day and generation even as we today of the Class of 19— have heeded and attended unto them; for his ambition has led him ever upward and onward until he was even the Governor of this, his very own and native state.

And I looked again, and as I looked I could see among the society circles of that far-off distant time, and among those who were most fair to look upon, among even those most bright and dazzling to the sight and to the mind, three, whom, even as I gazed, I recognized as those rival beauties who strove for the Beauty Prize in old 19—.

And it came to pass that I also looked into professional circles, and in a large office among many men of many minds sat a prosperous lawyer, the boy who in our High School days had not yet learned to lie. Nay, not even on the right side would Harry say a word that could be untruly interpreted. Thus are the mighty brought to lower planes!

And I also happened to find myself on the inside of a large cathedral where a stately priest in his robes of dignity poured forth words of inspired instruction. Verily, it was Richard himself, who had thus entered into the work of the church.

And it came to pass, while I pondered these things in my heart, the door of a home swung open before my vision, and I found therein a household made happy by a wife and mother who had found her greatest ambition in the highest of all worldly vocations—the maker and keeper of the home. Verily was my soul rejoiced thereat as I gazed my last upon Mary and followed my Spirit of Prophecy further on its quest of the Things to Be.

And it came to pass, even as I watched the home lights die away, that sweet strains of music held my soul en-

tranced by the beauty and perfection of their harmonies, and as I looked about to know whence they came, behold I did find, even as the queen of the world's music, the same one who had so often played the marches for us in High School, and I felt myself falling into line and keeping step with her martial airs.

And behold a change came over the spirit of my dream, and I felt within my heart a strange, burning desire to see my old chums, Edna and Cora, till the Spirit of Prophecy, responding to my unspoken wish, conducted me to a bachelor girl apartment in a large foreign city where the two sat by a large fireplace, talking of the past. Edna, now a famous violinist, was calling forth sweet strains from her polished instrument, while Cora danced a jig in delightful time to the music, her figure swaying from side to side at the appeal of the fantastic air. Verily, was my heart stirred within me as I saw the vacant chair and noted their frequent anxious glances toward the doorway for the coming of their prophetess to complete the charmed circle.

And verily, as I beheld this scene and marvelled thereat, thinking, "Aye, even so shall it straightway come to pass with each and all of us," lo, the strains of music died away, the veil was drawn over mine eyes, shutting out from my vision the Things to Be, and I turned mine eyes back to the Things that Are, sure that as "coming events cast their shadows before," only goodness and truth and prosperity shall follow all the days that are to come to the fair and talented members of the Class of 19—.

(b) THE CLASS FORTUNE

COSTUME: *Gipsy girl. Bright red dress, spangled with tinsel. Black bodice, laced at waist. Hair flowing. Red silk kerchief knotted around head. Sits alone at*

desk, turning over leaves of book, and croons in weird monotone:

Double, double, toil and trouble;
Life is but an empty bubble!
From the past we've all come from,
To the ages yet to come,
Life is but a fleeting dream;
Things are never what they seem!
Double,—double,—toil and trouble;
Life is but an empty bubble!

(Class President knocks. She jumps up startled.)

Enter, I pray, whoe'er thou art.

(Class President enters. She looks relieved and resumes seat.)

What seekest thou, youth? Thy need impart!

CLASS PRESIDENT (*speaks*). Fair and wise prophetess, guardian of the unseen Things to Be, the Class of 19— of Blankville High School is about to pass forever out of school life into life's school. Roll back the curtain of the future, I beseech you, and prophesy unto me, as their President, what the future of each of the fair young women and brave young men is to be. They tell me that by mere contact with the personal belongings of individuals you are able to read their future and accurately foretell coming events. With this in mind I have brought you these eleven handkerchiefs, fragrant with the personalities of these eleven graduates of whom I speak. Do you, then, look into the years to come and relieve our anxious hearts of the worry that weights them down because we cannot guess what is in store for us.

PROPHETESS (*speaks*). Have thou a seat. (*He sits.*) Thou art indeed brave to dare to look down the

vista of Things to Be. Knowest thou not that a glance into the future is never a pleasure unmixed with pain? Knowest thou not, O aspiring youth, that to know what the future holds may be to thee but a never-ending curse, shutting thyself out from the joys of the present in the contemplation of things that are to come? But as thou hast spoken,—as thou hast dared to tempt the gods by thus challenging their revelations of thyself and thy classmates,—listen, and it shall be prophesied unto thee, even as thou hast said, and by these tokens will I discover unto thee the future of those from whom they have come. (*Takes first handkerchief,—a silk one,—holds to forehead a second.*) Ah! thirty, forty years hence I see a rich man—a banker—riding in his aeroplane, counting out his money—wearing his diamonds—whose is it? His name? O yes, I see now—George White. (*Takes second, a dainty lace one.*) Ah, the dainty lady of society, envied and flattered by all, the queen of every gathering, the belle of every ball—Mary Brown. (*Takes third, a white cotton, with holes in.*) Now I feel so strong, so brave, so bold! A woman of strong mind, strong will, and stronger temper! A lecturer on a strong subject,—an old maid demonstrating her independence of man. Her name escapes me—wait—oh, yes! It is Anna Day. (*Fourth, a red bandanna.*) A strong breeze and a whiff of far, far prairies. A girl of the plains—a pioneer of distant wildness and vastness,—riding barebacked over the broad spaces. Clara Fields. (*Fifth, large, fine linen.*) A school of learning and a noble professor before his class. They look at him in reverence of the vast learning he acquired at Blankville High School. Why, what is that they call him as they bow in homage before him? Professor William Black! (*Sixth, black bordered.*) Ah! I feel like crying; I must cry—I must—this woman's grief overwhelms me. Surely, it is some lonely widow, mourn-

ing her husband. No, not so. I see nothing like that! "Tis only a fair bride weeping the loss of her pet poodle. Who is the bride? Her name was once—what? Fanny Ferris. (*Seventh, large, blue bordered.*) Hear the newsboy running down the street! What does he say? Listen? I catch it now—"Extra! Extra! All about the big battle! American forces led to victory by the gallant soldier, hero of the hour—General Henry Moore!" (*Eighth, small embroidered.*) Now I see an immense billboard, and what does it say? "A second Melba—greatest opera singer of the day!—Grace Green!" (*Ninth, plain, white, small.*) A large building. Why, it is a convent. A fair lady, disappointed in some love affair, has become a nun and devotes her life to going about doing good to all the world. Her name is lost now for she is called "Sister Maria," but I see her face, and she was once Helen Vernon. (*Tenth and eleventh, plain white.*) Two more handkerchiefs, and as they seem to cling together I take them up at once and see two happy wives making sunshine and music within their walls. I see them exchanging confidences over the fence, as to this or that domestic difficulty, or culinary or maternal triumph, and see how, even in their marriage, could never be divided the girls who were so inseparable as Elsie Jones and Bessie Lane.

Mr. President, brave and wise official of the illustrious Class of 19—, my duty is at an end, and the future is hereafter to thee and thy classmates an open book. May each of you follow faithfully the paths I have marked out for your footsteps, and so make your lives the glorious successes the fates have decreed that they are to be.

(*Palm readings, trance communications, etc., may be introduced instead.*)

(c) CLASS ADVERTISER

Strange things happen to us sometimes and mysterious gifts are apt to fall "out of the everywhere" into our hands just when we least expect them. I had said I would never again be surprised at anything, but when a newspaper dropped into my lap from the very air about me, I was willing to take back the rash vow I had made, for it was certainly a startling occurrence, to say the least, to say nothing of my amazement when I read the name and date "Blankville Advertiser—June 30, 1950." Where did it come from? And what could it all signify to me?

I was never one to remain long in suspense when the means of gratifying my curiosity were at hand, or obtainable, and I opened the paper hastily and from the records of thirty years yet unborn here are some of the things I read. I only marked those I thought would be of most interest to you:

(Insert editorials, advertisements, poems, etc., news items, both home and foreign, anything that will give "surprising" information, as varied as possible, of the future of your class.)

These are the things I have found most interesting to me, so I have been glad to pass them on to you and share with you this remarkable find of mine, that it may answer for you, as satisfactorily as it did for me, the all-important question, "What is going to become of the Class of 19—?"

(d) THE CLASS HOROSCOPE

Wishing to know all the possibilities and the probabilities of the future experience in store for the members of our class, a famous astrologer has been asked to cast the horoscope and read for us the signs of the

heavens that are revealed by his science to the understanding of the seer. On the whole, he considers that the horoscope is a good one, of great and wonderful promise, but that it contains some decidedly unfavorable aspects which must be taken into very serious consideration, if we wish to alter the threatening conditions and thus prove ourselves masters of our destiny.

As Shakespeare has told us,

"It is the stars,
The stars above us, govern our conditions,"

and it is therefore indeed well that we watch our stars well and study them diligently, that we may be prepared for every good and evil that they may foretell.

As the Class of 19— was born into High School life at exactly nine o'clock on the morning of September 4th, in the year 19—, the Sun was at that time passing through the zodiacal sign of Virgo, and because of that we belong to the solar plexus of the Grand Body of Humanity. Metaphysicians tell us that the solar plexus is a wonderful part of the organism and regulates the work of the whole body. So it may readily be seen from this what a wonderfully important factor we are to form in the affairs of the universe. The Sun in Virgo, they tell us, makes its natives possessed of many great and wonderful traits. For instance, it leads them to be notional, with strong likes and dislikes; very literary; natural students in the laws of health,—anatomy, chemistry, physiology and hygiene,—we all remember how fond we have been of all these studies—fond of artistic and beautiful things, lovers of music and harmony, with a strong desire for all things tasty and elegant around them.

This proves that one of our class will be an eminent physician at the head of a prominent hospital, in some

one of our largest cities. It may, of course, be either a man or a woman, but the guilty one will know himself or herself with no further explanation. It also shows that one of our number will be an author, a novelist of exceeding genius, while another will be a talented musician and thrill the world with her harmony.

Now, at the birth of this class the Moon was passing through the sign Capricorn. This means many things. We know something of the influence of the moon upon both the tide and the untied, but who has ever before stopped to investigate the influence of the Moon upon a graduating class? We are informed that this peculiar position of the Moon in the heavens at that important hour of our destiny gives to us who then came under its influence a thoroughly practical mind, fond of business, with a love for society and public work, inclining to a love for late suppers and other like innocent dissipations.

This indicates that one of our number will be a successful business man of some sort, who is inclined to stay out late at night, and dine "at the club." It is hoped that the girls will all take warning from these indications, and avoid any of our boys who seem to evince dangerous business instincts. It also forecasts that some member of our class will be prominent in society, and fond of entertainment. This, of course, may be characteristic of this same business man, but is as likely to manifest itself in some of the feminine membership.

Our birth-date shows the planet Mercury in the sign of Virgo. This leads to strong digestion, aids in building up a large, strong body, and gives great physical endurance.

This is a sign that one of our number will be led to the wilds of the woolly West, and will be a cowboy of great and wonderful bravery and endurance, feeding,

perhaps, upon the very husks that the kine won't eat, or similar indigestible breakfast foods. It is not clear whose fate this must be, but we naturally expect it of one of the largest, strongest body.

The planet Venus was also manifesting in the sign Virgo. This gives the strongest possible impetus to love affairs and develops all that is harmonious and beautiful in the matters of the heart.

This signifies that some one of us will find himself or herself very much in love with somebody or other at sometime or other in his or her life, and may even be tempted to think about getting married. We wonder which one! Fortunately for our peace of mind, the stars keep their secret well.

Mars, we find, was in the sign of Libra, known to astrologers as the symbol of the balance. This proves that our warlike tendencies will be quite properly balanced, and we won't be apt to lose our heads in that line. It also imparts to our nature increased tendencies and intuition in the direction of acquiring much of the wealth of this world.

This is an infallible indication that one of us will some day be exceedingly wealthy—one of the money kings of the world. If it is a man, it will be one of a pale, beardless face and velvety voice, but of fiery temper. If it is a woman, it will be one of gentle disposition, but of a very stout figure, and a voice which appears to start very deep down in the body. It is for you, my classmates, to decide of which of you this may be decreed.

Jupiter, the great, strong king of the planets, was in Taurus. This planetary condition intensifies the sensational nature and adds to the love of adventure and strange occurrences in distant lands.

It indicates that some one of us will travel a great deal, and explore other countries, having many exciting

adventures and escapades. This may be either male or female.

Saturn, the planet of the many rings, was in Scorpio. This intensifies the creative faculties along all lines of endeavor, but especially in religious lines.

It proves that one of our number will be a preacher or a missionary. As it indicates the formation of some new activity in these lines, it means that the preacher will either found a new church according to his own views or beliefs, or carry his doctrines into new lands, and thus create a new religion for somebody. I am sure you can all see at once which one Fate has selected for this mission. It also points out the almost positive certainty that one of our girls will become a nun, or a Salvation Army officer. The bonnet is not sufficiently distinct from the veil for the work to be more definitely specified. But the chosen one will readily recognize the call.

Uranus was in the sign of Cancer. This gives very peculiar, weird and altogether unexplainable fancies and frequently a desire to possess antique and strange pictures. It indicates, in this instance, that one of the class is to keep a curio shop in some fantastic part of the world, and sell old chromos to the natives for immense sums of money.

It also indicates that one of the female members will be in danger of going crazy over some old thing or other—possibly an old man, though there is nothing by which this may be definitely proven—if she does not guard herself very carefully from any undue mental excitement. As it does not in any way specify whose fate this is to be, it will be well for all the girls to watch themselves very closely throughout their lives, and for all the boys to take upon themselves the duty of watching the girls, lest it should come upon them unawares.

The Moon being in the third house, and in conjunction with Mercury, gives us all scientific and inquiring minds, and we may all thank our lucky stars for the sure marks of success ahead in whatever line we pursue. The Sun in good relation with Saturn prognosticates a happiness that we cannot escape if we would. Venus in the tenth house promises us all things we may earnestly desire to attain. Saturn in trine with Uranus, and being square to Jupiter, indicates that we may meet with many things in life we are not expecting, while Jupiter in the eleventh house indicates that whatever comes, we shall be able to overcome them if we put in practice the knowledge we have gained in Blankville High School.

But the Sun is in evil relation to Mars, and this indicates so very sad a thing that it must necessarily cast a gloom over us all. But the worst must be told, or how will we become able to escape the evil tendencies? This direful sign portends that those of us who escape any serious diseases, and are not killed prematurely by any sort of unforeseen accident, are fated to die in the far distant future of old age. I would have kept this calamity from you if I could, but it is better that we should all be prepared for the worst, and know beyond any shadow of a doubt just how to meet the disasters of that future that is so plainly and so convincingly written for us in the stars.

(e) CLASS SCRAP-BAG

(In large classes this is developed to follow rather than take the place of the prophecy, the giftorian distributing the gifts most likely to be helpful in fulfilling the destinies foretold by the prophet.)

Classmates, it is a well-known saying, often proven true, that "Coming events cast their shadows before." Therefore, it is not so hard as many people suppose for one who takes the trouble to study the comings and goings of his fellow-creatures, to be something of a prophet, and to form some idea, more or less correct, of what their future course of action will be.

Having for some time been possessed of a strong ambition for the brilliant career of a detective, I have, just for the sake of practice, or as a means of preparation, kept a sharp eye on all of you, when you were perhaps unaware that you were being observed or studied at all; so I feel that I can judge with some degree of accuracy of the lives into which your personal characteristics and inclinations will lead you in the years that are to be.

The pleasure and satisfaction of looking into the future is always liberally mixed with pain. We long to know what lies before us, and yet when the knowledge comes to us we tremble, fearing that we may not be able to bear our part in the ordeals to come as faithfully as we should. The one question in our minds is sure to be, "Shall we be prepared for these honors, or these duties?" And it is in this connection that I, even as I prophesy, shall bring you the word of hope.

Seeing so clearly what is in store for you all, I have taken pains to gather together such mementoes as will best help each of you to meet the duties of life as they come to you, and shall proceed to distribute them to you,

feeling thrilled with the thought that "it is more blessed to give than to receive," and trusting that each little gift may be received, not for its value, but because of the thought behind it—my wish to help each one of you in my small way toward the success you are in future to achieve.

I am sure you will each accept the simple offering in the same spirit as I present it, and that it may remain throughout the years as the bond of union between you and me that each keepsake is supposed to be, as well as the real practical help in your life-work that I, in my tireless search through stores and shops and catalogues innumerable, have so earnestly desired to provide for you. As I call your names, one by one, will you please come forward to receive these trifling tokens of my interest in your future?

Henry Smith: My dear classmate, the signs indicate that you are to be a lawyer. Judging by the few lawyers' notes that I have seen, and comparing them with your handwriting, as I have noticed it from day to day, I am confirmed in my opinion of your future vocation. I don't want to say anything more about your penmanship than this—I am giving you this pen. I have tried it and I'm sure it is a good one. Take it and practice with it diligently a certain number of hours each day—the more the better. Then, if you still insist upon being a lawyer, and nothing can induce you to renounce your dreadful purpose, you will be at least a step above the average of your noble calling in the one particular, and will be that decided novelty among men of the legal profession—one who can actually write his own name in a way that other people can read.

Anna Harris: Across the years of the future, Anna, I hear you call "Hello! Hello!" —the Central that is to connect our class on one complete circuit of com-

munication for all time to come. Accept, please, this pair of ear muffs that you may wear in your rest hours when you wish to shut from your very memory the dreary buzz of "Hello, Central!—Main 1-8-6, please!" and retire into the real rest of brain that only complete deafness to the sounds of the world can bring you.

Frank Firm: It is not easy to live without work. We usually have to earn all that we get in this world. I don't see you as a tramp, Frank, but in some nice soft snap of a place, and I am giving you this cushion to make your many rest hours as comfortable as possible in memory of the Class of 19—.

Grace Watts: "True worth is in doing, not dreaming!" And while you may be a poet, or an artist, you will still find need of action. Here, then, is a pencil, which I give you with the request that you make use of it to put your dreams into words or pictures, that the world, and not yourself alone, may be benefited by their beauty.

Helen White: You are always so busy that I see very little that you can need to help you along the way. I give you, then, this bit of candy, that the days of your business college course may be sweetened with the memory of your life at school with us.

Charles Grey: Fearing you may get as hungry in business hours as you always seem to get in school hours, I am giving you this cracker to chew on to keep you from starvation, and so that you may not be tempted to waste any of your employer's valuable time "chewing the rag."

Mina Nelson: Accept this box of cough drops, and may that terrible cough be so effectually healed by them that you won't have to clear your throat so often while teaching as you have had to do in school—especially

when you couldn't induce somebody to turn around in any other way.

Kate Whitney: Here is a little postage stamp I give you with this thought—always follow its example and stick tight to one thing till you get to the place you've set out for. This is one sure rule of success.

Hugh Jackson: And you are sure to be an orator some day. I know you have a pocket dictionary, which you will be so sure to need, but I feel that perhaps this little advertisement I have recently come across may have escaped your eye, so I have copied it for you, knowing you would be sure to wish to make use of it:

"Orations and Lectures on any subject written to order for One Dollar each. Would-be orators may make payment for same on the installment plan, if suitable references are furnished. Address: Professor Julius Caesar Wiseman, Washington, D. C."

And now, classmates, trusting that these little gifts will assist you all in facing the future fearlessly, and that they will give you the same pleasure that it has afforded me to make the selections, and—most of all—that each will be received in the same spirit of fun with which it is presented, as well as the same warm-hearted appreciation of its significance, I will close with the hope that each token may prove like mercy in its ability to bless him that gives and them that take.

(f) THE CLASS VISION

They had told me I must prophesy,
But I knew not what to do,
For I was not born a prophet,
Any more than one of you;

I had spent the day in study,
And in thinking, hard and deep,
So I now, all worn and weary,
Lay me down and fell asleep.

I had lain there but a moment
In that slumber, calm and sweet,
When I rose, refreshed and strengthened,
And stepped out upon the street;
But I very soon discovered
That I was in a strange place,
For I saw not one known figure,
Nor an old familiar face.

I was in a mammoth city,
By the side of which I knew
That New York, the nation's glory,
Would stand but a feeble show;
Great skyscrapers all about me;
Aeroplanes through all the air;
Wonders far beyond conception
Here and there and everywhere!

I could scarce believe my senses
When I saw the airship line
Bore the well-known name of "Blankville,"
While the same gleamed from each sign;
And my eyes were opened wider
Than they'd ever been before,
When I saw a slip of paper
Dated 1944.

While I puzzled o'er this problem,
Staring 'round with open eyes,
Looking for some one to question
Of this marvelous surprise,

I beheld near me a lady,
Coming on with footsteps slow,
And I thought I would accost her
And learn what I wished to know.

As she came to be still nearer,
I thought I had seen that face,
Somewhere else, yet could not put it
In exactly its right place;
But at last she stood before me,
And all wonder vanished quite;
'Twas my old chum, Mary Turner,
And I met her with delight.

It was strange that I should know her,
For the change in her was great;
She was very tall and slender,
While she moved with queenly state.
She seemed quite surprised to see me,
Said I had been long away,
And gave me an invitation
To remain with her that day.

Her kind offer I accepted,
And she hailed a flying car,
Which we boarded, skimming swiftly
Through the ether, fast and far;
I watched the conductor closely—
'Twas a lady, short and stout,
Fully able to assist the
Passengers step in or out.

As she took my fare she knew me,
And stood pointing out strange sights—
Mabel Adams thus had proven
Her belief in Woman's Rights!

On the car a dude was sitting,
Toying with a poodle small,—
Why, 'twas John McClain! I scarcely
Would have known the man at all.

Soon we flitted past a corner
That looked like old times to me,
For it was the well-known corner
Where our High School used to be!
Now the place was changed to show a
Factory, twenty stories high;
And I noticed a small fish-stand
There, as we were passing by.

And behind the greasy counter
Stood a man I knew at sight;
Yes, for it was Howard Swanson,
Shouting "Fish!" with all his might.
I looked out at him in wonder,
For whoever would have thought
That our old-time brilliant president
Could to such a task be brought.

But the whole day brought surprises;
Grace was dancing on the stage;
Bessie was an opera singer;
Frank a preacher, quite the rage;
Harold a soldier; Belle, an author;
Maud, an old maid, prim and neat;
Jennie had grown so very heavy,
Anti-Fat was all she'd eat.

Bye and bye we reached the home where
Mary lived—her husband, too,
But he was a traveling salesman,
So I didn't find out who!

I was very tired and sleepy,
So I felt that it was best
To withdraw myself a little
For an hour or two of rest.

I slept long and very soundly,
And just judge of my surprise
When again, after my slumber,
I opened my drowsy eyes,
I found myself in the cottage
I had lived in long ago,
Ere I started out that morning
On that curious quest to go.

I sprang up and sought the window:
Yes, it was the same old town,
That, in what seemed years ago,
I had wearily lain down;
But the dream had been so life-like,
That e'en yet I could not feel
That the vision I had witnessed
Could be otherwise than real.

So you see, dear friends and classmates,
That 'twas nothing but a dream
I've been telling, howe'er natural
And real it to you must seem;
But in this old world of wonders,
Dreams have often-times come true,
So, who knows but this, my vision,
May be realized by you?

*(This has been used many times by graduating classes,
the matter being elaborated at will, and that which is
here condensed for lack of space is strung out to add
dramatic force to the experiences and make the surprises*

more startling by the manner in which they are revealed. Any clever student will be able to arrange the climaxes dramatically, remembering that the point lies in assigning to each classmate the part he would be least likely to play.)

(g) A CLASS FANTASY

(Minerva, in Grecian costume, reads the sheets of paper, supposed to be petitions from the graduating class, and answers them. The notes are piled on a stand, awaiting her, or may be handed her, one at a time, by a small boy in page costume.)

This is the time when through the sweet June days,
The graduates pass to seek their separate ways;
This is the time when their desires must be
So strong, the gods must pause to hear their plea;
This is the time when ring, from far and near,
Their eager questions on Minerva's ear.
And do I answer? Can I answer? Nay!
I know their possibilities, but who may,
Even with that, predict how they may use
The gifts of life so many youths abuse?
Not I, indeed! Nor would I if I might
Encourage overmuch their inborn right,
As certainly I would not voice one thought
• That might discourage more than goddess ought!
And so, I listen—patiently and kind—
And try some word of counsel wise to find,
That may guide fiery youth in pathways right,—
For this alone, I linger here tonight!
Their longings waft in millions to mine ear;
'Twere less than goddess who paused not to hear,
And I've been drawn by strong thoughts to this scene,
To say some word for Class 19—!

I find awaiting here many a petition;
I'll open them and read, with your permission!

1. O dear! O dear! With which shall I begin?
Miss Ethel White would know if she may win
Success in literature! Dear me! It looks
As though the ink on this would fill big books!
In literature!—her composition's fair;
Her penmanship—but that's not here nor there,
For authors never write a decent scrawl;
She may succeed—and then, again, may fall;
Who dares to say? 'Tis all in her own mind
That she success or failure has to find!
2. Another!—Harold Whitman wants to know
If he can be a doctor! Surely so!
He can be what he wills to be, of course;
I'm sure his Latin can't be any worse
Than those who do succeed each year, and so
He probably will do better than we know!
3. What? Maud Leroy would really like to sing!
Now, who would ever dream of such a thing?
Well, if she has a voice,—and it must be!—
I'm sure the girl can sing for all of me!
It needs much patience, in the practice, years,
But that's forgotten as success appears.
4. What's this? Jane White would like to be—a nurse!
Well, now, that's good! I'm sure she might do worse.
There's always need of loving heart and hand
To care for those who constant care demand;
And she seems gifted with a tender heart—
Yes, I believe she's fitted for the part.

5. Now what? George Brown would be a millionaire!—
He knows not that great wealth is but a snare!
To lay up fleeting treasures on the earth
May cost him all his heart and soul are worth!
If he would store with truer wealth his mind,
More satisfaction he would surely find;
Of riches, I would say to him, "Beware!
And to your higher self devote your care!"
6. Mary Delaney writes a dainty note;
She wants to go, she says, where women vote,
And be elected governor of the state;
She feels that she was born for just such fate;
Well! Well! She's bound to win the prize, I guess;
I'm sure I wish her every known success!
7. Myrtle Blackstone would be an actress fair,
The idol of the public everywhere;
She says she's won such honors here at school,
She feels ambitious on the stage to rule.
I would not counsel her to step too far;
'Tis very fine to be a tragic star,
But health and strength are taxed so much, they say,
'Tis hard for all but strongest ones to pay
The price for every victory that they find;
I hope—I really hope—she'll change her mind!
8. Now, what is this? Ah, Bessie Moore confides
She's anxious to get married, and decides
To answer "Yes!" to the first one who dares
To proffer her the honored name he bears.
Well, well, I'm sure she's wise, and surely can
With one sweet smile bewitch the bravest man;
And surely she has chosen the better part—
To reign at home,—the queen of one man's heart!

9. Ralph West would like to travel 'round the world,
And bring back every flag he finds unfurled!
He wants to be a sailor and be brave
In search of tokens worth one's while to save!—
Somebody's sister loves these souvenirs!
I hope he gets his chance ere many years.
'Tis late, and I must hurry on my way,
For I have many pleas to hear today;
I cannot linger longer with the Class
Which now from Blankville High School is to pass;
I'm sure they're very brave and wise and true,
And they'll be prospered well in all they do.

(h) SUGGESTIONS

The Prophecy being the part of the Class Program that is more eagerly looked for, and for which the greatest variety of forms is constantly being requested, a larger number of models has been included in this collection than of any other "effort."

The Fantasy given above may be varied nicely by arranging it in dialogue style, allowing each member to come and ask his question for himself. This is always a pleasing variation. Again, both in this and in the "Vision" and "Fortune," it is often found most attractive to have the different ones appear behind a thin curtain behind the speaker while they are being spoken of, bowing and passing off before the next name is mentioned. There are so many ways of making these things novel and "new" to the various communities, that they would really take up the space of an entire volume in themselves.

Below are four hints that the student may develop with delightful results.

Class Reverie: Student sits in large arm-chair,

dreaming of the past. Members of Class appear behind him in dim light, and as he thinks of each they appear and tell of their present career. Student should be telling of his own success, and naturally thinking of each classmate in turn. This has been made the leading number of many a successful program.

The Future Mail Box: A monologue, in which student comes on with his hands full of letters, and after speaking of his own life, proceeds to open and read aloud each letter, in which each classmate tells of his own career. This is made especially striking when the student is at all clever in imitating the style of the various ones, and bringing in their favorite expressions and mannerisms. Should be varied, grave and humorous.

Class Visit: When a class is unusually large it has been found a successful plan to choose a number for this work and have the prophecy given in dialogue form, a number meeting in the future and discussing the affairs of the class.

Telephone Gossip: Another successful monologue may be arranged by introducing the telephone, and a morning gossip of the future, cleverly revealing all the occurrences that are supposed to have taken place since graduation.

One clever at sketching would make a decided "hit" with cartoons.



SPECIALTIES

I. THE CLASS COLORS

(a) RED AND WHITE

“Don’t be afraid to show your colors!” is the advice often given to young people when they are starting out in life. The Class of 19— of Blankville High School is proud to point to the red and white in its decorations, and the red and white of its banner, as the embodiment of its principles and the symbol of what its future characteristics must be.

In adopting as our class colors the blend of red and white that is so conspicuous in the stripes of the national flag, we have a twofold purpose: First, to take as our life’s emblem the colors made sacred to us as the representation of our inborn patriotism and loyalty; and second, to embody into the principles and creed of our lives the virtues symbolized by the colors we so selected.

From the very beginning of color significance the red, typifying blood, has signified bravery—courage—a principle universally admired and reverenced, yet altogether too rarely found in the world of men today. We all admire bravery. We clear the way for the man or woman of daring and courageous mien, and we delight in telling over and over again deeds of valor in this hero-worshipping age. But there is more than one kind of courage necessary for the perfection of human character. Physical courage alone is a much-to-be-commended virtue; but moral courage—the inner bravery that enables one to face the trials and tribulations of life, and endure persecution and insult for the sake of one’s principles, is even more to be desired. It takes courage sometimes to say “No!” to the voice of temptation. It takes cour-

age to meet afflictions and disappointments with the smile of resignation. It takes even more courage, sometimes, to bear the little insignificant worries and wrongs of daily life, than it does to face the fire and fury of actual battle. The man and woman of today need to cultivate this moral courage within themselves—need to determine upon developing within their inner natures the courage of their conviction—need to dare to say “Yes!” or “No!”—and stick to it as their conscience prompts and their own souls dictate. And so we, the boys and girls of 19—, stepping as we feel we are out of the shelter of school life into the unknown perils of the actual workaday world beyond, realize the need of this physical and moral courage in our make-up, and so have chosen as the primary color in our class combination the significant red of bravery.

But though bravery is, as I have said, one of the foremost virtues in the composition of the well-rounded character, it is certainly not all-essential. There is a virtue superior even to that—a virtue without which the bravest could meet but sure and certain defeat—the virtue of purity of which our white is symbolical. And purity, in its broadest, most subtle perfection, does not by any means signify cleanliness of action alone, but cleanliness of word, and even more than that, cleanliness of thought. There is a text that says, “To the pure, all things are pure.” And so much of our action depends upon the thought behind every word. Knowing this, we of the Class of 19— have selected the white as our secondary class color, hoping that the purity it typifies may become closely inculcated in our personal principles, and that by blending it with the red of bravery, our courage may be kept ever clean and white—that we may remain always pure of thought and word and deed, brave of purpose and spirit—yes, brave and pure of motive in

all that we may think or say or do throughout all the course of our lives.

So we start on this voyage of life holding the colors of red and white proudly aloft, and determining to stand by them to the end, building for ourselves lives of braver, purer promise and richer value, and characters of sterling strength and tested purity, through a wise and happy blending of the red with the white.

(A few other combinations are worked out below, that they may, if desired, be inserted in the framework of the above and adapted to the conditions of any class wishing to make use of them.)

(b) BLACK AND GOLD

From the beginning of time gold has stood for value, and for purity. "As pure as refined gold" has passed into a proverb, and "as good as gold," "as true as gold," "as pure as gold" are comparisons in almost daily use. But gold in its native state is never pure. It must always be tried by fire, and purged of all dross and impurities before it attains to the perfection of its highest state of value, and here is where the black of trial and tribulation is introduced; for the gold can never reach its best state except through the blackness of the purifying heat.

Thus it must be with the formation of our characters, and with the living out of our lives. The gold must represent to each one of us the perfection of character and attainment that we aim to reach in our development; but the gold of itself would be far from pure were it not for the blend of the black that brings out its true value and makes the character "perfect through suffering," in the same proportion as gold is made purer by fire.

The gold and the black may well represent the contrast between sunshine and shadow. We would have

life all sunshine if we could, but we know how much better our lives really shine forth through the shadow, and how much stronger our characters are for the refining influence of dark and gloomy days; so we voluntarily and bravely blend the black with the gold, accepting the trial for its purifying and developing power, and appreciating the sunshine far more because of the shadow that preceded it. The gold, always bright in itself, shines with a double radiance when it mingles with the black, just as all our bright days shine with a brighter lustre through the gloom of disappointment and hardship.

Knowing, then, that every experience leaves its mark, either of strength or weakness, upon our lives, we do not ask for the gold alone, but blending with it the proper proportion of the black, form a combination that stands for attainment, for power, and for success. Our lives are just opening before us, and we know that whatever the future may hold, each life will have its full measure of the black, for such is the certain fate of all mankind; but we also know that if we welcome the sombre element and recognize the value of its developing force, it will prove to be one of life's greatest blessings, and blending with the gold of happiness and prosperity, will make our lives fuller and richer than days of unalloyed glare and gleam could possibly be.

(c) GREEN AND GOLD

We have been just a little bit criticized by some of our friends and rivals for choosing this color of green, too often associated with ignorance, immaturity and rawness; but we feel, as we ponder upon the deeper significance that it has to us, that it needs not one word of apology. Surely, the color that is good enough for the national emblem of such a brave and brilliant people

as those of the Emerald Isle, is good enough, even for so wonderful a class of individuals as ours. The green has, from the very beginning of color analysis, stood as the symbol of freshness and youth. In the spring-time, when the little blades of grass first peep above the dark sod, how welcome they are for their fresh message of approaching spring; and when later the little leaves on the trees burst from their dark shell and peep out into the world, how everybody greets them with delight as a sign that spring is near! We, as boys and girls, are just peeping our heads out into the world. Like the grass or the leaf, we have been hidden in a sheltered nook, during our period of making ready, from all the cold of a world's many winters; but at last we feel the approach of life's spring-time; we hear the call of awakening life, and we push from our sheltering shell out into the world, carrying within ourselves the message of fresh faces, fresh hearts and fresh ideas into the old affairs of active life, that certainly must often feel the need of the rejuvenation of young blood, and the inspiration of fresh, eager talent. Blending with this green, that means so much, the rich gold of pure value, and true, honest sterling worth, the color of the sunshine and the symbol of all glory, what grander colors could we hope to attach to our banner as we march forth into the crowded thoroughfares to perform our missions to humanity!

(d) GRAY AND CRIMSON

The colors we have chosen must be kept from every stain of selfishness or wrong; for this to us they sweetly signify: The crimson typifies to us the sun—the sun of righteousness—the sun of joy—the sun of light in darkness—red as blood of many martyrs, speaking of courage,

warm and strong, to be in woman ever as in man, and radiating inspiration's fire to every sluggish soul and pulseless heart that needs the vitalizing force of thought transmitted from outside brain. The gray stands for the fleeting clouds of life, just gray enough to temper the hot sun to suit our needs—just gray enough to keep its brightness mellowed down to fit the eye that needs must look on human scenes awhile, and otherwise would be blinded by the glare of too much sun—too rich a radiance! And we must not forget nor would we once neglect to weigh it well, the memory of that cloud of olden time of which we read that went before and led the way by day of those who followed on, and found the same to be at night a pillar of living fire! So may we all be led throughout our lives,—our cloud by day, the gray, a crimson pillar of fire when night brings need.

Gray and red,—gray and red,—such shall our colors be!
Shed, shed, on our head, sunshine for you and me;

Clouds that shall temper glare of sun,
Fire clouds to lead when day is done,
Thus every step shall our leading be,
Until the goal of success we see!

(e) BLUE AND ORANGE

We have not chosen an Alice-blue, or cerise, or mauve, nor any of the up-to-date but certainly transient hues of the modern maid's vocabulary. These will all be by to-morrow as utterly forgotten in the dust-heap of the past as they were unknown yesterday. We have selected only those enduring shades from the primary colors themselves that have gleamed through the ages in the rainbow of promise since God set His bow in the clouds. For we wanted our colors to endure in just such glo-

rious promise through the ages of success that are to be ours. First, then, we chose the blue of truth for our foundation—the blue of the sky and the sea, and of all eternal things that are as true and as high as the heavens, and as deep and as unresting as the ocean. With this blue we blend the orange that symbolizes the high mental development and the intellectual power that is so necessary to the concentration upon one pursuit that alone wins the goal of a student's mastery and success. With this orange, symbolical of our inherent brain-force, guided always by the blue of that truth that alone can prevail and dominate the mentality to the victorious achievement that alone is worth winning, because it is founded upon the principles of honor and integrity and nobility that form the foundation of all true manhood and true womanhood, the only character worth the striving for, we step forward to put our principles into practice. We prove to the world what great men and women we can be if they give us a chance to demonstrate the lessons we have so faithfully and patiently been taught, and the problems we have so diligently been trained to work out to their accurate conclusion. Surely, we can solve all the problems of life by the same methods of persistent application and persevering endeavor. So may our orange and blue spur us on to the unflagging zeal and the unyielding determination that reveals the real interest in life that the young must have if they aspire to take their places among the men and women of experience who have already learned the paths that lead to success, and have demonstrated the value of our own principles of truth and triumph.

(f) OLD ROSE AND SILVER

We have chosen unusual colors because we feel that we are indeed an unusual class, and we step forward under no banner, and flaunt no colors, save those to which we can swear our individual allegiance. Our motto, "To thine own self be true!" is thus put into practical demonstration, even at this early stage of our greatness, and we feel that it has prompted us wisely and well in the selection of the old rose and silver we have blended together to symbolize our characteristic principles. Old rose is the symbol of richness, value, depth of true culture, inspiration, and the true wisdom that is not of today alone, but of all times. It is the ancient symbol of eternal life and knowledge that endures throughout the ages in the tones of philosophic lore, with no spot nor stain to mar or blur the perfection of its manifestation. It cannot be eradicated nor any part of its tone obliterated. On the canvases of the world's masterpieces it represents the secret hue that the modern artist seeks in vain to unearth from the spirit-forces of those who have passed on to other spheres. But "the tubes are twisted and dried," and only the resultant hue remains to lead men on to further effort and more exhausting search. Therefore it represents an ideal yet unattained—a goal still to be sought for—an inspiration ever fresh and new to hold the interest of aspiring humanity. All this is the old rose to us. Silver is of course the symbol of value, representative of the metallic clink of many coins, that symbolize the price we must pay for all life's rich gifts, and the price life must pay back to us for what we have to offer at her shrine. It stands for the coin of the realm—the medium by which every door may be opened to us, and to whose clink all forces keep step and all human hearts respond. Silver will buy nearly

everything in the world—but not quite all. There is where we need the old rose—the true culture of mind with its heritage of long-buried ages before whose magic touch even the purse-strings are of no avail. But it is not only because of its financial value that we chose the silver. It is one of the greatest treasures of the earth, and as such signifies much to us in its promise of our power to wrest from the world the best it has to offer, even gifts that are hidden beneath the surface, and not easily discovered by the average eye. Besides, there is a sterling worth to the silver article, though but a mere toy, that stamps it as one of permanence, utility and durability, easily kept shining and free from the tarnish of every destructible element before which so many less valuable materials decay and become no longer fair to the sight nor pleasant to the touch. There is likewise a ring of sincerity in the silver coin as it is dropped to the surface of floor or table that speaks of truth and real value, beside which the dull thud of the lead, or the peculiar clang of brass is a mockery and a snare. Yes, it means all this to us; and when, after the passage of years, the silver threads begin to sprinkle with plentiful profusion the locks of our hair, they speak of wisdom and attainment, and of full life, rich with experience and achievement, and still blend reverently and beautifully with the old rose on the cheek that was once the blushing bud of some far-off Commencement Day.

(g) PURPLE AND AMBER

In choosing the purple for our leading color, we have done so with a full understanding of its royal significance, and we have asked ourselves, over and over again, "Are we worthy?" "Will we be able to live up to it?" Being within itself a perfect blend of the pure, rich red

of love and comradeship, and the clear, bright blue of truth,—equally balancing the element of truth with that of brotherhood,—it gives us the absolute authority of kingship—the sovereignty of wise and noble minds in which reason and judgment are properly balanced. All this we feel so necessary for our mastery of the environments the world may force upon us. With this we blend the soft, sweet amber of gentleness and peace. The purple being the masculine color, and the amber the feminine, we feel ourselves, armed with these colors, competent to step forth into the world's arena and command its attention by the very might of our own royal merit, and at the same time speak peace to its turbulent confusion, and breathe upon its troubled waters the gentleness of a harmonizing influence that shall be as the "Peace, be still!" of a master's voice. Surely, with this beautiful and significant blend of color, no door could long remain closed to the master-touch of so well-endowed a class of kings and queens, who step forth in the purple and fine linen of their station and dare to assert their divine heritage as the well-trained sons and daughters of Creation's King. Such is the royal birth-right that our banner typifies.

(h) BLACK AND WHITE

Black and white—a curious combination! You say. Perhaps it may be, to the uninitiated, but to us who have delved deep into its mystic significance, it means more than we may ever be able to put into suitable words.

White and black—light and shade—good and evil—light and darkness—day and night—virtue and vice—joy and sorrow—life and death,—yes, even heaven and hell—all these pairs of opposites are symbolized in the colors we have chosen to blend together as the emblem of the

principles for which we stand. The wedding garment and the funeral shroud seem to be simultaneously suggested to some of our friends, and they ask in a quizzical tone why we are going into "half-mourning" upon this—that the greater portion of the educational world considers such a festal occasion; others remind us that we are assuming the robes of both the higher and lower after-worlds, and wonder whether the banquet of life should serve us with angel food, or deviled ham; but nothing of this sort is suggested to us, and we loyally stand by our colors, as we arrange them in bows and streamers for our decorations tonight.

We are not going to try to make you believe that black is white, as you gaze, because you must, upon the sombre half of our ribbons; nor are we going to attempt to deny its orthodox symbology as it shrouds so many of the world's dead; but we wish to show you that in combining these two apparently opposing colors, we have thought much more deeply than may occur to the casual observer.

Let us analyze a minute: Would life be complete to any soul who might pass through only the "white" experiences of the world? Could we become truly strong if we were to meet only the bright, sunshiny things along our way? Do we not need the darkness, in which to grow and develop latent power? Does not all vegetation first germinate down in the dark bosom of Mother Earth before it can even begin to grow up to the light? Is it not in the blackness of night that we recuperate our life-forces and renew our vitality for the activities of another day? A poet writes:

"God never would send you the darkness,
If He thought you could bear the light;
But who would care to walk by faith
Who could always walk by sight?"

But there is a deeper significance still in these colors as we weave them together in something of the same pattern as the Masonic checkered floor. We are, in their adoption, not only reaching out for all life's experiences, but are doing so with a definite purpose, noble and just and true. Those who are supposed to know all about these things tell us that white is formed by an equal combination of all the seven primary colors, while black, on the contrary, is absolute absence of color. White, therefore, signifies a union of all life's experiences, or completion; while black represents the absence of any, or receptivity. It means much to be full of power and energy and will; does it not mean just as much to be open to impressions, and able to *receive* from every source? It is well known that white reflects all colors, while black absorbs them; that white is positive in its influence, and gives back to the world all that it has received, while black is negative, and assimilates them all within itself. Are they not then complementary in nature, and do we not need one as much as the other? The black to say, "Freely I receive"; and the white to respond, "Freely I give!"

Do you begin to see now why we selected those colors as our class symbols? As the seven colors of life's rainbow are focussed through the prism of our lives into the white light of perfect purity and perfection, it blends with the black shadow of chastening and unites its force with that which the soul gains down deep in the dungeon of pain.

Through the black, we will receive all. Through the white, we will give out in proportion as we receive. Through the black, we will die to all things unworthy; and through the white, will be resurrected to the new life of all things pure and true. Through the black, we will receive the impression of all life's sadness and

sorrow; but through the white we will make our own consolation by radiating the fullness of joy and gladness to the needy lives we touch. We will suffer with the sad, and make merry with the glad; we will "rejoice with those who do rejoice, and weep with those who weep." We will be neither angels nor devils, but tasting through the Black the bitterness of the expulsion from Eden through the Fall of Man, will also through the white drink deep draughts of the bliss of redemption in the ascension to the Father of the God-Man of Sorrows. Thus will we bring our lives to the proper balance of all forces in the one perfection of complete equilibrium. We would be pure as white is pure—not through a blind ignorance of the blackness of the world, but through such a fortifying knowledge of all life's experiences as may help us know all the depths where pitch is hidden, and thus be better able to avoid them. It is, after all, but a step from the cradle to the grave,—just a moment between the altar and the tomb. And the black and white is always so closely joined together in human experience, who would dare to put them asunder? In equilibrium alone is poise and power.

Yes, we blend the black and white,
Mingling darkness with our light,
To divide our day and night!

No half-measured life we ask,
Strength far greater than our task,
Watered milk to fill our flask!

Out with any life so weak!
'Tis for full-grown tasks we speak,
Foemen worth our steel we seek!

Sorrow will enrich our joys;
Life rebuild what death destroys,
Balance bringing perfect poise.

Weigh with measure just and right,
While our vision holds in sight
Life's at-one-ment—black and white!

II. THE CLASS FLOWER

(a) THE PANSY

"There's pansies—that's for thoughts," said Shakespeare's Ophelia, as she sorted over the blossoms in her nosegay; and we, in selecting our class flower, remembered the significance of the little human-faced blossom and chose the emblem of thought—the pansy—as the most appropriate symbol of the foundation principle of our school life—thought. Indeed, when we come to give it due consideration, is not thought the underlying foundation of all life—all character—the seed from which grow all the fruits of honor or dishonor with which humanity is blessed or cursed? Every great deed was first born in the minds of its performers long before the thought developed into action; every evil deed was likewise nursed into life from what was at first, perhaps, nothing but an impulsive thought.

Thoughts are as varied as the hues of the many pansy-faces that smile at us from every garden by the wayside.

Some are bits of golden yellow,
Like the sunny days of old,
When each hour outstripped its fellow
In life's treasury of gold;

Some are subtly, sweetly shaded
With the deepest, darkest blue,
Bearing memories unfaded
Of a purpose ever true.

Then the purple ones, so regal
Stand forth crowned with kingly powers ;
Ah ! their sovereign claims are legal !—
School has held some royal hours.
Then the red ones, deep and glowing
With the richness of old wine,
Tell of courage, ever growing
Far too dauntless to repine.

Some are streaked with black, as gladness
Oft is penciled with regret ;
Life must bring some hours of sadness,
Though its glory gilds it yet ;
Then all black ones—breathing sadness !
Still they make each joy more blest ;
From each pain is born some gladness,
And some love the sad thoughts best.

White ones, pure and sweet, confessing
All the soul's divinest thought,
Bear through life all true thoughts' blessing ;
Blend the wealth all minds have taught !
Thus the pansy, as it varies,
Means to us all life hath taught,
And through all experience carries
The significance of thought !

Their perfume is wafted to our senses on every passing breeze, just as thought is borne unto our consciousness from every direction along the currents vibrating through the different manifestations of universal mind.

We are not psychologists, and we do not pretend to know a thing about the scientific workings of these wonderful forces that thoughts really are, but we do feel that it is through the power of thought, well-applied and properly concentrated and directed, that we have won the degree of success that is ours tonight, and that it must be solely by means of that same power that we shall achieve what success may be ours in the years to come, for thought is the master-key of the student-mind that unlocks to him the storehouses of all wisdom, and opens the doors to him of all achievement. What more fitting emblem could a band of students adopt than this living thought of a master mind?

(b) THE VIOLET

Sweetly, indeed, did Goethe express our thoughts for us when he wrote the words:

"The violet's charms I prize, indeed,
So modest 'tis, and fair,
And smells so sweet."

How fitting it is that we, the very wisest, brightest, noblest and altogether most promising and brilliant of all High School classes—the most wonderful association of boys and girls that were ever brought together, or ever could be brought together for the purpose of study and development—should choose as the emblem of our most distinguishing characteristic the violet so symbolical of humility and modesty! Humbly concealing our multitude of virtues and acquirements beneath the garb of silence and bashfulness, and endeavoring to hide the marvelous intellectual powers under the meek and unassuming demeanor of ignorance, we feel ourselves bigger and brighter than even our appearance indicates, and waft

the fragrance of our wonderful personalities to only those wise ones of the world who come close enough to understand what very wonderful beings we are, thus going forth so modestly to make our fortunes.

We have many virtues of which we might speak, if it were in our nature to boast of our attainments. You will remember how it is early in the spring, before many other flowers are brave enough to venture forth, that the little violet pushes up into the atmosphere of a new year. This is the spirit of fearlessness that characterizes every pioneer in life's experiences, and this is the spirit of dauntless daring in which we face a strange new life tonight. And even as this happy hour tonight

"Steals timidly away,
Shrinking as violets do in summer's ray,"

so we steal forth into the chill atmosphere of an unknown plane of existence, resolved to face every whiff of cold and discouragement as the wee blossom does the changing frowns and smiles of spring. Blushing timidly at our own success, we feel that we are still not altogether "born to blush unseen," but that our violet will become so thoroughly associated in every mind with the modesty that is so exclusively ours, that no other class will ever dare to adopt it as their emblem,—that all will realize that there never has been such a class of modest worthiness before, and that there never can be such another while the High School stands in its place, for the flower itself will refuse to bloom for any others, and when we are all far afield in our chosen environments of future endeavor, and in memory,

"Again, the violet of our early days
Drinks beauteous azure from the golden sun,
And kindles into fragrance at his blaze,"

we shall be assured that all those students who may have come after us must sadly say as they face the world, in imitation of the words of Ophelia, "We would give you some violets, but they withered all when the Class of 19— passed out of school life."

(c) THE DAISY

"There is a flower, a little flower,
With silver crest and golden eye,
That welcomes every changing hour,
And weathers every sky.

"Tis Flora's page—in every place,
In every season, fresh and fair;
It opens with perennial grace,
And blossoms everywhere.

"On waste and woodland, rock and plain,
Its humble buds unheeded rise;
The rose has but a summer reign;
The daisy never dies."

So said the poet Montgomery, in his enthusiasm, and so we, in our even deeper affection, are glad to echo. Knowing what a daisy of a class we have in every way always proven ourselves to be, we have just naturally chosen the daisy as the emblem of our lives. Burns has well written of the daisy,

"The daisy's for simplicity and unaffected air," and its white and gold grace has always symbolized the innocence that we have so ably demonstrated throughout all the years of our school life, and are resolved to manifest throughout all the individual careers to be. Whatever has taken place in the everyday ups and downs of

our school days, we have been able to avoid even the mere appearance of guilt, and we trust to meet every experience of the future, equally as able to look the whole world in the face, at the appearance of each and every disaster, whether great or small, with the assertion, "I am innocent!" A blameless conscience is a gift not to be in any degree despised by any man, woman or child; and we are proud to be able to carry through life this symbol of the unimpeachable integrity that is our most valuable asset.

The name "daisy" signifies the *day's eye*, or, as some poet has beautifully expressed it, "the golden eye of all-seeing day." To some, therefore, the daisy means a seer, a prophet, able by the mystic arrangement and interpretation of its petals, to read the minds of men and women, and cast the word that decides the fate of a soul. May we face every lesson of life or crisis of fortune with the assurance gained from the "It loves—it loves me not—it loves—it loves me not"—of the tell-tale blossom, and thus find it, even in its innocence, the wise prophet with the wide vision that grasps the greatness of every possibility and certain assurance of future success. With this hope ever in mind,

"We bring daisies, little starry daisies,

The angels have planted to remind us of the sky;
When the stars have vanished, they twinkle their mute
praises,
Telling in the dewy grass of brighter fields on high."

(d) THE MORNING GLORY

"Holding fast to threads by green and silky rings,
With the dawn it spreads its white and purple wings,
Generous in its bloom, and sheltering while it clings,
Sturdy morning glory!"

With this for our class flower—the symbol of wonderful promise—the glory of the morning of life, that is all hope, and faith, and expectation, we feel that we can cling closely to every endeavor, sheltering while we cling, until we conquer the world. And as “every day is a fresh beginning,” every successive generation is as the dawn of a new era, a new age of advancement and possibility, and we feel today, as “with the dawn we spread our white and purple wings,” that we are stepping forward into the early morning of a new period in universal history, and are to be its glory—the light-bearer—the radiating sun-center, “generous in our bloom”—scattering the new light of many an illuminating activity and being indeed the enlightenment as well as the shelter of many a dark corner. Feeling so positively our responsibility in this mission, that higher education and developed wisdom lays upon every awakened mind, we could choose nothing less than the morning glory as the symbol of so lofty an ambition and so far-reaching a mission, and the dawning upon the modern world of careers of such brilliant and glorious promise. Little do they know what illumination is in store for them! Little do they realize what a torch is to be held up to their understanding! Little can they guess all that is to be their blessing through the blooming upon the High School walls of this symbolic morning glory, as its pushes forth its tendrils for the loftier heights it is now about to climb!

(e) THE IVY

It is a humble little plant to the eye, one fails to understand its wonderful nature, that we have selected from the world of botanical specimens with their high-sounding names, and higher-scented odors, to represent our principles before the eyes of all men. Some have

ridiculed it as quite too green and insignificant; others have reminded us that there is a poisonous variety with which it is very dangerous to come in contact; and still others have condemned its lack of beauty and fragrance, and wondered why we could have chosen it from the multitude of beautiful flowers and vines that have smiled at us from every corner in vain. We feel, with Mrs. Browning,

"I like such ivy; bold to leap a height
 'Twas strong to climb!"

and we feel that to all of these manifold objections we are bringing satisfactory answers.

It is true that the ivy is green and insignificant to the eye. So are many of us. But like the ivy, no man can be correctly judged by external appearances. The green is a distinguishable mark of its endurance and perennial freshness; its apparent insignificance a proof of its sincerity and scorn of all seeming. True, it has its poisonous varieties; but so has all humanity. None of us can be "all things to all men." We all have our affinities, and there are many to whom our personal atmosphere is so uncongenial as to appear almost as poison to the growth and development of one not in sympathy with our habits of thought and belief. The ivy is poisonous only to those not in tune with it, and there is an antidote to counteract the effect of every poisonous force in all the world.

However, it is not the poisonous variety that we have chosen to be. It is the climbing, undaunted plant, the symbol of deathless ambition—the persistent little vine whose tendrils push out in every direction, clasping, feeling their way, clinging, gripping till they secure a firm place to attach themselves, and then hold on in spite of every effort to tear them loose—the daring little

climber that knows no obstacles and no impossible height, but pushes around this, and over that, and through the other, until it reaches the farmost summit.

How well Charles Dickens understood him!

“Fast he stealeth on though he wears no wings,

And a staunch old heart has he;

How closely he twineth, how close he clings,

To his friend, the huge oak tree!

Whole ages have fled, and their work decayed,

And nations have scattered been;

But the stout old ivy shall never fade

From its hale and hearty green.

Creeping where no life is seen,

A rare old plant is the ivy green.”

And what is its mission? To beautify every unsightly place its tendrils may reach; to enliven and enrich the decayed spots of old and worn-out ruins till they seem rejuvenated by its magic; to twine about the dull bits of old musty traditions and dry, dusty bits of philosophy and worn-out conventions, and touching them with the freshness and growth and newness of life, of modern thought, make of them such things of beauty as can be but “a joy forever” to every beholder who has an eye to see the beauty in fresh, young, growing things, and a heart to pulse in response to the appeal of renewing life.

All this we, as a new class of new-formed ideas and new points of view, must necessarily mean to the world. And climbing ever to the top, held back by no obstacles of body or mind, determining to spread beauty over every spot and place, and cover from view the mistakes we may see that had much better be forgotten, we will twine our brows with the ivy of ambition and victory, standing for progress, advancement and the final

achievement that is the one goal at the very summit of human experience toward which all humanity is endeavoring to climb.

(f) THE ROSE

“We bring roses, beautiful, fresh roses,
Dewy in the morning, and colored like the dawn.”

There are many reasons why we have chosen this to be our class flower. First, perhaps, because of its beauty and richness that appeal so strongly to our artistic sense; but second, because it is the universal symbol of love.

And we, tonight, are very much in love with life and with all its lovely gifts. We are in love with the past and all that it has meant to us; we are in love with the present, and the honors it is today holding out to us; and we are, perhaps more than all, in love with the future, because of its promise, its delightful uncertainty, and the wonderful mystery of its veiled gifts. So our love is today at its best. Just as

“The rose is fairest when 'tis budding new;
The rose is sweetest washed with morning dew,”

so are our affections twined about all life's manifestations at their freshest, purest and sweetest. But Goethe says,

“The rose is wont with pride to swell,
And ever seeks to rise.”

So we shall not pause at this point and think it means perfection, simply because we cannot conceive of anything more brilliant and wonderful that could come into our lives than the glory we have already achieved. We know there is much ahead of us that will reveal itself

in even more marvelous radiance than this we have been able to absorb in these early stages of our career. We will surely find a truer, larger, greater work to do than we have so far been fitted or expected to accomplish. We will be called upon to demonstrate many different phases of the perfected manhood and womanhood for which we have been preparing the way. We will be led to prove and to manifest in our daily lives the permanent quality of our principles—the immortality of the soul-qualities that radiate at need from the heart of the individual—the subtle yet eternal fragrance of the inner life that emanates its own atmosphere from day to day, and consciously or unconsciously breathes forth a little of itself to all who come within its influence. As Isaac Watts puts it,

“How fair is the rose! What a beautiful flower,
The glory of April and May!
But the leaves are beginning to fade in an hour,
And they wither and die in a day;
Yet the rose has one powerful virtue to boast,
Above all the flowers of the field:
When the leaves are all dead, and its fine colors lost,
Still how sweet a perfume it will yield!”

We will not develop this at once. The rose does not bloom in a minute. It must unfold gradually from the bud, opening up petal by petal and leaf by leaf at the call of the Nature-influences outside appealing to its own life-force within, until it finally emerges from its sheath as the complete bloom in all the beauty and fragrance for which it was created, and which has from the very first lain dormant within its being, awaiting the call of life. If rude, however well-meaning hands, hoping to assist it, tear aside the protecting sheath before it hears

the masterful "Come forth!" of Nature, the beauty is defaced at the very outset, and the fragrance sadly blighted. It is as a ruined life, because it was not permitted to develop naturally and gradually in the way Nature intended when its possibilities were first wrapped up within its petals. We shall, therefore, grow slowly but surely into the rose of perfect character, emerging little by little from the buds of our obscurity, until the world scents the fragrance of our masterful personalities, and makes way for its penetration into all the affairs of life.

But we leave behind our blessing and the subtle aroma of our association here as an ever-abiding influence and source of inspiration to those who are to come after us. We say unto you, as did Moore,

"Farewell! But whenever the bell chimes the hour
That summons the classes to Learning's glad bower,
You will think of this Class that once gathered here,
 too,

And studied each lesson as deeply as you.

Long, long, be each room with our memories filled,
Through the halls where the sound of our voices is
 stilled;

You make take, you may fill every place, if you will,
But the scent of our class rose will hang 'round it still."

(g) THE LILY

Leigh Hunt says, in his "Chorus of Flowers,"

'We are lilies fair,

 The flower of virgin light;

Nature held us forth and said,

 'Lo! My thoughts of white!'"

And perhaps Rossetti puts it even more beautifully, in the words,

“The lilies say: ‘Behold, how we
Preach, without words, of purity!’ ”

The lily has always stood as the emblem of purity—the resurrection of every buried hope and aim from the grave of its long sleep and the awakening to a renewal of Life of all that is pure and sweet and stainless in the lives and thoughts of men and women. The time has passed when people looked upon only the professions of the priest or the nun in their consecrated ministry as sacred and holy. We are learning to understand now the glory and sacredness of all life, and to realize the reverence due to every mission that it may be our divine appointment to perform, no matter how humbly and lowly that mission may of itself appear to be. Every deed is honored in the doing; everything that has to be done in the service of humanity, in even its crudest, roughest forms, is worthy of the very best efforts of which we are capable; every tiny act, and word, and thought that is necessary to the help of the smallest creature of all God’s creation is likewise a service to the Creator in the unfolding of some part of His infinite plan. Then there is no position too menial, no work too trifling, no task too insignificant or repulsive to be clothed in a grandeur all its own, or to present itself in any way undeserving the touch of a man who recognizes his own divine origin, and knows his mission is to serve wherever and to whatever his path may lead. The service is glorified by the reverent handling of the servant, and if we but go forth with unstained soul and clean hands to respond to the bidding of Creation, it will be as

“Lilies white, prepared to touch
The whitest thought, nor soil it much.”

And we all know that, however hard or unwelcome we may at first, in our ignorance, regard our calling, yet it will be unto the world a blessing, and to us according to the nature of our thought and purpose, and the spirit in which we approach our work, as

"Very whitely still,
The lilies of our lives may reassure
The blossoms from their roots."

For with us, as with all the great army of the world's workers, they who realize the sanctity of all life and all life's work,

"The saintly lilies stand
Fair in the silvery light,
Like saintly vestals, pale in prayer,
Their pure breath sanctifies the air,
As its fragrance fills the night."

The revelation of physical science with its multitude of little lives too infinitely small for the eye to see, and yet all divinely busy in carrying out their part in the development of the plan of creation—the manifestations of earth's wonders through geology, botany, zoology and many other sciences—the glimpses of Nature's finer forces in the experiments in electricity, gravitation, chemistry, and all the disclosures of scientific investigation and experiment have made us feel like walking unshod every step of the wonderful life ahead of us, passing with bared head and reverent tread the humblest appearances of life that present themselves, feeling that it is in some way but another manifestation of creation as a thought of the divine mind, and as such is indeed holy ground. It is thus that we must hold every thought stainless to be worthy of performing its part in the subtle manifestations of destiny that is day by day weaving its own perfection. Thus have we chosen as a recognition of

this holy aspect of all creation, our class lily, knowing that

“The great ocean hath no tone of power
Mightier to reach the soul, in thought’s hushed hour,
Than have the lilies,”

and feeling that we can say with Eliza Cook,

“The citron-tree or spicy grove for me would never yield
A perfume half so grateful as the lilies of the field.”

The lily typifies for us the deep purity of view and thought and purpose that we would so reverently make our own, claiming as our own the blessing of the Master, “Blessed are the pure in heart,” for with a deeper, truer understanding of its significance, we now realize that its promise means, “For they shall see God”—everywhere, and in everything,—the revelation of divinity in every manifestation of created life. Thus,

“With childlike, credulous affection,
We behold their tender buds expand,
Emblems of our own great resurrection,
Emblems of the bright and better land.”

(h) THE CARNATION

In Percival’s poem, “The Language of Flowers,” we read:

“In Eastern lands, they talk in flowers,
And they tell in a garland their loves and cares;
Each blossom that blooms in their garden bowers,
On its leaves a mystic language bears.”

And Wordsworth, in his “*Intimations of Immortality*,” says, most feelingly:

“To me the meanest flower that blows can give
Thoughts that do often lie too deep for tears.”

It is with a full realization of the sweet, deep power in the subtle voice of the flower that we have chosen for our class emblem the beautiful carnation,—the rich, fragrant blossom that means so much.

It was only a few years ago that the carnation came into especial prominence as the favorite of a great and noble man. Every morning of the year, it smiled upon the coat lapel of the Nation's president, and breathed forth its fragrance in sweet, sincere greeting to all who came into his presence, or entered in any way the circle of his influence. It gradually grew to be so closely associated with the thought of this big-souled man, and his noble efforts for the nation's highest good, that to mention the flower was to turn one's thought at once to the man and his ambition for his country; and when, that dreadful day in Buffalo, he fell as a martyr upon the altar of the nation, the little flower in his coat was dyed red with his blood, and became forever after sacred to his memory throughout the length and breadth of the land, even to the extent of being known in many localities and by many people as "The McKinley Flower." And so, ever since this tragic crisis in our national history, the carnation has seemed to stand for all the principles embodied in the character of this splendid man. Therefore, we, in selecting this flower as the emblem of our class, are thus giving expression to the same lofty sentiments that animated the third of our martyred presidents, and are proclaiming ourselves ready to stand in the same courageous strength, for the same eternal truths for which he lived and died.

The carnation is, first of all, ambitious. It was once a simple, wildwood pink, humble and unassuming in its wild and untrained sweetness. But it was not at all satisfied with this crude and ignorant way of existing. It knew within itself that it could never do as much good

to the world in this way as it might after being properly trained and cultivated. So it determined to get a proper education, and to learn the way of the world's gardens and hothouses, and thus to become the flower of refinement and culture and perfected bloom that it now is. Its breath is heavy with the experiences of many stages of development, and it wafts far and near the advantages of the best possible education and training.

The carnation stands also for power,—just such power as comes from education. When we pass the flower stand on the corner, though there may be a score of blooms represented in the collection, we detect the breath and strength of the carnation at once, and its scent lingers with us as we pass on down the street. It is just this way that the best educated person makes his value felt in every community. The carnation finds a place in the grandest bouquets. The educated worker gets the best position in life.

Again, the carnation is sweet and attractive. It has no thorns to prick those who approach, but turns a smiling face to everybody it attracts to it by its fragrant influence.

The carnation also typifies endurance. When it is plucked from the soil, and placed in a vase with other flowers, it will be found still fresh and smiling long after the others have withered and been thrown away. Because of this, we feel it very appropriate as a symbol of our class, which has tonight finished its work in school, while others have stopped by the way, and been unable or unwilling to hold on until the end of the course.

This, friends, we promise to demonstrate through all our lives. Like the carnation, we will turn only sweet and smiling faces upon the world, ever receiving and radiating sunshine, and wafting as does the flower the rich breath of a fragrant influence to all who are drawn

to us by the sweet scent of our atmosphere, cheering and brightening every corner where destiny may place us, and emulating the lofty principles of the president whose dying, "Nearer My God to Thee," still echoes throughout the music of the Nation, prompting every aspiring spirit to endure unto the end.

(i) SUGGESTIONS

The above class flowers have been given so complete an interpretation because they are the ones in most general use among High School classes, and there has been the greatest demand for these particular symbolizations; and also because they furnish as good a variety as is possible to secure in so small a proportion of the flowers in use. Below, a number of others will be suggested, with their interpretation, and a quotation or two from which the student may with ease work up the desired theme.

Arbutus—Faith.

"Today the south wind sweeps away
The types of autumn's splendor,
And shows the sweet arbutus flowers,
Spring's children, pure and tender.

"O prophet-flowers!—with lips of bloom,
Outvying in your beauty
The pearly tints of ocean shells—
Ye teach me faith and duty!

"'Walk life's dark ways,' ye seem to say,
'With love's divine foreknowing,
That where man sees but withered leaves,
God sees sweet flowers growing.'"

—Albert Leighton.

Daffodil—Fearlessness and Joy in Daring.

“Daffodils

That come before the swallow dares, and take
The winds of March with beauty.”

—*Shakespeare.*

“My heart with pleasure fills,
And dances with the daffodils.”

—*Wordsworth.*

“Fair daffodils, we weep to see
 You haste away so soon;
As yet, the early-rising sun
 Has not attained its noon;
We have short time to stay as you;
 We have as short a spring;
As quick a growth to meet decay,
 As you or anything.”

—*Herrick.*

Forget-Me-Not—Remembrance. Hope.

“The blue and bright-eyed floweret of the brook,
Hope’s gentle-gem, the sweet forget-me-not.”

—*Bryant.*

Four-Leaved Clover—Good Fortune.

“World, be true for us;
Skies, be blue for us;
Fortune, see what your winds may do for us!
Fair weather find us, the wide world over!
You must, for here is our four-leaved clover.”

—*Anon.*

Goldenrod—Value. True worth.

“Our slackened grasp doth hold
Store of pure and genuine gold;
Quick thou comest, strong and free,
Type of all wealth to be—
Goldenrod!”

—Elaine Goodale.

Hyacinth—Constancy.

“The hyacinth’s for constancy with its unchanging
blue.”

—Burns.

Iris or *Fleur de lis*—Radiating joy.

“Born in the purple, born to joy and pleasure,
Thou dost not toil nor spin,
But makest glad and radiant with thy presence
The meadow and the inn!—
O flower of song, bloom on and make forever
The world more fair to win.”

—Longfellow.

Jasmine—Truth conquering falsehood.

“Among the flowers no perfume is like mine;
That which is best in me comes from within;
So those who in this world would rise and shine
Should seek internal excellence to win;
And though ’tis true that falsehood and despair
Meet in my name, yet bear it still in mind
That where they meet they perish. All is fair
When they are gone, for Truth remains
behind.”

—Leland.

Laurel—Ambition.

“Let us deck our brows with laurel,
 Making every aim sublime;
To the pulse of man’s ambition,
 May each step beat rhythmic time,
Till the hero’s deathless laurel
 Crowns the height to which we climb.”

—E. F. A. U. P.

Palm—Victory.

“Let him who has won the victory bear the palm.”
—Nelson.

Rosemary—Remembrance.

“There’s rosemary—that’s for remembrance.”
—Ophelia.

Sweet Pea—Ambition.

“Here are sweet peas, on tip-toe for a flight,
 With wings of gentle flush o’er delicate white,
And taper fingers, catching at all things.”

—Keats.

(The Class that thinks deeply, and has an eye in tune with the harmonies of creation, and in touch with the “eternal fitness of things,” will choose for its emblem a flower that harmonizes either in symbology or in blend of color with the class colors. Black and gold to go with the Sweet Pea or Lily is such a ridiculous combination that it seems absurd to suggest it, yet many classes make just such incongruous selections, and never notice how they “scream at one another.” To a larger number than many realize, this High School Commencement will be the only graduation event of a lifetime. Make it, then,

as full of significance, and true, pure inspiration of the highest, most uplifting, most purposeful thought, that its influence may radiate through all the aims and ambitions of the future, wherein too many "shall not pass this way again.")

III. THE CLASS YELL

(a) A YELL DEMONSTRATION

(This oration may, with little effort, be adapted to the needs of either a Salutatory or a Valedictory.)

Oh! Oh! Oh! What's the fuss?

19—, U-S—Us!

Blankville High School—that's the fuss!

(Yell given by Class as speaker takes place.)

It is quite possible, dear friends, that you have once or twice before heard this inspiring sound, in your walks to and fro about the city, and especially when in the vicinity of the High School, or near any of the members of the Class of 19—. It is quite as possible, too, that you may have wondered what it could mean, and have puzzled your brains over the peculiar combination of sounds, trying to understand just why they were so put together, and what they may signify. Therefore, it is but altogether right and proper that I should attempt to explain as clearly as possible just what the hearty greeting means to us, for I assure you that it truly means very much.

(Repeat yell very slowly and impressively.)

To begin with, take the first line, and notice its interjection that may mean almost anything or nothing. Why does the greeting always start out in just that way? Is it the "Oh!" of pain, the "Oh!" of surprise, the "Oh!"

of joy, or merely an ejaculation of hesitation because we don't know just what we're going to say, or just how to say it, and want to gain a little time? I assure you, friends, it is never from any lack of knowledge of what we wish to say, for years of association and daily attendance have made the name we wish to voice as familiar to every one of us as our own, while we are surely very well-used to sounding the number of the magic year, and very proficient in our primary spelling of the "U-S—Us!" that keeps us ever so very sure of ourselves, and of the place where we may be found; neither is it due to any hesitation as to where our allegiance lies, and where the affection of every student's heart leads, for the work of Blankville High School has been too deep and too warmly appreciated for there to be any chance for lack of loyalty; nor yet, friends, is it from any lack of bravery or moral courage in daring to assert ourselves, for we let the whole world know exactly where we stand, and are very sure that U-S spells Us! And if we spell it with a capital "U" just this once in our lives, who is there who would blame us, when he stops to think how very big we must necessarily feel just now? Far from it! If, then, it came from none of these causes, why, you ask, is it framed in the peculiar manner that it is? Why do we cry "Oh!" for the second and even the third time? Friends, can you not see that it comes from excess of emotion on the subject—from that overflow of enthusiasm that always expresses itself in exclamatory interjections rather than in the finished, well-rounded sentences which people of more dignity and decorum, perhaps, would more deeply appreciate, though they might not feel so strongly! Second, and deepest, it is born of that pressure of strong feeling upon the depths of the heart that forces the big lump into the throat which chokes back the most familiar

and best-loved words, and makes even the most commonplace expressions hard indeed to articulate. It is at times a thought of pain that forces it forth; again, a thought of surprise and wonder at the new experience that seems so great to us; and again a thought that is all joy and satisfaction; but at most times we feel it is a curious combination of all three, and expresses a strange medley of all the emotions of which the student heart is capable! Do you understand now, friends, how in trying to shout the name of our class, and of the school we so dearly love, and must so soon leave, we cry out in exclamations that must seem almost meaningless to those who cannot realize the emotions that send them forth, and is it any wonder that these cries should be so soon followed by the pertinent query, "What's the fuss?"

At this point it would be well to analyze more closely this little question, and learn exactly its significance. To begin with, just what is the meaning of the word "fuss"? It may, of course like most of our English words, be variously defined, and used to signify "tumult," "bustle," "commotion," "disturbance," or "stir," any of which will answer our purpose admirably; but the real significance of the word in this connection may be best expressed by that popular phrase of modern slang, "Something doing." It expresses in that one phrase a world of meaning, for it recognizes in the Class of 19— of Blankville High School a desire to move, to push, to go ahead, to do things! It sees in the young people who are just to pass from the supervision of the dear old school the germ of energy and ambition that must eventually lead them to lives of usefulness and honor, if not to lofty summits of greatness and achievement. The world has always had its eye open for the go-ahead man or woman, and when any unusual display of energy is discovered

in any individual, or class of individuals, how quick it is to ask, "What's the fuss?" Is this question, then, not doubly appropriate for this most ambitious of all graduating classes, the Class of 19—? And after the simple statement "19—, U-S—Us," how concise and all comprehensive is the answer, "Blankville High School, that's the fuss!" There is an air of conclusiveness about that which shows without the need of any further words how much Blankville High School means to every one of its members, and how large a share of their individual world the dear school represents. Ah, friends, we realize only too well how very large a part our school life here has played in the formation of our characters, and the fixing of our careers, through its steady preparing us for the life that lies ahead of us, just outside the class-room doors. We should have to be blind, indeed, if we could not see how much we owe to the school, and to all connected with it. And in after years, when we do some great and noble thing, and the whole world looks on to admire and praise us, with its wondering "What's the fuss?" we will one and all look back upon this well-loved and tenderly remembered spot, and answer softly, "Blankville High School—that's the fuss!" for we will know that we owe it all to the training we have here received.

And now, friends, to you, as you listen to the clear, ringing accents of the yell, let it come as a hearty greeting, as an expression of our friendliness toward you, the spirit of fellowship reaching out from us to you. And let these few words of explanation which I have tried to render clearly and concisely come to you as words of a more complete understanding between ourselves and you, and make you a bit more tolerant of our overflow of spirits. These little things that mean so much to us

today may have but little significance to you who have already lived through a part of your lives; but listen to all that we have to say tonight, and watch us as we pass forever out of the school-life the years have so endeared to us all, and if, in your superior wisdom, born of years of experience in the larger school of life, you are tempted to ask in a cynical wonder, "What's the fuss?" think how much it means to us as a class, and as individual students, and let the answer come back to you, with all its wealth of thoughtful significance, "Blankville High School—that's the fuss!"

(b) ANOTHER ELUCIDATION

Auguman, Durgamen,
Rip—ray—rah!
Blankville High School,
Zip, boom, bah!

19—
Yah, yah, yah!

There has been a great deal of query and questioning to be met from both friend and foe since we came forward with our daring yell. Where did we get it? When did we get it? And above all, why did we get it? These are a few of the questions that have been pressed upon us from every side.

One of our rival classes—we mention no names out of courtesy to their loving friends—has come boldly to the front with an explanation, which they vouch for in all sincerity, as the literal truth, but which we are here to assure you is no explanation at all. It is claimed by these envious ones that we came by our delightful heart-to-heart call after the following undignified manner:

A football player of wide and wonderful reputation, whose name was Ray, once gave an outlandish yell as he charged. This yell has been translated as the "Auguman, Durgamen!" of our watchword! During the charge he lost a part of his uniform through a bad rip in the sleeve, and his friends reminded him by a long-drawn-out "Rip!" As the play ended, of course, in his going over the line, a deep "Rah!" likewise issued from the stands. Thus, by putting the rip, the boy's name and the yell from the stands together, the second line was formed. The third line of the yell was added for the school, he having carried his emblem over the goal. "Zip, boom!" is representative of a bursting shell, and the final "Ah!" for the success of the explosion.

Now this is what, in all seriousness, this people would have you believe of our zeal-inspiring words! We are indeed glad of this opportunity of refuting it. As a matter of fact, friends, the words "Arguman, Durgamen," are Greek, meaning "We direct! We lead!" You can readily see, then, how appropriate they are to our achievement today, and our hope for all the future. Imagine, if you can, a football player yelling Greek phrases as he made a touch down! The inference is, of course, that he was studying his Greek and playing football at the same time, but we do not claim, even for ourselves, such proficiency in either Greek conjugations or athletic demonstrations as this combination of application would indicate. We claim only the significance of the English translation, and that the outburst of enthusiasm that follows but shows a little of the spirit with which we face every obstacle, and thus reveals very much of the reason why it is so true that "We direct! We lead!" and so have an unassailable right to incorporate the claim in our immortal yell.

(c) SUGGESTED YELLS

From which to make a selection for adaptation to your use.

White and blue! White and blue!
 Blankville! Blankville! We're for you!
 Blue and white—out of sight!
 Blankville—Seniors—we're all right!

Ski yoo mah, Ski yoo mah!
 Wow zee rah, Wow zee rah!
 Are we in it? Well, I guess!
 19—, B. H. S.

Say!
 What?
 That's What!
 What's What?
 19—, B. H. S.

Get it, get it, get it right!
 Blankville High School,—hold it tight!
 19—, out of sight!
 Whoop-ee!

Raggity Haggity Boom Bah!
 Haggity Raggity Yum Yah!
 Hoo Rah! Boo Rah! Yoo Rah!
 19—, I-T—It!

Don't you worry! Don't you fret!
 19— will get there yet!
 We are the winners—well, we guess!
 Blankville High School—yes! yes! yes!
 Ain't we it? Just clear the scene!
 Watch us—who? 19—!

Hoo-rah! Hoo-rah! Who are we?
We are Seniors, can't you see?
Where from?
Blankville High School, rah! rah! rah!
Blankville High School, yah, yah, yah!
A One and a Nine, and a plain ——!
That's it! Whew! 19—!

Hullabaloo! Hullabaleen!
Blankville! Blankville! 19—!

IV. THE CLASS WILL

(The Class Will has become so familiar a part of almost every Commencement program, and gives scope for so little variety of form, save in its adaptation to local needs, that only one form is given in this collection.)

Ladies and Gentlemen, Board of Education, Superintendent, Teachers and Friends:—

Upon behalf of my client, the Class of 19—, of Blankville High School, of the City of Blankville, State of Florida, U. S. A., I have called you together upon this solemn and serious occasion, to listen to her last will and testament, and to receive from her dying hand the few gifts she has to bestow in her last moments. Cutting so rapidly loose from life, and finding so many things of such gigantic proportions to be attended to before the end should come upon her, realizing at the same time that she had no longer any time left to spend in cultivation of her own virtues, she did, collectively and individually, deem it best to distribute these virtues with her own hands to those friends to whose needs they seem best fitted. As a result of this announcement a wild scene took place amidst most frantic pleading and

scrambling among her friends for this or that so long coveted glory; but she has tried to be just, as well as generous and impartial, and distribute wisely unto those who will make the best use of such gifts as she has in her power to bestow, the talents that have served her so faithfully these four years. These are her decisions, as at last definitely arrived at through very deliberate consideration. Owing to the flighty condition of her brain, and the unusual disturbance in its gray matter, she begs me to state for her that she may quite possibly have been mistaken in her inventory; but such things as she thinks she has, she hereby gives into your possession, praying that you will accept them as a sacred trust from one who has gone before.

Listen, then, one and all, while I read the document, as duly drawn up and sworn to:

We, the Class of 19—, in twelve individual and distinct parts, being about to pass out of this sphere of education, in full possession of a crammed mind, well-trained memory, and almost superhuman understanding, do make and publish this, our last will and testament, hereby revoking and making void all former wills or promises by us at any time heretofore made, or mayhap, carelessly spoken, one to the other, as the thoughtless wish of an idle hour.

And first we do direct that our funeral services shall be conducted by our friends and well-wishers, our superintendent and his all-wise and ever-competent faculty, who have been our guardians for so long, only asking, as the last injunction of the dying, that the funeral be carried on with all the dignity and pomp that our worth, our merit, our attainments, and our positions as Seniors of “grave and reverend mien,” must certainly have deserved.

As to such estate as it has pleased the Fates and our own strong hands and brains to win for us, we do dispose of the same as follows:

Item:

We give and bequeath to the dear faculty, who have been our instructors in all the wisdom of the ages, a sweet and unbroken succession of restful nights and peaceful dreams. No longer need they lie awake through the long watches of the night to worry over the uncertainty of whether this one is doing her night work, or that one will have her mathematics in morning class, or the other one will remember every iron-clad rule of compositional technique in the preparation of her essay. It has been a hard strain on them, for Seniors are said to be at all times and under all conditions difficult to manage. But they have all done their duty, and verily, now shall they have their well-earned reward.

Item:

We give and bequeath to our beloved Superintendent, Prof. John Doe, our sincere affection, our deepest reverence, our heartiest gratitude, and the whole unlimited wealth of our eternal memory. In an attempt at partial payment for all that he has done for us during our long years at Blankville High, we make over to him, here and now, a heavy mortgage on our future in the Great Unknown beyond. It shall be his to watch every step of our upward and onward flitting—to note each trial, each attempt, each victory, each success and honor that we may achieve in the arena of the world—and to accept for himself, as interest on our deathless debt, every ounce of the praise, every iota of the honor, knowing that it is all due to his faithful instructions.

Item:

We give and bequeath to Blankville High School, as a whole, the dear old yell that we have composed, and have made use of to make music for our friends for so long. This yell is to become the possession of the school on condition that it shall ever be kept in constant use that it may not become dull and spiritless through lack of proper practice and sufficient painstaking rehearsal. And we further stipulate that each and every student shall become so thoroughly inoculated with the true spirit of its words and rhythm, and their patriotic inspiration, that they shall straightway resolve themselves into committees of one to spread broadcast the call of the place where they learn to grow—to do things—to make a noise.

Item:

Again, we give and bequeath to our beloved faculty all the amazing knowledge and startling information that we have furnished them from time to time in our various examination papers. We know that much which we have imparted to them in this way must have been entirely new to them, as well as to all teachers and students everywhere, and would throw much new light on many a hitherto familiar line of thought, throughout the whole world of science and learning, even outside the halls and walls of Blankville High School. If the faculty see fit, they are hereby authorized to give out such of this information to the world as they may feel the world is ready to receive. We trust they will also feel at perfect liberty to make use of all such bits of wisdom and enlightenment for the education of the classes to come after us. This, of course, is left entirely to their personal discretion.

Item:

We give and bequeath to the leading paper of our city, the *Blankville Banner*, and to the talented editor thereof, all the events of our lives, past, present, and to come, with all the wonders, sensations, hair-breadth escapes, glorious attainments, and other deserved or undeserved notoriety and fame with which we may have been, or may hereafter be associated, trusting that they may furnish plenty of material for news items and brilliant editorials for ages yet to come, and serve as an inspiration for those younger students who so naturally look to us for examples.

Item:

We give and bequeath to the Junior Class all such boys as were not able to keep pace with such brilliant girls as compose the majority of our class, trusting that the Junior girls may be able to hold firmly to them and steer them firmly next year through the gates of Commencement, that they may not share in the humiliation that has been ours at not being able to "hold our men folks"—as the women of the world would put it.

Item:

We likewise give and bequeath to this same Junior Class, as a student body, Henry M's knowledge of economics, philosophy, art, science, and the universe in whole or in part. We trust the class may be able to survive it.

Item:

The following may seem but trifling bequests, but we hope they may be accepted, not as worthless things lavishly thrown away because we can no longer keep them, but as valuable assets to those who may receive

them, and a continual reminder of the generosity of heart displayed in our free and full bestowal:

1st. To our class-room teacher, Miss F., the profound admiration and ever-enduring friendship of the Class of 19—, in individual as well as collective manifestation.

2nd. To Miss B., the balance in our class treasury, to be used in buying a pair of rubber shoes for detective work. We feel she will be sure to need these in dealing with the classes that are to be our successors.

3rd. To the football team of next year, the ability of William N. and Harry W. We couldn't induce John G. to surrender his.

4th. To all future Class Presidents, William N.'s ability to convince Professor Doe of the said President's unerring judgment.

5th. To Donald W., Ida J.'s gift of gab.

6th. To anybody who needs it, Frank K.'s bluff. Apply early and avoid the rush.

7th. To Ora S., Mary B.'s histrionic gifts.

8th. To Charlie V., the secret of John G.'s methods of playing base ball.

9th. To some benighted Freshman,—anybody who will accept it as it is yet unclaimed,—Clara V.'s troubles as Class Secretary.

10th. To George F., the example of all the members of this class. We have proven ourselves able to keep quiet on all occasions. Sheer numbers ought to convince and convert George.

11th. To the Freshman Class that is to be—any overlooked cuds of gum we may have left adhering to the underside of desks, banisters, assembly seats, or any likely or unlikely places. We have sometimes had to rid ourselves of these in too much haste to be able

to pick and choose the most desirable means of disposal.

12th. To Florence C., Maud W.'s ancestors. She feels she will not need them any more. She can face the world behind her own coat of paint.

13th. To Lawrence D., William N.'s executive ability, but not his beauty. He'll still feel the need of that, he fears, and wouldn't be coaxed nor cajoled into leaving it behind, even with Lawrence, who needs it so badly.

14th. To Mrs. F., the musical gifts of Ida J. "Music hath charms to soothe the savage breast."

Item:

The subjoined list will be recognized as entailed estates, to which we do declare the Class of 19—the real and rightful successors:

1st. Our seats in class-room and chapel. May they endeavor to fill them as advantageously, as promptly and as faithfully as we have done. Our seats in Assembly Hall may be taken by whosoever is able to grab them first.

2nd. Our Senior dignity. May they uphold it forever, with all seriousness and gravity, endeavoring to realize its vast importance, in spite of their natural light-mindedness and irresponsibility.

3rd. Any stubs of pencils, erasers or scraps of paper that we may inadvertently leave behind us in the excitement and haste of gathering up our cherished treasures for the last time. May they feel free to make use of them, and feel, perhaps, that they may, in some mystic way, impart some of our great knowledge to them.

Last comes the one thing hard for us to part with. To our successors we must leave our places in the hearts and thoughts of our Principal and teachers. They will love them, unworthy as we feel they are, even as they have loved us; they will show them all the same tender

kindness and attention that they have bestowed upon us; they will feel the same interest in their attempts and successes; the same sorrow when they fail. We trust that the Class of 19— will appreciate all this as deeply as we have done, that it may be their most precious possession, as it has been ours, and the one we are most loath to hand over to them.

Besides these enforced gifts, we leave—not of necessity, but our own free will—our blessing, tender memories of our pleasant associations together, and our forgiveness for anything that we may not have exactly appreciated in the demonstrations of the past, and a pledge of friendship from henceforth and forever.

All the rest and residue of our property, whatsoever and wheresoever, of what nature, kind and quality soever it may be, and not herein before disposed of (after paying our debts and funeral expenses), we give and bequeath to our beloved Principal, for his use and benefit absolutely, and to be disposed of for the good of the coming classes as he may see fit.

And we do hereby constitute and appoint the said Principal sole executor of this our last will and testament.

In witness whereof, We, the Class of 19—, the testators, have to this our will, written on one sheet of parchment, set our hands and seal this twentieth day of June, *Anno Domini*, one thousand nine hundred and —.

V. THE CLASS GRUMBLER

(To be most effective, this should be given by a member of the class known to be of the sunniest disposition and general good nature, not at all susceptible to a "grouch.")

Life may be a bed of roses sometimes, and under some conditions, but there's always a thorn on the stem

of every flower that's bound to prick hard; it may offer us many a huge doughnut, but there's sure to be a big hole in the center of each one; and the worm of dissatisfaction and discontent hides in the heart of the reddest apple to gnaw its life away. It's all right to be an optimist, if you don't let it strike in deep enough to become dangerous; but it sets one's teeth on edge to have a really delightful grouch, and then run up squarely against "the smile that won't come off" and not be able to produce an antidote.

I'm here to tell you that there's a cloud behind every sunbeam. We look dreadfully wise and altogether charming, all spread out here so nicely and harmoniously for your inspection, but if you could just get one peep at us behind the scenes, you might form an altogether different opinion than the admiring one you now hold. It sounds big, too, and all very fine, to tell the wonderful successes of our past four years, but you notice nobody has very much to say about the failures, the hard work, the report-cards we were so reluctant to take home, with their bad marks, and the punishments and reprimands we have to our discredit. All that, our wise boys and girls have passed over in discreet silence. But I believe in speaking "the truth, the whole truth and nothing but the truth," so you must not look for any whitewashed effects from me. I stand here, "just as I am without one plea," and have one object alone in stating my side of the case at all—the desire to show you that "all is not gold that glitters," that everything is not always exactly as brilliant as it is painted, and that even this grand and glorious season isn't altogether what my classmates have tried to make it out to be.

For instance, as you doubtless know, a Senior is naturally very sensitive. His feelings are easily wounded.

Why, then, are people so brutally frank about telling him all his faults? Why can't anybody seem to remember that he is a rarefied being, in an exalted atmosphere, "not of the earth, earthy," and refrain from tormenting him with so many hard bumps as have been our undeserved portion?

Again, a Senior is universally recognized as a creature of lofty and wonderful dignity. Why won't people respect it? Why, the Juniors sometimes even dare to sit down in our very presence, and even the Sophomores have on one or two occasions "forgotten" to lift their hats. I say "forgotten" from a sincere wish to do them justice. Far be it from me to even suspect that this reverential courtesy could have been neglected through any less excusable failing. Of course the Freshmen have never failed to tiptoe by with frightened faces and trembling limbs, and this has helped to soothe our wounded vanity to some small extent; but still the hurt rankles within our memory and our heads are often very sore.

Again, we feel that we have just the same sort of bitter memories to carry with us of the whole pathway through the ups and downs—but mostly *downs*—of our High School career. When we were Freshmen we lived in constant fear of every other class in the school, but especially of our avowed enemies, the heartless and unfeeling Sophomores. But when we became Sophomores ourselves, and naturally felt that it was our turn, they all united to make us feel that

"We were neither man nor woman;
We were neither brute nor human;
We were Sophs!"

and jeered at our wise foolishness, or our foolish wisdom, whichever it is, that a Wise Fool is supposed to

carry around with him, until we welcomed the coming of every night, bringing "Nature's sweet restorer" to our rescue, when our injuries would permit even that solace to reach our troubled hearts. As Juniors, there was the continual imposition and unbearable enmity of the class of last year to endure, in addition to our efforts to hold up our rights and maintain our dignity before the lower classes; and this year, when we so reasonably expected our full share of the usual Senior privileges as some sort of compensation for the sufferings of our past, what have we received? Alas! In Blankville High School "Senior Privileges" seem to have this year become as obsolete words, and stricken from the vocabulary of the faculty altogether. We have petitioned for many favors that have not always been treated with the proper degree of respect. We have even condescended to sue, yet have had our appeals met with unrelenting scorn. Can you not see what we have had to endure? Is it any wonder that we are not always gay?

We have found it difficult, too, to convince our teachers that we were not the same boys in knee trousers and the same girls in pig-tails and short dresses who first came to them four years ago. Some, even yet, persist in addressing us by our Christian names, which otherwise we feel we might have entirely forgotten. Some of them have even been caught smiling—slyly, of course—at some failure we have made in giving proper expression to the wisdom and dignity that is ours. We can bear much. We feel that we have borne more than the average mortal is ever called upon to endure. But this is the last straw. The camel's back is broken. We can smile no more. We can only go on record as having registered this complaint, and with the wish that we may be remembered throughout the years as having

given expression to the standing "grouch" we will yet be nursing in the depth of our hearts.

(This oration may end here, but if the class desires to present their Principal with a "token of remembrance," this is a unique place to introduce the words of presentation.)

Mr. Doe, it is hard to have to say these things, but you have never hesitated to tell us our faults. Why, then, should you be displeased if we take this occasion of telling you of yours? It's the first chance we've had to talk back since we first began to listen to your frequent and so altogether undeserved reproofs. Now we feel the case is in our hands, and it is only fair that you, this once, at least, should listen to what we have to say. For four years we have had to listen to all you said, and at least pretend to believe it. We have even tried to look and act as if we liked it. For four years you have worked early and late to force us to learn many hard lessons. Somebody else might have tried to teach us some of the same things, but we feel that nobody else could have taught it all quite so thoroughly, and driven it with such constant knocking through the crust that covers what is supposed to be our brains. You have extravagantly wasted a great deal of midnight oil figuring out new problems to torture us with. You have lost a great deal of sleep worrying over us, which might have been much more wisely employed in grieving over your mistakes. You have failed to see a great many of our pranks, which should by all means have been severely reprimanded and properly punished. The time has come when you must suffer the results of these things which you have done, and those others which you have failed to do. To

show you a little of how we feel about this, we are meting out to you the just punishment we feel that you deserve, by presenting you with this chair. We sentence you to sit in it a full hour at the close of every day and meditate upon your shortcomings in your dealings with us, and try to figure out some way to improve as you handle the classes to come after us. We don't see any chance for improvement ourselves, but you have seen so many ways to make us better, we are sure you will see as many in the remodelling of your own nature. Think of us often as your life-long friends, who are grateful, even when they are forced to appear a little severe, and believe me when I assure you that this necessary chastisement hurts us as much as it hurts you.

VI. PRESENTATION OF DIPLOMAS

(a) BY A PRINCIPAL

Whittier beautifully says of this season of the year,

"In these sweet June days,
The teacher and scholar trust
Their parting feet to separate ways,"

and to you, and to me, members of the Class of 19—, this time of separation has stolen upon us almost unaware, until nothing is left to be said but the words of parting advice that all teachers are so anxious to say, and all classes, doubtless, as reluctant to hear.

All of your lives, so far, you have been the recipients of intellectual benefits. Out of the helplessness of childhood, out of the ungainliness of youth, you have emerged into the stature of men and women, and at each stage of your progress you have found kind hands to lead you where the way was dark, and strong arms

to lift you where the road was rough. But now comes a change in the form and spirit of things, and henceforth you are to be givers rather than receivers. Indeed, it is to this end that you have received so much, that hereafter you may know how much more blessed it is to give than to receive. And to you the gospel of culture comes with the same summons which the Great Teacher gave to the disciples of a higher gospel, "Freely ye have received, freely give."

We have been students together, you and I. You have learned much from me. I, too, have learned much from you. Every day has been a growth, as we have explored the fields of thought and investigation together. Every year has done its best to impress upon you what it now becomes your duty and privilege to express to the world. Every impression calls for as complete and definite an expression in whatever form of activity your individual task may lie. Find your work, and then do it.

As you go forth out of school life, step as bravely and boldly into life's school, resolving to prove all things for yourself, and in holding fast to that which is good, make the world better and wiser and happier because of your living in it. Thus only can you fill up the measure of your opportunities, and meet the demand of your responsibilities.

We have been such close friends that I regret your going, even while I rejoice that you have been found worthy of a larger place in the big school, and so must necessarily be promoted to the higher grade. You have done well, and I am proud of you; you are going to do even better, and I am prouder yet of that. And I bid you farewell with the assurance that I believe in you, and am sending you forth into the work of the higher grade with my deep and sincere blessing.

(b) ANOTHER IN THREE PARTS

1. *Address of Principal—Presenting Graduating Class to Board of Education*

Mr. President and Members of the Board of Education:—It is indeed my joy to present to you this class of boys and girls to receive from your hands the seal of your approval and your sanction for their passing, fully equipped for the next step up the ladder, from our High School doors. As teachers, we have watched them climb step by step through the course of study, winning ever higher and higher marks, solving ever more and more difficult problems, and surmounting even greater and yet greater difficulties, until tonight we feel that they may well say with Cæsar, *Veni, vidi, vici!* For indeed have they conquered all they saw. As victors, then, they may justly claim from your hands the material symbol of their intellectual triumph—the key of your sanction that is to unlock for them the doors of their future activity.

I cannot go into the lives of each member of the class and outline the vast store of their individual talents, for they are too many and too varied for enumeration in many times the moments at my disposal. We feel that we have some truly great students among them—at least twelve out of every dozen—and I greatly doubt that in all the years ahead the school will see many, if any, to surpass them in all-around ability. I am confident that when the big moment for action comes they will meet life bravely, and become the first to demonstrate the real worth of the training they have given themselves under our direction. By their insistence on always doing the thing they know to be right, and by making themselves felt in every great movement of social and civic betterment, they will surely add to

the renown of our institution in many wonderful ways not yet foreseen.

Feeling proud of every one of them, and of the possibilities of their future, I am glad of the opportunity of presenting them to you as worthy representatives of the work we are trying to do.

2. *Address of the President of the Board—Presenting Diplomas to the Class*

Boys and Girls of the Class of 19—:—It is only those of us who have known by experience the joys of just such an occasion as this in our lives who can realize the engaging transports that swell your hearts as you sit here and listen to the commendatory words of your Principal. To us all it is an occasion of enjoyment and sympathetic joy and pride, but to you it is the first grand triumph of youth, with all its zealous ardor, bright hopes and untamed ambitions. For you this golden hour, unlike any other that future years may bring, has no alloy of sorrow. It is the glad May morning of your life-time, and could I but perpetuate its joy throughout your future lives, I would endow you with a heritage of happiness sweeter than ever blessed a king upon his throne.

But this hour marks the greatest change your lives will ever know. Hitherto you have lived and reveled in an atmosphere redolent with all those roseate charms that gild our brief existence with imperishable joys. You have known few sorrows that did not die away in dreams of the night; you have experienced few cares that could not be drowned in the fountain of youthful tears. All your activities have been prompted and directed by the inspiring glories of chivalrous feelings for chivalrous deeds. You have wandered only over

fairy fields of fancy where flowers of joy and friendship and love and freedom from care blow in wildest profusion. In your rambles you have leaned your ravished ears to listen to the voice of purling streams, and the echoes of the whispers of the leaves stirred by the breezes in rhythmic time to the carolling of the birds and the glad beating of your young hearts. Nature has poured out her merriest, maddest strains in response to that inward quickstep thrilling through your veins, for she loves the demands of youth. Thus to you life has been one roseate gleam, "apparelled in celestial light, the glory and freshness of a dream," and you have never yet caught the note of "still, sad music of humanity."

But tonight that past is shut out forever by a veil through which can only penetrate the flashes of memory's light. The dying echo of my voice this hour will be the last note in the anthem of your High School life. Tomorrow you will enter the arena of a new life. But it is an arena limitless in its extent and boundless in its possibilities—it is the arena of the modern world with its inexhaustible resources and golden opportunities. On the never ending tiers of *terra firma* rising about you will sit the vast concourse of humanity watching your career with eager eyes. For you will be the men and women who do things, and the world delights to applaud the conquering hero. On all your yesterdays, your eyes have been turned toward the east where rosy-fingered Aurora flings wide the pearly gates of morn; tomorrow you will face the west over whose evening sky bends the bow of promise and in the firmament of whose night glitter unknown stars. Your brows are yet unlined with care; your cheeks unfaded; your eyes undimmed. From your eyes, as they dart their scintillating rays of hope, we catch the flash of

the ambitious heart that swells within your bosom, and we wish to assure you with the wisdom born of our added years, that they are not vain hopes. Your desires are but the promise of their own fulfilment, and the dreams of youth have a happy way of making themselves come true.

These diplomas which I am about to present to you will furnish an illustration of evolution in thought and achievement that may seem tonight beyond your comprehension. You wonder how this can be, but as it has been with all others, so is it bound to be with you. When you receive this diploma, with your name written out in full in such deep, big, wonderful letters, it will seem to you a priceless gem to be gazed at forever in all the pride and rapture of attainment and eternal possession. You will of course have it framed—if you can find a frame in all the city that seems worthy of encircling its glory—and you will hang it high upon the wall of the best room in your home for all who come in to gaze upon in awe and wonder. After a year or two it will be moved back into a rear room, to make way for something newer, and still back, and back, until bye-and-bye it will be hung upstairs in your own bedroom where nobody else but yourself can see this trophy of your early greenness. Then the day will come when you will need that very frame. It will just fit a picture you want so much to give an appropriate setting for your library or your living room. Out comes your diploma—O, I know it makes you catch your breath now, and fairly shudder at the sacrilege, but there are those within the sound of my voice that recognize the truth of my portrayal as drawn from real life—and, lacking an appropriate frame, or the inclination to hunt one, the cherished sheepskin will be rolled and tied with a

bow of the class colors—"Let me see, what were our High School colors?"—and hung on the wall among a multitude of post-cards, programs, posters, photographs and other souvenirs of by-gone happy hours; or else—no, don't gasp!—placed at the bottom of some chest or trunk in the attic, where it will be kept safe—O, yes, very safe!—but securely out of sight. And there, through the years, it will lie unmolested until little Johnnie or Mary, in search of masquerade antics, digs it out of its hiding-place with a cry of "O, see! see! Here's grandpa's diploma he got from that High School away off in Blankville! What a funny thing it is! What peculiar things they did have in those days! Mercy—what's the date?—19—! Why, it's half a century old! Wonder what grandpa'd say if we'd show it to him now? 'Spose he'd have time to look at it?" You cannot understand, of course, how this could possibly happen to *your* diploma, but I know of more than one member of the past-day classes who couldn't say exactly just where theirs are stored away, or whether they were ever brought from mother's at all!—and I am perfectly frank in admitting to you that, making due allowance for a slight difference in age, that is just exactly what happened to mine. And it was not through any lack of love or appreciation, either, of all it signifies at every stage of my life. It was simply a case of larger growth—of grander achievement—of more glorious victories, that overshadowed the humbler triumph of the early Commencement, so vital to us all at its own particular stage of our advancement.

Would you pass the whole week chanting psalms of praise over the good mark you won on Monday, and make no effort whatever to get any more marks in any other class? Would you boast through the year of the

prize you won in January, and sit down and do nothing but gloat over it until another January, and so find yourself no further ahead than the year before? Would you call your month a wonderful success because on the first day it had brought you a victory for which you had been working and hoping, and rest content with its attainment because it gave you such satisfaction at the time, and you felt that it was indeed well earned? Then, would you spend all your life hugging to your heart the diploma that proved to be the first milestone that was successfully reached and passed, and consider that one prize the glory of a life-time's efforts? Then, indeed, this would not be the Commencement, but the end of all achievement. For how much higher would you ever climb?

No, my young friends, in the days to come you will live over this past again, but your ears will be attuned to different melodies. Instead of the siren strains of bewitching ditties, you will listen to the buzz and whir of factories as they sing the more vital songs of industry; the toll of the old school bell will be supplanted by the shrill call of life's trumpet, summoning you to her inevitable duties and responsibilities; from this hour, reason will sit side by side with fancy on the throne of intellect, counselling patience, advising forbearance and stimulating ambition. The rosy dawn has passed. But the meridian sun in all his noonday splendor will light up for you still more beautiful valleys of promise where the visions of the old ideals blend with the material forms of the real. And as we leave you tonight on the gilded heights to which your hopes and aims have raised you, our thoughts surround you with a golden halo of faith and encouragement, and our prayers draw down upon your heads a glorious benediction of good wishes.

3. *Response of Class President—Accepting the Diplomas on behalf of the class.*

Mr. President, Board of Education, and our dear Principal:—We thank you all. What more can we say?

We realize what a wonderful advantage we have been enjoying all these years. We realize, too, how far we have often failed to appreciate it, and to improve its opportunities. It was not for lack of warning that we disregarded the offerings of the passing hours. It was simply our own lack of conception of its importance. We seemed unable to profit by the discoveries of any other life. We had to learn through our own experience. And now it will never come again.

But every one of those wasted opportunities has played its part in teaching us a lesson it has been well indeed for us to learn. And with these highly prized credentials in hand, going forth from the best school in all the land to face larger endeavors than we have so far ever dreamed of, we will be ready to grasp every opportunity that presents itself at the very moment of its appeal, and will thus prove the value of even our mistakes and failures here in preparing the way of our future service and advancement. And if the classes to come after us could only profit by our experience, and learn the value of grasping the chances of every fast-fleeting hour, wresting from its hold the lesson and growth it brings to be yielded up to a master-mind's demand, we would feel that every mistake of ours has had a double mission to perform—one to us, and one to them, as the

“Lives of Seniors should remind them
Of each lesson's mighty cost,
And, departing, leaye behind them
Deep regrets for chances lost.”

But we could not learn of others—how can we expect that they will be able to take even our experience as a guide for themselves?

We thank you, most of all, dear friends, for your faith in us and in our future. We wish to prove to you that it has not been misplaced. We hope to make you all proud of us. We want you all to say at some great moment of future achievement:

"Ah, yes, indeed, we know that man! Why, he's one of our boys! He graduated with the class we sent forth in 19—!" or, "That's one of the girls of 19—. We knew she was going to do something big!—maybe not quite so big a thing, though, as this, but still she did very promising work, even while with her class at school!"

And feeling within ourselves the assurance that all this is only the inevitable result of the foundation already laid, we accept these diplomas, resolving to keep them ever unsullied, and to add lustre to every name inscribed thereon till they blaze upon the scroll of life in letters of living fire.

VII. THE CLASS DRILL

This has been introduced as an exceptionally popular number on many a Commencement program. It should introduce the class colors, in ribbon or pennant, the class flower, in garland or bouquet, with all its symbolism, and work out the class motto in a classic way. It is also well to weave into it a pantomime of the class song, and the yell. As the arrangement depends so entirely upon the number and sex of members of the class, as well as upon the local features of song, motto, flower, etc., it would be scarcely practical to introduce a model here which could be of use in so few cases.

But it is not difficult to arrange, and when it is well worked out, closing with a symbolic tableau, it repays every moment of time consumed in the preparation.

VIII. THE CLASS SONG

This is another popular number that depends too much upon local need to be well introduced here, except as a suggestion. It is an oration, giving a mock-serious analysis of the class song, dwelling upon the author's biography, emphasizing the reasons for the air chosen, and in every way treating the song as a classic.

IX. THE CLASS CARTOON

When a member of the class is gifted with artistic talent, this number makes a sure hit. Cartoons of each member as Today and Tomorrow. A good chance for personal "hits," and few words of explanation necessary when the cartoonist is clever with the crayon.

X. CLASS SONGS

(a) OUR HIGH SCHOOL

Air: "*Comrades.*"

(Easily adapted to any High School of the Middle West.)

Where the western winds of Kansas
Blow across the open plains,
Where the soil is rich and fertile,
Fed and washed by western rains,
There you'll find the Blankville High School
With its wealth of life's best joys,
Dealing out its stores of learning
To a crowd of girls and boys.

Refrain:

Blankville High School, proud of thy name are we!
 Happiest school in Kansas, thus must it ever be!
 Fanned by the western breezes, warmed by the
 sunlight's best,

O sing forever for Blankville High School,
 The pride of the Middle West!

O the East may have her college,
 And the North may sport her "U!"
 Kansas gives her children knowledge
 Of the brawn that bids them do!
 We may not be known for beauty;
 We may not be famed for length,
 But just come to Blankville High School,
 When you're seeking greater strength!

When the many schools of Kansas
 Catch the King of Learning's call,
 And they all stand up to answer,
 Blankville High School leads them all;
 So when you would pay some honor
 To the greatest school you know,
 Give three cheers for Blankville High School,
 Where the Kansas breezes blow!

(b) BLANKVILLE FOREVER

Air: "*Santa Lucia.*"

(*Easily adapted to any school.*)

19—is here;
 Our year is ending;
 All of its hope and fear
 In victory blending;

Yet, as we pass, we say,
 Sad as we sever,
 "Blankville forever!
 Blankville forever!"

Great things are done of us,—
 Science, mathematics—
 Large victories won of us—
 Strong in athletics!
 Brave in debate are we,
 Won each endeavor!—
 Blankville forever!
 Blankville forever!

Now, as we leave the halls,
 Life's voice inviting,
 Loud every student calls,
 Fondly uniting,
 "Farewell, 19,—
 To return never!
 Farewell forever!
 Farewell forever!"

(c) COMMENCEMENT ECHOES

Air: "*The Bugle Song.*" (*In "Merry Melodies."*)
 The sunlight sinks behind the hills,
 The last day of school-life's achieving;
 Old Blankville's dells and lakes and rills
 Tomorrow will record our leaving.

Chorus:

Yes, classmates, yes! Send the word broadcast
 flying;
 Sing, classmates,—answer echoes,—crying, crying,
 crying!

The dear old High School nevermore
 Will see our forms, or hear our voices;
 And we who knew no strife before
 Will join that battle that rejoices.

Chorus:

Sing, classmates, sing! And gladly join life's battle;
 Sing, classmates,—answer echoes,—rattle, rattle,
 rattle!

Old school, farewell! In future tell
 Of our dear love in song and story;
 With this adieu, we leave with you
 A promise of eternal glory.

Chorus:

Come, classmates, come! These ties we now must
 sever!
 Come, classmates,—answer, friends,—forever, ever,
 ever!

(d) THE CALL TO ACTION

Air: "*O Come, Come Away!*"

O haste, haste away, for life is in its morning,
 From daily strife
 Of High School life,
 O haste, haste away!
 Haste, haste from school-day smiles and tears
 To grow in wisdom as in years,
 And face life earnestly, O haste, haste away!

Our class flower blooms, its leaves our lives adorning;
 It typifies
 The dreams that rise
 To fade, fade away!

But hope will lead us on and on
 To countless victories to be won,
 And crown us joyfully, O haste, haste away!

Farewell, dear old school! Farewell, life's happy morning;
 It grieves the heart
 When classmates part,
 But haste, haste away!
 For life has duties to be done,
 And every day, till set of sun,
 Must be lived loyally,—O haste, haste away!

XI. CLASS POEMS

(a) GOLD AND WHITE

School life! Ah! the charm that lingers
 'Round earth's morn, as unseen fingers
 Touch the chords that thrill our being
 To its depths, till eyes unseeing
 For the tears, look back recalling
 All the joys of old, entralling
 Heart and mind. Classmates, tonight
 Let us prize our gold and white!

Good as gold, may we forever
 Keep our hearts along life's way,
 While Truth's golden sunbeams sever
 All the black clouds from our day;
 May the white, so pure and stainless,
 Keep us ever true and right!
 May our lives be long and painless,
 Guarded by our gold and white!

Gold and white! Go with us ever
 As the ideal of our dreams!
 May we find life, as we sever,
 Just as worth while as it seems!
 May we each accept the mission
 Fate holds covered from our sight,
 Sure, whatever its condition,
 Victory'll crown our gold and white!

(b) PROGRESSIVE PARODIES OF FOUR YEARS

Rhymes have their times to fall,
 And students wither 'neath sarcasm's rule;
 Times ever change; but all—
 Thou hast all classes for thine own, O school!

* * * *

It is a verdant Freshman,
 And he halteth one of three;
 "By thy trembling knees and thy chattering teeth,
 O wherefore stoppest thou me?

"My class-room door is closing now,
 And I'm a Senior wise;
 My Class is met; my task is set;
 They await my prompt replies!"

He holds him with a trembling hand;
 "I have a task," begs he;
 "I really cannot understand
 What X plus Y may be!"

He gazes with an eye so wild
 As from a frenzied brain;
 He begs as might a three years' child
 The Senior to explain.

“Hands off! Unhand me, verdant one,”
 Came in a mad regret;
 “My High School course is almost run—
 I haven’t found out yet!”

The Freshman turned him in despair,
 In other eyes to gaze;
 “Where is the answer? Where, O where?”
 Filled all his Freshman days.

* * * *

Seated one day in my class-room—
 I was then at my Sophomore ease;
 My eyes were wandering idly
 Over pages of high degrees!

I know not what I was seeking,
 Nor what I was studying there,
 But my eyes fell upon one quotation
 That plunged me in depths of despair.

“You are only a tiny atom—
 One wee drop in the ocean of life!”—
 It was this that crushed all of my spirit,
 And filled me with darkness and strife.

That poisonous declaration—
 That miserable, wretched line,
 That came from the soul of some author,
 And entered into mine!

It may be next year will be able
 To rid me of that dark belief;
 It may be that only as a Senior
 Can my vanity find a relief!

* * * *

Between the Sophomore and Senior,
In the prime of his school career,
Comes the time in the life of the student
That is known as his Junior year.

You can hear in the class-rooms around you
The trampings of many feet;
And the chatter, when doors are thrown open,
Of voices determined and sweet.

You can see, any time when it's daylight,
Descending the broad hall stair,
Forms tall and forms short, stout or slender,
Some with dark, some with golden hair!

A whisper, and then a silence;
You can tell by their studious eyes
They are studying and working together
To win some alluring prize.

A sudden rush from the class-rooms;
A quickstep march through the hall;
Through every door in the building
They come at the class-bell's call!

They hurry into their places;
They scramble after a chair;
If you try to pass out, they surround you;
They seem to be everywhere.

They almost devour every lesson;
Their brains to such altitudes climb,
That we think of old Socrates, Plato,
And the wise men of every time!

Do you think, O you grave, reverend Seniors,
Because you have grown so tall,
Such a wonderful class as the Juniors
Is not more than a match for you all?

We have all the wisdom of ages,
And we never will leave it behind,
But will lock it away forever,
In the storehouse of our mind.

* * * *

It was not so many moons ago,
In a school not far away,
That some Seniors worked—as they must, you know—
In the most engaging way;
And these Seniors lived with no other thought
But to pass on Commencement Day!

They were so great, and they were so straight,
In that High School o'er the way;
And they worked with a zeal only Seniors feel,
Did these Seniors, every day;
With a zeal that all the students in school
Were envying them, they say.

And that was the reason, some days ago,
In the High School o'er the way,
The Powers that Be said this class must go—
They were far too wise to stay;
There was nothing more for them left to know—
They must pass on Commencement Day.

The students, not half so wise, of course,
Were envying them, every one;
And that is one reason (there may be worse,
But this was the way it begun!)

That the Powers that Be moved with mighty force
That their High School work was done!

But their wisdom is greater by far than is theirs
Who are so much older than they,
And so claim to be wiser than they!

And neither the wise men toward whom they have
turned,
Nor the wise men they meet each day,
Can teach them a thing they've not already learned
In the High School o'er the way!

For the moon never beams without bringing them dreams
Of the wonderful students they are;
And the stars never rise but they think just how wise
They have been to have climbed up so far;
And so all the night-time, they dream in their pride
Of their greatness—such greatness as no class beside
Ever reached in its life-time, they say,
In the High School o'er the way!

* * * *

When the school's last lesson is mastered,
And the classes are tested and tried;
When the stupidest student has vanished,
And the dullest has stepped aside;
We shall rest—and, faith, we all need it!—
We shall rest for a moment or two,
Till the wonderful School of Experience
Shall set us to work anew!

Then those who have gone shall be happy;
They shall pass through life's higher grade;
They shall face the world's difficult problems
With countenance unafraid;

They shall pass through each test as they meet it
 At the sounding of duty's stern call;
 They shall work every day—when they have to—
 And never be tired at all!

And only the big world shall praise us,
 And only the big world shall blame,
 Though we work for the joy of the winning,
 And climb up the pathway of fame;
 For each in his separate calling,
 His separate thought must express,
 As he follows the gleam as he sees it
 To the goal that to him means success.

The following four poems are included herein in response to repeated requests for class poems working in their Latin mottoes. The variety given here will give your poet the idea necessary to enable him to weave any motto of your choosing into the rhythmic form.

(c) “FABER EST QUISQUE FORTUNÆ SUÆ”
 (“Every Man is the Architect of His Own Fortune.”)
 “Faber est quisque fortunæ suæ”—
 Black-eyed Susans whisper on the way!
 Black and gold, their colors signify
 Shadow, blent with sunshine, bye-and-bye;
 O'er and o'er soft breezes seem to say,
 “Faber est quisque fortunæ suæ,”
 Whispering to all who will reflect,
 “Every man's his fortune's architect.”
 Black and gold is held by us today—
 Students wise in wisdom of life's way—
 Chief of all the colors that the world
 Has for inspiration's sake unfurled;

Black-eyed Susans, too, in black and gold,
 Smile and cheer us on till we are old,
 Whispering to all the folks who pass
 Memories of this year's Commencement Class.

Nineteen — is the wisest class
 Ever from these High School doors to pass ;
 Nineteen —, with its black and gold,
 Steps into the world of work, to hold
 Places of importance, and of worth,
 Places of great moment to the earth,
 Places of high honor and respect,
 For "Every man's his fortune's architect!"

"Every man's his fortune's architect!"
 Thus, tonight, our plans we must erect!
 Though a bright beginning we have made,
 The foundation only has been laid ;
 So tonight, as we step forth to build
 For ourselves what our own hearts have willed,
 Let these words inspire us all the way,
 "Faber est quisque fortunæ suæ."

(d) "FORTITER ET RECTE"

("Honorable and Courageously.")

"Fortiter et recte"
 Rings out on the air,
 Its inspiring message
 To all hearts to bear ;
 Like the breeze's message,
 Like a bird's low call,
 Its sweet inspiration
 Thrills through one and all :

With honor,—with courage,—
 For truth and right,
 Honorably and courageously,
 We've fought our fight!

“*Fortiter et recte!*”

Hear it o'er and o'er,
 Each time striking deeper
 Than the time before;
 Preaching truth and bravery
 To the souls of men,
 Rousing them to action,
 O'er and o'er again:—
 With honor,—with courage,—
 In truth unfurled,
 Honorably and courageously,
 Face all the world!

“*Fortiter et recte!*”

Ah! it means so much!
 Giving youth and beauty
 Its inspiring touch;
 Sending them to action
 With ambition fired;
 Leaving as a watchword
 Naught to be desired;
 With honor,—with courage,—
 Kept free from strife,—
 Honorably and courageously,
 We'll live our life!

“*Fortiter et recte!*”

All our student past,
 We have held our motto
 Ever firm and fast;

It has brought us safely
 Through all school-day strife,
 Through all thought and action
 To the door of life:
 With honor,—with courage,—
 With spirits high,—
 Honorably and courageously,
 We say “Good-bye!”

(e) “NISI DOMINUS FRUSTRA”

(“Unless God be with Us, All Labor is Vain.”)

“Nisi Dominus frustra!”
 Teachers, parents, friends,
 We would whisper just a
 Word ere school-life ends,
 Proving that love led us
 Life’s best to attain,
 And “Unless God be with us,
 All labor is vain!”

“Nisi Dominus frustra!”
 Seems to closely hold
 In its accents just a
 Blend of blue and gold:
 Blue for truth and duty,
 From the broad, deep sky;
 Gold for worth and beauty,
 Ideals bright and high!

“Nisi Dominus frustra!”
 Classmates, as we part,
 Sorrow seems to thrust a
 Sharp pain through each heart;

But may we all acquit us,
 Heart, and soul, and grain,
 Sure, "Unless God be with us,
 All labor is vain!"

"Nisi Dominus frustra!"
 All our lives to be,
 May this motto thrust a
 Glow o'er all we see;
 As life's doors admit us,
 Proving clear and plain,
 "Unless God be with us,
 All labor is vain!"

"Nisi Dominus frustra!"
 With our blue and gold,
 And our flower, with just a
 Bit of bloom unrolled,
 May life's training fit us
 Heaven's own smile to gain,
 For "Unless God be with us,
 All labor is vain!"

(f) "AD MAJOREM DEI GLORIAM"

("To the Greater Glory of God.")

"Ad majorem Dei gloriam,"
 To that end, tonight, we pass
 From our life at Blankville High School,
 Nevermore to be a class!
 O'er rough paths our steps may wander;
 O'er long lanes our feet may plod,
 But each act must be devoted
 "To the greater glory of God."

“Ad majorem Dei gloriam!”
 Does it matter what we do,
 If it be the task assigned us,
 And we prove steadfast and true?
 Ah! whatever may be our mission—
 Saving souls, or tilling sod,
 ’Twill be holy if we do it
 “To the greater glory of God.”

“Ad majorem Dei gloriam!”—
 Nothing else in life can pay;
 Wealth, position, fame, and honor,
 One weak breath may blow away;
 But the smile of the Creator
 Rests eternal, and the nod
 Of Dame Fortune must surrender
 “To the greater glory of God!”

“Ad majorem Dei gloriam,”—
 Classmates, let us heed it well!
 May our whole lives be devoted
 To the working of its spell!
 May we hold all life as holy,
 Creeping o'er its ground unshod,
 Shaping every constant purpose
 “To the greater glory of God!”

(g) “ICH DIEN’!” (*German*)
 (“I Serve!”)

Borne high on every Blankville breeze,
 Over the busy lanes and streets,
 What is that cry that seems to seize
 Each member of the class it meets?

What are the wondering words that lurk
 Deep in the eyes of all we pass?—
 "Seniors, 'to what end do you work?'"—
 "*Ich dien'!*—I serve!" replies the class.

From out the busy haunts of men,
 Where all aspiring lives are seen,
 We feel a world's eyes turn again,
 Unto our class—19—.

From Blankville High School they may well
 Expect all worth with none to swerve
 From principles they proudly tell,
 In noble words—"*Ich dien'!*—I serve!"

The High School watches with a smile;
 Our teachers guide each faltering aim;
 Alumni look on all the while
 For added laurels to their fame;
 With tender faith in us, they give
 That same old question, eye to eye,
 "Come, students, for what do you live?"—
 "*Ich dien'!*—I serve!" is our reply.

It is the duty of the great
 To serve the men of smaller mind;
 Those best endowed are sent by Fate
 To lift the weaker one behind;
 We who are here made strong and wise
 Must answer, steeled in will and nerve—
 "Tell us wherein your effort lies!"
 We bravely cry, "*Ich dien'!*—I serve!"

And from the heavens so fair above,
 We sense the ever-watching eye;
 The angels of eternal love
 Are brooding o'er us from on high;

They understand each struggle weak,
 Each wish, each aim, each rise and fall;
 "Children, for what good do you seek?"
 "Ich dien!"—I serve!" reply we all.

(h) "THE NIGHT BRINGS OUT THE STARS"

When your day seems overcrowded
 With the shadows of despair;
 When the light of life seems shrouded
 With the night-gloom everywhere;
 Classmates, ere some doubting ember
 Burns out hope, and all life mars,
 Take our motto, and remember
 That "The Night brings out the stars!"

Does black gloom lie on the meadow
 Where bright sun was wont to fall?
 'Tis God's wing that casts the shadow,
 And His love broods over all!
 Look up, classmates, though the night-time
 Every ray of sunlight bars;
 Joy is coming with the light-time,
 For "The Night brings out the stars!"

We could never glimpse the far beam
 Of attainment, through strong light;
 We could never catch the star-gleam
 If life's hours were always bright;
 Shadows prove that light is near us
 Though some need its glory bars;
 May its promised radiance cheer us
 Till "The Night brings out the stars!"

Stars of hope, of strength—endurance;
 Stars of honor, truth, and might;
 Stars of love and of assurance—
 All are born of some dark night;
 Friends shine brighter, faith gleams clearer,
 With a power no stumbling scars;
 Life is richer, God is nearer—
 Classmates, Night brings out these stars!

Night until this hour has never
 Cast deep shadows o'er our class;
 But the call has come to sever,
 And it grieves us as we pass;
 And the future's change eternal
 Oft with gloom must shroud life's spars;
 Let us, then, with trust supernal,
 Welcome Night that brings the stars!

(i) "TO THINE OWN SELF BE TRUE"

"To thine own self be true!"
 Our motto is not new,
 But one expressed just so
 By Shakespeare, long ago;
 But, Classmates, through life's joys,
 What noble girls and boys
 We'll be, its will to do,
 And to ourselves be true!

"To thine own self be true,"—
 'Tis all one needs to do,
 To make each high ideal
 Grow up into the real;
 And if we lose or win,
 To hear the voice within,

And all its bidding do,
Thus, to ourselves be true!

“To thine own self be true!”
May Conscience lead us through
Whatever comes or goes
Of future joys or woes;
For does not Shakespeare say
That as Night follows Day,
In this, we never can
“Be false to any man!”

“To thine own self be true!”—
Friends, this means me,—and you!
Thus, true to every rule
Imparted by our school;
The High School years flew fast,
And these hours are the last;
But, as we part, we’ll do
What to ourselves is true!

Classmates, let’s heed it well,
This motto oft we tell;
Let’s act from day to day
As careful as we may;
Let’s prove to near and far
How fine we really are,
Bound to, whate’er we do,
“To our own selves be true!”

(j) LIFE’S SCHOOL

(*An Alumni Poem.*)

(*Always apologizing to Poe.*)

Once, upon an evening dreary,
I was wrestling, weak and weary,

With some geometric problems
I had never seen before;
Problems that all toil resisted,
Though I gropingly insisted,
And all mental powers enlisted,
As I never had of yore;
But the problems, all unravelled,
Lay there calmly, as before—
Only this, and nothing more!

Quite distinctly I remember;
It was in the bleak December,
And I was a humble member
Of the Senior Class of yore;
Eagerly I wished the morrow
When I hoped that I might borrow
Demonstrations from a classmate
Who had helped me out before;
Who had loaned me his assistance
When in swampy paths before;
“Yes,” I whispered, “just once more!”

As I sat, some rule repeating,
All my brain in madness beating,
While my heart and throat were meeting,
And my wan eyes scanned the floor,
While I wearily sat napping,
Suddenly I heard a tapping,
And I knew someone was rapping,
Rapping gently at the door;
“Oh!” I cried, “if some assistance
Brings this stranger to my door,
He is welcome, evermore!”

In he came, on invitation;
"Here," I thought, "is my salvation;
He will have the demonstration,
As he always has, in store!"—
For 'twas he whose kind assistance
Helped me often in the distance,
Though I half feared more resistance
To my plea than heretofore;
And I shrank from it on seeing
What a troubled brow he bore,
And the wearied eyes he wore!

But at last my soul grew stronger;
Hesitating then no longer,
"Friend," said I to him, "most truly
Your forgiveness I implore,
But it is my one salvation
That I make this application,
So—have you the demonstration?"—
Here he bent his head and swore,
"No, I came to get assistance
On those problems, too," he swore,
"Only this and nothing more!"

Now that every plank was falling,
The tomorrow looked appalling,
And I sadly sat recalling
How old vials of wrath did pour;
Could I face an angry teacher
With a calm and unmoved feature,
With those unsolved problems staring
In my face forevermore?
Staring wickedly and wildly
In my face forevermore,
In the manner I deplore?

Long I sat there, madly yearning,
All my soul within me burning,
Longing, thinking things no student
Ever dared to think before;
"O begone all demonstration!
How I wish my education,
And the hour of graduation
Were a memory of the yore!
How I long to look back, thinking
They will bother me no more—
Free from care forevermore!"

But the years in their rotation
Finished High School education,
And the longed-for graduation
Is a thing to come no more,
But I find I now am vexing
Over problems as perplexing
As the ones I on that evening
Fought, of geometric lore;
Just as stubborn and unflexing
As of geometric lore,
Trouble me forevermore!

Thus, when school life is completed,
When all lessons are repeated,
And we are no longer seated
In the class-room as before,
Still, life's school is just before us,
And its rule is quickly o'er us,
And we look for graduation,
But 'tis not till life is o'er;
And our spirit from its burdens,
And its lessons, as of yore,
Shall be lifted, nevermore!

XII. CLASS MOTTOES

(a) "THE NIGHT BRINGS OUT THE STARS"

The glory and beauty of the night never received a grander tribute than in the words of Byron in "Manfred," when he said,

"The stars are forth ; the moon above the tops
Of the snow-shining mountains—Beautiful !
I linger yet with Nature, for the night
Hath been to me a more familiar face
Than that of man ; and in her starry shade
Of dim and solitary loveliness,
I learn'd the language of another world."

The night we all seem so familiar with is still an unfathomed mystery to the wisest of us. There is some power so quieting, so healing, so soothing in its influence, after the heat and worry and bustle of the bright day, that many of us welcome its coming for its peaceful hours of rest, even though it hides the sun from us for awhile, and obscures the light of day. It almost seems as though there must be some inherent wrong in the person who is constitutionally afraid of night. Some one has said: "It needs a brave man to face the darkness alone with himself and his God," but this seems a wrong and altogether unjust conception of the very nature of the Creator who made the night as well as the day, and whose abiding care is evident to the meanest of His creatures who remember that His very name is Love.

Our own poet, Longfellow, gives us another beautiful picture of Night, when he says, in his "Golden Legend,"

"The night is calm and cloudless,
And still as still can be ;
And the stars come forth to listen
To the music of the sea ;

They gather, and gather, and gather,
Until they crowd the sky,
And listen in breathless silence
To the solemn litany."

The stars have had from time immemorial a peculiar significance in the histories of men. Astrologers tell us that certain combinations of stars foretell certain events, and that the star under which a child is born, and the relation it holds at that time to the other planets, fix his destiny for life. Many people still believe in this one-time supreme doctrine, and declare that as one of the characters in Shakespeare's "King Lear" affirms,

"It is the stars,
The stars above us, govern our conditions,"

and hence spend much time and pains watching the heavenly constellations anxiously for the appearance of their guiding star, and fancying that they read in the combinations of the heavenly jewels the events of their future existences. . .

When the terrestrial bodies shine in their steadfast, majestic glory in the sky of the night, they seem to emanate an atmosphere—mysterious and subtle, but sure and certain—of purity and strength and immensity. They give us a vision of God's greatness, and the magnitude of His love and care, and are, as Longfellow expressed it, "the forget-me-nots of the angels," that by reflecting the rays of the sun, remind us subtly of brighter hours in the past, and bid us hope for still brighter hours to come!

Every life has its night-time—its hours of care and sorrow when the sun of happiness refuses to shine until one wonders if it will ever shine again!—its dark, dark hours when it almost seems as though no ray of light, however bright or brilliant, can penetrate the gloom.

Even as young as we are in years, we have learned some of life's lessons, and formed some idea of what the night is; but "there never was a night that had no morn," and how we do appreciate the dawn when the darkness has faded away! We need this time of night. We need the opportunity it affords us for coming face to face with ourselves. We need to be brought into this closer communion with the Creator of all things. We need to learn the lesson, that it is the night that brings out the stars.

It is the dark hours of life that bring out all the strength of goodness and virtue there is in us. It is the night of our lives that brings out the stars of faith, hope, love, humility, patience and endurance in our characters. It is the hours of adversity that prove our worth, and show what is in us worthy of either commendation or of condemnation, just as it is the night of trouble and misfortune that calls out all the true friends surrounding us who love us for what we are, not for what we have, and teaches us to discriminate between the true and the false—the "fair weather friends" and the faithful comrades.

Look at that marvelous girl, Helen Keller, whose life from early infancy may be spoken of as one long, dark night. May the very fact of her blindness to the light of day not have been directly responsible for the stars of intellect and nobility, and almost superhuman strength and depth of character that make her shine as a new star herself—a star of inspiration and encouragement and enlightenment among the women of the age!

The night of intemperance settled over the world, threatening to shroud forever all its intellectual and moral lights. What was the result? From the gloom of the darkest hour came forth Frances Willard, the great Northern Star of the national firmament, sur-

rounded by Mary T. Lathrop, Lady Henry Somerset, and all the lesser but wondrously brilliant lights that grace the W. C. T. U. today, and shall continue to do so until the battle is ended, in triumphant victory, and Temperance is no longer a half-realized dream, but the most certain of all national realities.

Look, too, at the annals of American history, and the records of the long nights of war and bloodshed and strife and struggle through which the nation has passed. Was it not those very black nights that brought out Washington, and Lincoln, and Garfield, and Grant, and all the other brilliant stars of the American flag! Every dark night has added its star to the national constellation,—every emergency has brought out and developed the glory of the man.

A ship sails majestically over the bounding main. By some accident its chart and compass have been lost, and the pilot has nothing by which to guide the vessel away from treacherous shoals. He looks up at the bright sun, as it is reflected in its magnificent splendor upon the face of the ocean like a world of transcendent glory. But it gives no help. He is lost! All are lost! Gradually night comes on—dark, gloomy night. Death and disaster threaten the aimless vessel, and the pilot groans beneath the thought that all too soon his ship and its living cargo will be stranded beyond redemption upon the wrecking crags of Time, or sunk forever beneath the treacherous sands of Eternity. But wait! Ah, look! He had forgotten that "Night Brings out the Stars!" See! the North Star, constant as the eye of the Almighty Himself, sends out its guiding light like a beckoning beacon! He steers confidently toward that never-failing jewel of the heavens, and the ship is saved!

The Ship of State likewise sails like a conquering fleet against the world. Suddenly the bullet of an assassin

puts out forever the guiding light of the nation, and in the destruction of its master-mind the ship totters and reels, threatening to sink hopelessly beneath the waters of national disaster. McKinley is no more, and the darkness of appalling night settles for a time over the nation,—aye, over the world! But look! Even with the memory of the words, "It is God's way! His will, not ours, be done!" the star rises above the horizon,—the star of strenuousness, and might, and power, and true manhood, so badly needed at that time to wield the "Big Stick" in the development of the world's affairs—Theodore Roosevelt

Verily, "Night brings out the stars." If there were no nights, our eyes would be too much blinded by the sunshine to see the stars, or even to know or care if they were there.

It is beautiful to think of night as the shadow of the wing of God who has spread it over His children that they may rest in peace, and looking up through the darkness, see the watchful gleam of His eyes as they flash through the shadow, keeping guard over His own! It is wonderful, too, to think with the astrologers of the god-power of those diamond lights of heaven. Then, indeed, must the Great Night of Silence bring out the stars of destiny, and only by shutting out the sights and sounds of day, and becoming both blind and deaf to the outer distractions, can we really commune with ourselves in our inner world of thought, and thus have our eyes opened to the guiding gleams that destiny has placed in the heavens to lead us unto our own. It is sweet to think of the stars as watchers—and how strange it is to think in the same moment of wicked men who dare to commit the most glaring sins under the gleam of these millions of eyes who seem to repeat over and over

and over again the "Thou God seest me" of the ancient injunction!

Classmates, our lives are just beginning. We know but little of the night as yet, but our time is sure to come as it comes to all. But let us never forget that our fate is the common fate of all, and that, after all, "The Night Brings out the Stars;" that the stars shine through the darkness to draw our eyes upward from ourselves and our sorrows to the Light beyond; and that, as of old, the Star of Bethlehem led the wise men of the East to the Lord of Love and Prince of Peace, so the stars of our night, if we faithfully follow their tender teachings of love, courage, purity and steadfastness, may lead us out of the darkness of discouraging environments into the blessed sunshine of success, prosperity and happiness. Thus shall we find "songs in the night," and all our lives be set to the harmony of the celestial choirs, until, as life draws near to its evening, and we feel in the distance the approach of the last, long night, we, one and all, may observe its coming with a smile of peace, knowing it will bring out the last triumphant stars of glory, of rest, of peace, of resurrection and of immortality in the "house of many mansions," where there is no night, though the stars of the New Jerusalem shine eternally in the resplendent heavens.

(b) "CLIMB, THOUGH THE ROCKS BE RUGGED"

Tourists in mountainous regions are often fascinated by the feats of daring performed by the natives. Up, up, up—over rocks that seem impassable to the beholder, they climb with agility and ease to the highest point accessible, clinging to the smallest edge of rock, and finding a foothold upon ledges that are scarcely perceptible.

It does not seem remarkable to them. They are

schooled to such efforts from their earliest years, and it has become as second nature to them. Sometimes their hands may be torn in grasping some sharp bit of rock, or their feet may be cut by contact with its keen edge, but they do not heed it. Their eyes are on the goal ahead, and they pay but little attention to the rocks that they pass. They do not even question whether or not they can surmount the difficulties in the way; they know they must surmount them, and nothing remains to be said.

In our daily lives we, too, are climbing toward some longed-for goal. The obstacles in our path often look as fierce and impassable as the rocks in these mountain gorges, but if we have properly schooled ourselves for the climb, we know that all things are possible of attainment if we are only determined upon success.

When Napoleon turned from his other European conquests to advance upon Italy, his soldiers rebelled and scoffed at a venture so obviously impossible. "You cannot cross the Alps!" they told him. "It is impossible!" But did he give in to their murmurings? No! With that dogged determination that characterized this greatest of generals throughout all his career, he answered them grimly, "There shall be no Alps!" and led them on to certain victory.

This is the spirit in which we, as independent individuals, should meet all the difficulties that confront us.

Ignore the obstacles and they are already half overcome. Longfellow says,

"We have not wings, we cannot soar,
But we have feet to scale and climb
By slow degrees; by more and more
The cloudy summits of our time."

And the climbing is glorious work. There is such an

inspiration in every step forward, such a thrill of self-satisfaction in each rock left below us that we share in part the mountaineer's exultation as he mounts higher and higher toward the glittering peaks above him. If we have a prize ahead of us that is worth striving for, and keep our eyes persistently fixed upon it, no obstacles in our pathway can daunt us. Instead, every hardship encountered spurs us on to greater effort, and fires us with a firmer determination to conquer anything—everything—that lies before us.

There comes a time in the lives of most women and men when they feel it is almost useless to try to keep on against the apparently insurmountable difficulties ahead of them, and are tempted to give up in despair and stop where they are for all time to come. This is one of the greatest and saddest mistakes of life. If life is worth living at all, success is worth climbing for, even when the climbing is over the most rugged rocks that leave the hands and feet mangled and bleeding, but—victorious.

If success in any undertaking were always easy to reach, there would be nothing to spur a person on to his best efforts; if there were no difficulties to be confronted, life would hold little incentive for any of us, for the harder the way is to climb, the more satisfaction there is in persevering to the end, and the richer the glory that seems to shine around the goal we seek. It is the battle-scarred warrior who wears the hero's medal; it is the victor who has fought the hardest and most discouraging fight who is crowned with the greenest laurel; it is the traveler who has come the longest and steepest distance who receives the warmest welcome; just as it is "those who have come up through great tribulation" who receive the crown of life.

But, laying aside all thought of reward at the end, it is well worth while to climb the rocks in our pathway for the sake of the character development it brings to us. The influence upon our lives of every victory we gain cannot be overestimated, and what we acquire in self-control, in persistence, in earnestness, and in all those sterling qualities that make the true man and woman, is worth every effort, it matters not how difficult or how prolonged it may be. Character is developed and strengthened through the buffetings of Fate just as the swimmer develops his muscle by battling against the tide.

If we can be sure that we are climbing—earnestly, steadfastly climbing—no rock that can possibly confront us can be too rugged for us to pass.

Our climbing so far has been easy, and the few rocks we have encountered in the ascent have been not hard to surmount. Well-informed guides have picked out the smoothest places for our feet, and have pointed out the heights above us so enthusiastically that it has been only a pleasure to seek them. But the time is fast approaching when each of us must press forward alone. The rocks ahead look rugged and steep, but we have been schooled to the ascent, like the mountaineer in his climb, and we need not fear to step boldly forward, determined to scale all heights, until we stand at last on the mountain peak of success.

Oh, let us climb ever onward and upward, though the rocks be rugged to our feet, and harsh to our hold. Let us regard the scars that every hard experience must leave on our lives as badges of our scholarship, remembering that "God gives His best scholars the hardest lessons," and that the rougher the journey, the sweeter the success at the end.

And when at the summit, we are able to look down and see how the very jaggedness of the rocks has been our supreme source of assistance, we may say, while we are grateful for the victory we have at last achieved over every difficulty, that we are thankful most of all that the rocks were so rugged.

Oh, pause not, then—nor falter,
For Fate is in your hand;
Climb ever,—onward,—upward,
To where your feet would stand;
The rocks are rough and rugged,
But victory is sublime;
Step bravely, boldly forward,
And climb, and climb, and climb!

(c) "FINIS CORONAT OPUS"
("The End Crowns the Work.")

There is no aspiration or effort in the world of life or nature that is not directed toward some particular end. Work without a definite aim is energy utterly wasted. The child creeps in order that he may walk; he lisps and prattles unintelligently in order that he may some day properly enunciate his words; Nature, the all-wise mother of the soil, carefully prepares it by the winds of March, and the showers of April, for the coming of the flowers of May; and so "it must follow as the night the day" that we, who are to build the most wonderful and marvelous of all structures,—human lives,—must bend every effort toward the one definite aim in view, for we know that in this, as in all other things, "finis coronat opus"—the end crowns the work.

All the years of our school life our energies have been, consciously or unconsciously, directed toward the

hour of graduation. From our earliest days we have looked upon this day as the culmination of our ambition—the end of all our aspirations,—the realization of all our ideals. To this end we have studied and worked, and planned; to this end we have dreamed great dreams, and seen great visions after the manner of students since the beginning of all study. Now the hour to which we so long have looked forward is in sight, and it is according to the work that we have accomplished that the end is the crown of glory and honor to us that we wish to have it be. If our work has been well done, the end is an hour of unalloyed triumph; if our work has been slighted, in any degree, the end must naturally be tinged with some regret for misspent hours and misdirected energies; for whatever our work has been, we may be sure that in all things the “end crowns the work”

But, strange to say, now that we have at last reached the goal of our youth’s ambition, we find that it was not after all the end of all things that it has for so many years seemed to us, but merely a stepping-stone to larger, broader, fuller lives—the threshold of another and greater existence. We have not finished our course at all, but are merely to begin a new one. How necessary it is, then, that as this Commencement hour has been for so long the one aim to which all our efforts have been directed, we should now find another point in the distance far ahead, toward which to steer the ship of our future activities. A ship that pushes out into the open sea with no objective point in view will arrive nowhere, but drifting here and there on the waves of chance, will be more than likely to be wrecked upon the shoals of its own lack of purpose. We must aim at *something*, or we’ll never reach *anything*. As Robert Browning says:

“A man’s reach must exceed his grasp,
Or what’s a heaven for?”

The real significance of our motto is sometimes misunderstood, and therefore sadly misquoted and misinterpreted. There are some who make use of it for the justification of almost any unworthy action, as long as it seems to bring about some apparently desirable result, and will assure us, with all seriousness, that “the end justifies the means,” and that “all’s well that ends well.” That is a most grievous error, for which every man who is led into its self-deception will sometime or another have to pay the full price. No end can justify unworthy means. Nothing can end well that has not been well from the beginning. The security and permanency of every building depends upon the strength and sufficiency of its foundation. It is not only the end that crowns the work, but it is that same work, all along the way, that must glorify and perfect the end. So must the work of every day be a worthy contribution to the end we have in view.

Of course the highest aim of every individual is measured by his own personal conception of the greatness and responsibility of life. In just such proportion as he realizes, or fails to realize, all that his mission to the world may be, his aim is raised or lowered from the standard of perfection the Creator hath set in the heavens. Oh, may we all aim high, setting our mark in the heavens, and then bend every energy of our natures persistently toward that mark until “the end crowns the work”—and the success we strive for is ours.

As a class we feel that we have wisely chosen this motto of ours—“finis coronat opus.” We see it now as we stand at the place we have called the end, and look back proudly at the work we have accomplished.

We are glad now that the work was sometimes hard and worthy of our best efforts; we are glad that we persevered in the face of all that seemed sometimes discouraging; we are glad—oh, very glad, are we not?—that we can stand here now in the glory and flush of triumph, and say we have done our best in the years of work that have gone by, and that now “the end crowns the work.” And as we step tonight from the school life we have here known, we take with us an ideal that is worth struggling for. We are placing our aim high, remembering that we can never reach past the point of our highest aim, but that success is the birthright of every human soul. May we each resolve, whatever our individual aim may be, to keep our eyes ever persistently “fixed upon the mark of our high calling,” and so live and labor that when we have at last come to the end of the long journey, we may look back without regret over a well-spent life, and say, yes, “the end crowns the work.”

(d) “PREPARED FOR BETTER THINGS”

There is no state of life or of Nature that is not necessarily preceded by its period of preparation. The erection of a building, the seeding of a field, the establishment of any enterprise, great or small, calls first for thorough and painstaking preparatory work. An apprentice at any trade must serve many years mastering the simplest principles of his work, shaping the crude models, drawing over and over again the rough, apparently insignificant plans, and learning to make a proper use of every one of the materials at his disposal, before he dare even attempt any of the better things to which his future efforts are to be directed.

It is for this, and this only, that we have, hour by hour, and day by day, devoted ourselves to our studies, carefully selecting under the guidance and counsel of wise and tender instructors, those branches that would best fit us for the duties of the after-life that awaits each and all of us. We are, by this means, "Prepared for better things," and while the pursuance of these studies has ever been of itself an abiding joy, yet we have kept our eyes steadfastly fixed upon the goal of the future, and pushed, by every effort within our power, perseveringly toward that one mark.

We have learned, during the course of our few years of life, that every day of our existence is in a large measure a preparation,—a building,—a laying of a stone in the foundation of the future. Every single act of our daily lives,—yes, even every thought,—is leaving its mark either for good or ill, for strength or weakness, upon the character we almost unconsciously are busily engaged in forming. Every victory we gain over self makes us that much stronger, and makes the next battle that much easier to win; every good deed we do paves the way for a second good deed; every lesson we learn makes the succeeding lesson easier for us to master. We have been sowing seed all the days of our past lives,—we shall be sowing seed all the days of our lives to come, for as every day that comes is only a culmination of all the preceding days of preparation, every step onward in the journey of life depends upon the step we are taking now. The old maxim tells us,

"Sow a thought, reap an action;
Sow an action, reap a habit;
Sow a habit, reap a character;
Sow a character, reap a destiny."

Oh! how very certain we then ought one and all to be that we always "sow with care," even our every thought. The rosebud, tight-folded in its protecting cup, learns from the confined odor of its own petals the beauty and glory of full-blossomed life; and warmed by the sun, and fed by congenial soil, does not stop with being a bud, but goes on to perfect rosehood. There is in the acorn the premonition of the oak, strong and sturdy, that will one day withstand the storms and defy the winds. These things are so, because God puts into the life of the rosebud and the acorn the power to fulfil the call to a wider and more perfect life. Just so with each one of us. The forces,—physical, mental and moral,—with which we are equipped, are so many beckoning messengers, which are calling to us to know and to do all that our natures make possible for us.

But when we say, as we do, in the words of our class motto, that we are "Prepared for better things," how can we know that the things in store for us in the future will be better than those in the preparatory past? For the simple reason that all life is growth; all labor is progress; all effort is development. There is no standing still in nature, and there can be no standing still in life. We may go on, on, and on, to the realization of the "better things," for which in these years of our training we have been so efficiently prepared. What these "better things" may be, we may not now satisfactorily say. To most of us it means advanced school work, and a more complete preparation for the still "better things" in the active world of life and labor; to some it may mean immediate entrance upon the care and responsibilities of that broader existence ordained for each by the force of creation. But whatever it may mean, we are glad we are prepared, and grateful beyond our power of expression to feel

that those are indeed better things for which we have been making ready; but realizing that life itself, with its allotted three-score years and ten, is but a school of preparation for the "better things" that lie still ahead of all evolving life, we but step forth into advanced grades of preparatory work, and so climb on and on toward the final goal of perfect attainment far, far in the distance.

(e) "ACT WELL YOUR PART"

Deep down in the heart of every young American man or woman lies an ambition of more or less intensity to become great. Especially is this true as more and more is learned of those immortal names that have been handed down to us with all their histories of great and thrilling achievements. To study of the noble deeds and great advancements of others is to long to do something equally as grand ourselves, and our inmost souls are inspired with a burning desire for some opportunity for the display of heroism or strength of character. We should all like to be heroes, and immortalize our names for future generations to see and to applaud, but when we stop to think of our conditions and environments as compared with those we seek to emulate, we are appalled. We see how far short we come of the standard of greatness the lives of great men have set for us,—how much we lack in knowledge, position, wealth or power,—and we tell ourselves discouragingly that there is no success or honor to be won by us. Everything material seems to be against us, and we are many times tempted to give up all our aims and ambitions in despair. But Pope says,

"Honor and shame from no condition rise,"

and as we look at a few examples our own history has given us, we see for ourselves how true it is.

But if our surroundings and conditions do not make us either small or great, what is true greatness, and upon what does it depend? Pope says again,

“Act well your part; there all the honor lies,” and truly that is all anyone can do.

“Act well your part!” That means everything—to do not only the big things of our daily occupations thoroughly and efficiently, but to be as faithful in attention to the little things; to remember that “whatever is worth doing at all is worth doing well,” and to perform every duty, no matter how trifling it may seem, as though the salvation of the world depended upon its being done well.

Shakespeare said, and we often hear it quoted, “Some are born great, some achieve greatness, And some have greatness thrust upon them.”

This is a fallacy. No one is born great. He may be born of the greatest and noblest ancestry, and into the loftiest and most honored of positions, but he is only small or great in proportion as he makes or mars his own character, and lives up to his capabilities. As for that “greatness” that is “thrust upon” one, it is scarcely worthy of the name, being only the empty bubble of worldly fame which a breath may make and another breath may break. True greatness is never by any means synonymous with fame. The greatest souls the past has produced have often been utterly unappreciated, and even repudiated by their contemporaries; and one who is working solely for the applause of his fellow-beings has no proper conception of the true meaning of the word “greatness,” and will never be other than hopelessly mediocre, however the world may rate

him; but true greatness is every person's birthright, and is within the reach of all who have the desire, the ambition, and the energy to work for it.

"Act well your part; there all the honor lies."

True greatness is within, not without. It seems discouraging at times to find the work we can accomplish so far beneath what we endeavored to make it, but we all have to learn one great lesson in life, and that is, that the result of the bravest effort never equals the conception of the soul. No poem ever equalled its author's ideal of it; no picture can be compared to the design in the brain of the artist; we can only do our best to realize our own ideals of greatness, conscious that when we have made the utmost endeavor within our power, our characters are that much ennobled and strengthened for the tasks ahead. Every noble act makes us better and stronger, even if it apparently fails to accomplish all that we designed it to do. But we cannot always see results, and it is not for us to question whether they be well or ill.

"Act well your part; there all the honor lies!"

I repeat, true greatness is within. We can be what we will to be.

The very first and worst enemy that any individual ever has to conquer in this life is Self. To be master of one's self,—the conqueror of one's own inherent faults and weaknesses,—means to be master of the world; for to the one who has acquired perfect self-control there is no such word as defeat. It was said by a wise man of old,

"He that ruleth his spirit is greater than he that taketh a city."

Every one of us is placed upon this earth in his own particular sphere for an express purpose. It is given to each of us to perform some individual mission,

—to act some part in the drama of life that no one else can do for us. And whether or not we shall prove worthy of honor depends altogether upon how well,—or how ill,—we act that part that is assigned to us.

“Act well your part; there all the honor lies!”

“Act well your part!”—not during fair weather alone, becoming discouraged at the first adverse wind,—but always—ever—faithful unto the end!

“Act well your part!”—not feigning a sincerity you do not feel, and trying to deceive the world into a belief that you are doing right, but be what you want the world to believe you to be!

“Act well your part!”—not as the professional player, who plays to the gallery and the parquet, and puts on an altogether different garb in the solitude of the dressing-room, but as one who is not only honest with his friends and with the world,—but with himself.

“Act well your part!” The only true greatness is the greatness of a noble soul. If we plant and cultivate within our hearts the seeds of truth, honor, virtue, unselfishness, humility and purity, and if we foster therein only pure and holy thoughts, and noble and lofty ambitions, we shall build for ourselves a force of character that will stand steadfast through all the storms of time, and while the opportunity may never come to us for any supreme achievements such as the world calls great, there is a greatness of soul in the one who is faithful to his duty, however lowly it may seem, that even the angels do not despise. What matter it how the world may estimate us, or what the vicissitudes of life may bring to us by way of change, if we are conscious in our own hearts of fidelity to conscience, and have the assurance that we are doing what is truest and noblest and worthy of all honor, and have at all times acted well our part?

“Act well your part!” Oh, let us hold to the one ambition, and apply ourselves to its fulfilment with an unflagging zeal and industry, heeding not any adverse conditions or environments, and blushing for nothing but that which is wrong, remembering that “honor and shame from no condition rise,” and that if we “act well our part, there all the honor lies,” taking ever unto ourselves the advice Shakespeare makes his Polonius give to his son,

“To thine own self be true,
And it must follow as the night the day,
Thou canst not then be false to any man.”

(f) “IS IT WORTH WHILE?”

Every man born into the world has an individual standard by which he, consciously or unconsciously, measures and shapes every action of his life. With many in this commercial age this question is, “Will it add to my possessions?—will it increase my wealth?” or, in other words, “Will it pay me in dollars and cents?” With others, this consideration has very little weight, but the all important criterion is, “Will it please me?—will it add to my enjoyment?—will it give me a good time?” The wise man passes over both these queries and marshals his goings and his comings to face the all-important thought, “Is it worth while?”

It often happens that a party of tourists or travelers will find themselves compelled to wait for a change of trains in some strange city, containing many places of interest. The time will, of course, be all too brief for them to visit very many of the attractions, and they will naturally, after making note of their time, consider very carefully the various sights and scenes the vicinity has to offer, and decide which of them are most worth

the time they have to spend upon them,—in other words, what is most “worth while.”

Is not life itself very much like this? We are put upon this earth for such a little space of time! Even if we are granted the three-score-and-ten years of man’s allotted lifetime, what does it amount to compared with eternity? Does it not stand us well in hand, then,—especially those of us who are just entering upon the active period of our lifetime—to study very carefully and judiciously all that life has to offer, and pass it all in grand review before the flashlight of that searching question, “Is it worth while?”

The High School graduate is comparatively young in years. He has all his life before him. He has been getting ready for life during all the years of his past existence, but, so far, he has not really *lived*. But, no matter how young he may be, both in years and experience, he yet has a goal toward which he has long ago set his foot; he has an ambition toward the gratification of which all his energies have for years been directed. With that supreme ideal ever predominant in his mind, he steps out into the arena of the world’s progress, determined to fight for that, and only that, so long as he may live. Will he find it all clear sailing? Wise men who have lived and learned the heavier lessons of life from the book of a bitter experience, tell him that he will not; and his own observation has already shown him that he can hardly expect to do so. This, that and the other will arise in his experience, to tempt his feet out of the straight path he has marked out to his desired goal; many a glittering allurement will hold out beckoning arms to draw him from his self-appointed track. There will be so many pleasures he will want to taste; so many honors he will wish to grasp; so many enjoyable diversions at which he would like to put in his time.

Now is the time he will have to pull hard upon his store of inherent will power, and ask of every proposition that presents itself, "Will it help me on my way to the work I mean to reach? Will it make me any better prepared for the race I am trying to run? Is it worth while?"

But now, when this course of action is determined upon as the fixed and unalterable rule of a man's life, comes the scarcely less important question for his decision, "How am I to determine at all times just what is worth while?" And the proper answer of this requires the consideration of several vital points:

In the first place, humanity cannot be considered in the mass. Why? Because it is made up of individual members with individual needs and individual goals. Consequently what might be well worth while for one person, in his efforts toward the attainment of his cherished ambition, would be far from worthy of the attention of another individual whose aims were of so vastly different a nature. It must, therefore, rest largely with each person to answer for himself in connection with each and every proposed undertaking, "Is it worth while?"

Again, many otherwise very good and helpful gifts may be made a detriment instead of a benefit by the use to which they are put. Any of our talents properly directed would play a strong part in the attainment of our desires, which, if improperly used, would retard instead of assisting our development. All good gifts may fall short of being the benefit they were really meant to be, if they are wrongly applied and recklessly handled,—abused instead of used.

Even the diploma we are so proud to win at Commencement may prove to be almost a curse to the life it was designed to bless. Our cities today show many

pitiable examples of High School graduates, who, through neglect of their capabilities, or careless disregard of their talents and attainments, have proved that *their* High School course was surely not worth while.

Consider, in conclusion, the purpose for which we are living,—is it the accumulation of wealth, the attainment of fame or position, the securing of power over men and affairs? If any of these, then many things will be worthy of our attention that would otherwise be beneath our notice. But if we remember and accept the Scriptural “What shall it profit a man if he gain the whole world and lose his own soul?” and believe we are living for the development of the individual character, and the acquirement of such a high standard of personal nobility and uprightness,

“That Nature might stand up

And say to all the world, ‘This was a man!’”

we shall look at every act and thought of our lives from a vastly different viewpoint, and answer from a fuller understanding of the inner life’s most vital truths, the question of the soul, “Is it worth while?”

(g) “FORWARD!”

Every nation, every race, every community,—yes, even every individual,—has its primary distinguishing characteristic. Did you ever stop to think of it? Trace the progress of every movement the mind of man has ever conceived up from its inception to its culmination; trace the development of every truth from the hour of its dawn to its complete realization; trace the history of every people from their organization, or of every personality from the hour of its birth to the moment of its final dissolution, and one dominant trait, one su-

preme, inherent tendency or inclination marks it from all others of its kind, a thing apart. Every organization has its slogan; every regiment its battle-cry; every lodge—they say—its password; every race its own watchword as revealed to the world in the known record of its achievements. We English-speaking people like to boast of our Anglo-Saxon ancestry,—but why? What is the watchword of the Anglo-Saxon race? Let us see!

We all remember the beginnings of the Anglo-Saxon race,—that is, we remember what history tells us of what we can, of course, have no personal recollection. We know the stirring of the Anglo-Saxon heritage in our own blood, but we have to turn back to the early days of old Britain to know exactly whence it comes, and all it means. “Anglo-Saxon!”—the very name is a synonym for “progress!” Listen! The Angles of olden time were a fierce, war-like people, their fighting blood always at fever heat; their spirit of conquest always “very much alive!” The Saxons were equally bent upon supremacy and the glory of victorious achievement. How, then, could the union of these two people result in anything other than a race of determined, progressing, ever-advancing people? How could the history of a race thus born be anything other than a record of steady advance and continual progress? Century after century, year after year, month after month, and day after day, the race has been demonstrating this dominant characteristic and fixing in the minds of universal thought its self-evident watchword, “Forward!”

They tell us that there is no such thing in life or nature as standing still,—that we are necessarily either progressing or retrogressing every day of our lives. Some pessimists even assert that the world is daily growing worse. Do we believe this? How *can* we in the light of history’s revelations? How can we in the light of

present-day scientific achievement and philanthropic advancement? Growing *worse* indeed! From the time of the union of those heathen people, the Angles and Saxons, in the fifth or sixth century,—or, perhaps, I had better say, from the time of their Christianization in the seventh century,—the race has been growing better, growing wiser, growing stronger!—and it is still doing so, despite all that the professional grumbler may urge against any such a belief. What mainmoth strides the race took in the days of Alfred the Great!—when Civilization's gigantic finger was first placed for all time to come upon the pulse of throbbing humanity! How rapidly it stepped to the religious music of Edward the Confessor, and how proudly to the stirring, martial airs of William the Conqueror! Truly, the watchword of the Anglo-Saxon race from its very formation has been “Forward!”

It was this spirit of progression and advancement that inspired the Crusades of the Middle Ages to their vigorous campaign in defense of their then thoroughly-established Christianity; it was this same spirit that gave birth to the chivalry of that time,—that chivalry that led step by step to the final complete downfall of the Feudal System,—that chivalry that lives even today as the very key-note of our boasted Twentieth Century civilization; it was, indeed, that self-same spirit that led that little band of Pilgrims to migrate first to Holland, and then through the perils of a cold and stormy voyage over a wintry sea until, finally,

“A band of exiles moored their bark
On a wild New England shore!”

seeking and finding in the dangers and disasters of a new world the one boon they craved, “Freedom to worship God!”

Is it necessary to carry the history further? Is not the record of our own continual progress as familiar to every one of us as our A B C?

The United States stands today in all the glory and splendor of superb attainment as a shining example of Anglo-Saxon possibilities—as a living factor representing in all departments of its social, civic and national life the most vivid realization and actual fulfilment of its race-old watchword, “Forward!”

As a class we feel all the fire and fury of the past burning within us and throbbing for vehement expression. Our history from the day we entered school has been a daily demonstration of this Anglo-Saxon watchword that we are determined to manifest through every step of our life to come. We are not going backward to the days of any of those early lessons we found it, just a few short years ago, so very hard to learn. We have mastered them all; and those victories of the past shall serve as stepping-stones for the future, as we go forward to learn new lessons—lessons that will have been made comparatively easy of mastery because the way has been so well paved by the acquirement of by-gone laborious application. The propelling force is far behind. The attractive force is as far ahead. We could not turn back if we would, and be the boys and girls the past has led us upward to become. We glory in our free-born spirit. We rejoice in our American manhood and womanhood, proud to feel within us the positive assurance that as we face the activities of life, we can keep step together to the rhythmic beat of our omnipotent watchword, compelling the attention, the respect, and the admiration of not only our own nation, and our own race, but the whole world.

Oh, may we show, throughout the coming years, by every deed we do, every word we say, and even every

thought we think, that we are determined upon keeping the shibboleth of our class in every individual manifestation the same good old watchword inherent in every Anglo-Saxon nature, "Forward!"

(h) "IN TENUIS LABOR"

("There is Work in Small Things.")

There is work in small things! There are probably not very many people in the world who have not from childhood up been familiar with the old rhyme,

"Little drops of water,
Little grains of sand,
Make the mighty ocean
And the pleasant land."

And yet it is human nature to overlook and perhaps underestimate the value of small things. We read of the mighty battles some general has successfully fought, but we do not often hear of the little, apparently insignificant, engagements that have paved the way for the big victories; we hear of the great deeds of courage and valor that some of the world's heroes have done, and our hearts are thrilled by the recital without once thinking of the little unnoticed deeds of heroism that have all along the way combined to make his character strong and brave enough for the larger test; and while the world echoes with the praises of some author's or some artist's master-work, it tramples beneath its notice the little obscure paragraph, or the crude bit of drawing that may have developed the talent and added fuel to the genius that was to produce the greater work.

And all of us, more especially, perhaps, in our youth, have an ambition to do great things. We would like to compel the big world to take notice of our work.

We would like to hear our names shouted in tones of praise all over this broad land of ours. We would like to feel that we, too, were among the great ones of the world, and that our names were ranked with the famous few to whom a hero-worshipping public delight to offer its homage. This is a laudable ambition, to be commended and encouraged, rather than condemned and discouraged, if we did not, in fixing our eyes upon the distant mountain, overlook the little hillocks in the pathway beneath our feet, and forget that we cannot reach the mountain—and hold our position there—without first climbing the smaller hills that lie between us and the goal we so much desire.

And when we stop to consider it, isn't it the little things that count most in their effect upon our lives? Isn't it the little troubles and worries that annoy us more than the larger grief for which we seem to be given almost superhuman strength of endurance? Isn't it the little pleasures that take us by surprise and lighten our day's toil with their rays of sunshine that really do more to make us happy than the greater joy that takes our breath and leaves us wondering? Isn't it the little smile, the sudden hand-clasp, the insignificant act of human kindness along the day's journey that touches our hearts more than the greater favor can do, and makes us feel that life is really worth living—that God is good, and His people are true? For it is, after all, not so much the work we accomplish, be it small or great, that counts in us as good or evil, but rather the motive of the heart that prompts the action, the thought of which the deed was born.

It is a common characteristic of us who are young in years to bewail our inability to grasp the larger duties of life, and to consider ourselves of "no use in the world," because we are not afraid to do such big things

as those we most admire are doing for the benefit of humanity and of the world. We need to remind ourselves, over and over again, that everybody is not fitted to fill large places in the work of the world,—that the small things are just as essential to the welfare of mankind,—and that

"No action, whether foul or fair,
Is ever done, but it leaves somewhere
A record, written by fingers ghostly,
As a blessing or a curse, and mostly
In the greater weakness or greater strength
Of the acts which follow it."

Thus will we understand the value of making a full use of the one small talent with which we have been equipped. Thus will we feel the joy of being faithful in those little things that must make us faithful also in much. Thus will we realize that

"No life
Can be pure in its purpose, or strong in its strife,
And all life not be purer and stronger thereby,"

and that by just *being* noble we are in a larger way than we know doing noble things. Thus will we understand how much is meant by the words, "Let every occasion be a great occasion, for you cannot tell when fate may be taking your measure for a larger place"; and however small we may feel ourselves or our work to be we will know that it is as unlimited in its possibilities as the pebble cast into the current, or the acorn that holds within its shell the whole life of the gigantic oak; and so will despise not the humblest tasks but feel that we have indeed chosen wisely and well the assurance of our motto, "In tenuis labor"—There is Work In Small Things.

(i) "LEAVEN LIFTETH UPWARD"

There is a little bit of apparently insignificant substance among the elements and combination of elements that make up this world, that we call leaven. This mysterious substance is made up of myriads of the most minute animal creatures, eternally busy in bringing about that peculiar process of fermentation that is so necessary in making the substance which they compose fulfill its purpose in the work of the world. Infinitesimal as is each one of these microscopic creatures, only one of the countless billions of similar bits of organic life, that make up the swarming multitude of the animalculæ of the universe; yet it has an individual mission to perform,—a sphere of usefulness so vast that such little mental organism as it possesses can form no conception whatever of its magnitude and importance. It just works industriously on, in its own limited circle of activity, performing each moment's duty as it presents itself, and looking neither forward nor backward to discern either cause or effect of its persistent endeavor, knowing not how effectually "a little leaven leaveneth the whole lump," nor ever having heard how the "little leaven" of the Scriptures was "hid in the three measures of meal till the whole was leavened," and was thus found so worthy of the notice of the Christ that He made it the subject of one of His most convincing parables. Not only does the little leaven work and swell and spread until it has actually increased to double or more its own bulk and height, but it also brings the "three measures of meal" to experience the same transformation. The dough simply *has* to rise when the busy bit of leaven once begins to work its will in the formerly lifeless cells.

Now, in the world of humanity there is a great deal

of this sort of leaven constantly at work for the benefit of mankind, compelling it to rise to higher levels of thought and activity. There are always plenty of idlers,—plenty of dormant cells,—plenty of inactive elements in the realm of human endeavor,—and were it not for the over-zealous individuals who constitute the yeast of the world, history would have very little progress to record in any of the walks of life. But when one of these vital, thoroughly alive men and women steps forward with an idea-germ, fermentation at once begins, and something simply has to happen. A stir is at once created in their immediate vicinity that speedily extends over all the territory around, and finally makes itself felt by the whole world, till all is lifted upward to a higher plane of purpose and action.

Indeed, was ever any reform brought about in all the world without this process of fermentation taking place in some apparently unnoticed and unnoticeable, but lively bit of human leaven, that gave the "three measures of meal" with which it came in contact the impulse to rise—that compelled it to push upward?

What is this leaven that worketh thus in the soul of man? The divine spark of the Creator, breathed into his nostrils with that first breath of life. Within us all it lies dormant and inert till some sudden call from the unseen forces of destiny summons it to vigorous action. We who are young, and just entering upon our missions, may not even have awakened as yet to a consciousness of its existence within us, but when our hour is at hand we will be forced to hear and respond to its divine call, and prove ourselves to be, though only atoms in the great swarm of humanity, a vital part of that great mass of the world's "leaven" that "lifteth upward."

(j) SUGGESTED MOTTOES

1. *Ad astra per aspera*—To the stars through difficulties.
2. *Age quod agis*—Finish what you attempt.
3. *Ad majorem Dei gloriam*—To the greater glory of God.
4. Ask within.
5. As ye will.
6. *Animo et fide*—By courage and faith.
7. *Audaciter et sincere*—Boldly and sincerely.
8. Always upward.
9. *Avisez la fin*—Consider the end.
10. Be.
11. *Candide et constanter*—Candidly and constantly.
12. *Candor dat viribus alas*—Truth gives wings to strength.
13. Conquering ever.
14. *Consilio et animo*—By wisdom and courage.
15. *Constantia et virtute*—By steadfastness and courage.
16. *Cor unum, via una*—One heart, one way.
17. Dig.
18. Do.
19. *Decrevi*—I have decreed.
20. *De monte alto*—From a high mountain.
21. *Dies diem docet*—One day teaches the other.
22. *Dirigo*—I lead.
23. *Dum vivimus, vivamus*—While we live, let us live.
24. *Droit et avant*—Right and forward.
25. Ever on.
26. Energy attains.
27. *Excelsior*—Still higher.
28. *Eureka*—I have found it.
29. Find a way or make one.
30. From round to round.

31. Follow the gleam.
32. *Fide et fiducia*—By faith and courage.
33. *Fideliter*—Faithfully.
34. *Fortiter et recte*—Courageously and honorably.
35. Grit wins and polishes.
36. *Gradatim*—Step by step.
37. *Gardez la foi*—Keep faith.
38. *Gardez bien*—Take care.
39. Help yourself.
40. Here endeth ; here beginneth.
41. Hail tomorrow ! Speed today !
42. *Hora e semper*—It is always time.
43. *Haut et bon*—Great and good.
44. Impossible is un-American.
45. *Ich kann*—I can.
46. *In medias res*—Into the midst of things.
47. Just now !
48. *Jamais arrière*—Never behind.
49. *Je pense*—I think.
50. *Je suis prêt*—I am ready.
51. Keep at it.
52. *Kein warum ohne darum*—There is no why without a because.
53. Labor is life.
54. Let life lead.
55. Lift as you climb.
56. Look up—and on !
57. *Loyauté m'oblige*—Loyalty binds me.
58. *Maintiens le droit*—Maintain the right.
59. Make way !
60. More beyond !
61. *Mihi cura futuri*—My care is for the future.
62. *Multis ictibus dejicitur quercus*—By repeated blows the oak is felled.
63. Never backward !

64. *Ne tentes, aut perfice*—Attempt not, or accomplish.
65. Not evening, but dawn.
66. Not finished, just begun!
67. *Non nobis solum sed toti mundo nati*—Born not for ourselves only, but for the whole world.
68. Never say die.
69. *Nunc aut nunquam*—Now or never.
70. *Nunquam non paratus*—Never unprepared.
71. Not by brawn, but by brain.
72. *Non scholæ, sed vitæ*—Not for school, but for life.
73. *Noblesse oblige*—Nobility has its obligations.
74. *Nul bien sans peine*—Nothing is gained without work.
75. *Oublier je ne puis*—I cannot forget.
76. *Omnia vincit labor*—Labor overcomes all things.
77. On to the top.
78. Onward.
79. Out of the harbor into deep channels.
80. *Palmam qui meruit ferat*—Let him who has won it bear the palm.
81. Prepared for anything.
82. *Possunt, quia posse videntur*—They can, who think they can.
83. *Pense à bien*—Think for the best.
84. *Prêt d'accomplir*—Ready to perform.
85. *Qui pense?*—Who thinks?
86. *Respice finem*—Look to the end.
87. Rowing, not drifting.
88. *Semper fideli*—Always faithful.
89. *Semper paratus*—Always ready.
90. *Servabo fidem*—I will keep faith.
91. Sail on!
92. *Spectemur agendo*—Let us be seen by our deeds.
93. *Soyez ferme*—Be firm.
94. *Tiens ta foi*—Keep thy faith.

95. *Toujours prêt*—Always ready.
96. Up and on!
97. *Ut quicunque paratus*—Prepared on every side.
98. *Un je servirai*—One I will serve.
99. Victory is ours forever.
100. *Vincit qui se vincit*—He conquers who conquers himself.
101. *Vestigia nulla retrorsum*—No steps backward.
102. We will.
103. We're on our way.
104. We build the ladder by which we rise.
105. We choose our way.
106. We finish to begin!
107. Watch us climb!



XIII. CLASS PLAYS

(a) "NON PALMA SINE LABORE"
 ("No Victory Without Labor.")

CHARACTERS.

MARY.....	}	<i>Students</i>
CAROL.....		
ARTA.....		
HARMONIA.		
PENELOPE..		
SPIRIT OF PROPHECY.	
VICTORY.....		<i>Disguised as "Labor"</i>

COSTUMES.

STUDENTS	<i>Graduating dress</i>
SPIRIT OF PROPHECY.....	<i>Greek costume</i>
VICTORY.....	<i>White Greek costume wreathed with laurel, covered with black robe and veil. Name Victory may be worn on green sash over white costume, and Labor in rugged letters on black robe. Curtain rises, disclosing Students, sitting about room in easy positions, some with books and some without.</i>

MARY. Girls, now that we are about to graduate from Blankville High School, what is the greatest desire in all our lives?

OTHERS (*all together*). Victory!

MARY. Yes, of course,—victory! But what, I wonder, do we all mean by victory? And where can we be sure of obtaining it?

CAROL. Oh, I don't know. There are many places and many ways. I am going to conquer everything that lies between me and my ambition. I am going to be a great singer.

ARTA. And I am going to be a great artist.

HARMONIA. And I a pianist.

PENELOPE. And I an author.

MARY. Well, I hardly know what I will be. Just a commonplace, ordinary woman, I guess,—but I certainly do want to make a success out of my life,—even if it seems a very uneventful one,—to other people.

CAROL. And victory is always so far ahead in the distance. I hardly know how to reach it. But if I walk on, and on and on,—picking the flowers along the pathway, and listening to the birds, their music may enter into my own soul, and make me the singer that I wish to be.

PENELOPE. It would be more likely to make you the great author that I wish to be, I think. It is the greatest writers that are the greatest dreamers.

ARTA. Oh, I don't know. Now I want to paint. I shall have to dream as much as you. I shall have to pick the flowers and watch the birds in the trees, too, or how can I paint them?

HARMONIA. And how can I play the piano without the music of the birds and the streams to inspire me and sing their way through my heart? I think we all need to take life as easy as we can, and drink deep of all its glories and beauties!

OTHERS (*all together, nodding*). Oh, yes, indeed!

Enter L., SPIRIT OF PROPHECY.

S. OF P. And are you the graduates of Blankville High School of 19—?

STUDENTS (*all springing up*). We are. (*Bowing.*)

S. OF P. I come to tell you a story. Be seated again, please. (*They sit.*) Now I want to hear every one of your plans and projects for the future. (*Turns to each in turn.*) What are you going to do?

CAROL. Sing.

MARY. Live.

ARTA. Paint.

HARMONIA. Play the piano.

PENELOPE. Write.

S. OF P. Very good; very good, indeed. All very high and worthy ambitions, I am sure. And what do you most desire?

STUDENTS (*all*). Victory!

S. OF P. (*musingly*). Of course; of course. Well, students, let me talk to you a little. (*All nod.*) You have all chosen a very high and noble undertaking,—the greatest and most splendid in all the world. But not every one who strives for the attainment of these gifts succeeds,—far from it. Now it is possible for every one of you to win victory if you set about it in the right way, but—you must be careful that you do not miss the way,—there is only one sure way that leads there,—think of it, students!—only one. (*They drop heads.*) And I leave you with this word of warning. If you understand perfectly, it will also be as a word of encouragement. (*They look up eagerly.*) Be sure you find the right path and then stick to it. (*They rise.*) Good-bye. (*All bow low as she exits,—then look at one another amazed.*)

ALL (*together*). Why!

MARY. What does she mean?

CAROL. Who was she?

ARTA. What is the right path?

HARMONIA. Do you think she knows?

PENELOPE. Let's follow her and find out.

CAROL.

ARTA. } All right. Let's!
HARMONIA.

MARY. Go on, if you wish, girls. I believe I'd rather stay here by myself and think it all over.

CAROL.

ARTA.

HARMONIA.

PENELOPE.

All right. We'll tell you all that we
find out. (*Exeunt after S. of P.*)

MARY. Be sure to find the right path, she said, and then stick to it. I wish I could understand what she meant by that. Be sure and find the right path,—and then stick to it. (*Sits.*) The words sound simple enough, I am sure, and yet I fancy there was some hidden meaning in it. Oh, well; a person needn't be so worried about it. What is for us will be sure to come to us, I suppose, without any special exertion on our part.

Enter LABOR, L.

MARY (*rises*). Why, who are you? How dull your dress is and how very harsh and stern and unattractive your face is! Ugh! What made you stop here on graduating day, when everything is so fair and lovely and full of promise?

LABOR. Because I am "Labor" and must be your constant companion through life, if you would win the distinction that you crave.

MARY (*shudders*). You? (*LABOR nods, MARY turns away disappointed.*) Oh, no, no, no! Surely, it cannot be.

LABOR. But I assure you, maiden, that it is true,—only too true. But why should you shudder? You have taken such a very fleeting view of me that you have not formed any just conception of my true worth. If you will only look closely, you will see beauties in my face that you have never dreamed of. (*MARY still keeps her head turned away.*) Will you not look?

MARY. Oh, I cannot; I cannot!

LABOR. Did you ever read Mrs. Browning's "Aurora Leigh"? Most girls like to read that.

MARY (*shaking head*). No. (*After pause looks at LABOR reluctantly.*) Why?

LABOR. In one place it reads,
"Get work, get work,—be sure 'tis better than what you work to get."

Oh, maiden, you are certainly making a great mistake if you refuse to take me as your life companion. You would soon learn to love me dearly. (*MARY looks at her and shudders, turning away again.*) Well, well, you are very young, and youth cannot often estimate things at their true value. You may learn in time. Yes, I am sure you will learn in time. If it is only not too late.

MARY (*clasps hands at breast with a shudder, then turns to LABOR and asks*). Too late?

LABOR. Yes, too late to accomplish the end you have in view. For sometime you will learn that you cannot succeed in anything at all without me with you. And the closer you cling to me, the more certain and sure your success will be.

CAROL, ARTA, HARMONIA and PENELOPE enter from L. and stop and stare at the two in amazement, looking first at MARY and then at LABOR, as if vainly trying to understand the situation.

STUDENTS (all). Who? (*MARY shakes her head despairingly and backs off at R.*)

LABOR. I am Labor, and I have come in answer to the earnest thought that I could see pictured in the face of this maiden,—indeed, in all your faces,—to offer her, and indeed all of you, my companionship through life. (*They all turn away in disgust.*) Listen, maidens,—one and all. (*They turn back to face her reluctantly. She walks to center of back of stage and mounts a box arranged as pedestal and extends her hands to them.*) You are all just leaving Blankville High School, where for happy months and years you have worked and played

and planned and hoped and striven together for this hour,—the hour of your graduation. It has always been as a bright star in your pathway to lead you to this goal, and you have done well. But have you stopped to think that after tonight you can no more be accompanied by teachers, and watched over by a kind Principal, but must go your way alone, unguided and unprotected, toward the distant goal at which you aim? (*They look at one another in sadness while she speaks.*) Have you thought of this, I say? (*They shake heads and look down thoughtfully.*) Then listen again! The world into which you are passing is only a larger school,—the school of life,—where there are many very difficult lessons to be learned by every one of you. You must have some companion to lead you to your chosen goal. You cannot succeed without well-directed effort, and with your experience,—or lack of experience,—how can you be sure of directing your efforts correctly? (*They look at one another, shaking heads.*) You need a guide, a sure, safe one. And none but me can lead you safely to the end you mean to win.

STUDENTS (*all—aghast*). You?

LABOR. Yes, I! Now listen. Each of you in turn may come and tell me what she wishes to do, and means to do with her life. Let me advise you. As you leave school and step out into the world, take with you all the knowledge that *theory* can bestow. It is very little, of course, compared with that gained from experience; but still it is something, and as such you need it here and now. (*Nods to CAROL.*) Come, maiden, tell me all your hopes and plans.

CAROL (*goes to right side of pedestal and looks up at LABOR*). I am going to be a great singer and charm the world with the power of my voice. With the notes of human music I shall touch the hearts and souls of

men and women that they may lead higher, nobler, truer, purer lives than they otherwise could, and thus make the world a little brighter and better because I have lived in it.

LABOR. Very good; very good. But you have not told me how you expect to accomplish it.

CAROL. Oh, I shall sing a little every day, walk a little, dream a little, read a little, and of course play a little, and before I know it I will have my growth, and will be a great, great singer.

LABOR. Oh, not so; not so! You cannot attain the success of the trained singer without taking me with you.

ALL (*again aghast and scornfully*). You? (LABOR *nods*.)

CAROL. No doubt your path may lead to success, Labor, but all paths lead to Rome, and I have no doubt that through the forest and meadows, where the birds sing, there may be a little footpath that will lead me to my goal. I am not attracted by you.

LABOR (*urging*). You have not looked at me closely, maiden.

CAROL (*turning to her defiantly*). I will not be attracted by you.

LABOR. Ah! That is different. So be it, then. And if you fail, remember what I have said. (CAROL *turns from LABOR in disgust. Stands at right side of stage, her head turned from LABOR very conspicuously.*) Now, you, fair maiden,—what are your ambitions? (To ARTA.)

ARTA (*walks to left side of pedestal, looking up at LABOR*). I mean to be a great artist,—to paint many great pictures of great and beautiful things,—to reproduce Nature in all her varied forms of loveliness, until it will be an inspiration to every one just to look at them.

Thus will I do my part in making the world better and happier for others.

LABOR. I see! I see! And how do you plan to go about it?

ARTA. Oh, I shall live and enjoy myself wandering here and there and all over, drinking in all the beauties of the world, and listening to all its voices,—then suddenly, some day, the inspiration will come to me and I will paint and paint and paint, until I shall wake up some morning to find myself famous.

LABOR. Are you sure? (ARTA *nods*.) Oh, let me tell you a wiser way. Begin now, today, as you leave school, to take me into your life as its closest comrade. In that way, and no other, can you win.

ARTA. Oh, I am sure you are mistaken, Labor. You have no particular charm for me. I shall get along without you very nicely, I am sure.

LABOR. So be it, then; but when the time comes when you see your mistake, and realize that it is too late to retrieve, remember what I meant to give you, what I would have done for you. For, however you may think, you cannot succeed without me.

ARTA (*turning away scornfully*). I'll make a desperate effort, anyway. (*Stands on left of stage, face turned conspicuously away*.)

LABOR. And you? (*To HARMONIA*.)

HARMONIA (*goes to right side, looking up*). I mean to be a great pianist. There is nothing like music to touch people's hearts, and I shall make all the melody of my heart flow through my fingers, and so inspire people to nobler lives and broader deeds.

LABOR. And how?

HARMONIA. Oh, I haven't thought much about that part of it. It seems to be natural for me to play. I like to. So I'll just keep at it as I feel like it, and listen to

other people when I don't, and have a good time, till I find out that I have attained all for which I was seeking.

LABOR. And you, too, are resolved to have nothing to do with me?

HARMONIA. I do not feel any need of you, Labor. I never was attracted to you. Work when you have to is all right, but work when you don't have to is very foolish. (*Turns away beside CAROL at right side.*)

LABOR. Well, maiden, you alone are left, and I almost feel reluctant to listen to your expressions of your desires, for so few seem to really care for the success they pretend to crave. I cannot understand it. They do not seem to understand that we have to earn all that we get in this world. They want wonderful things, but do not seem willing to pay the price life asks. What is it that you desire?

PENELOPE. I mean to be an author and say to the world many sweet and beautiful truths that may make the people who read them better and stronger and sweeter and happier. Oh, yes, I know I shall write many wonderful books. It is easy for me to write.

LABOR. And how will you set about it?

PENELOPE. Oh, I'll just write whatever I think, whenever I think it. I am sure that all kinds of good thoughts will come to me.

LABOR. And are you, too, trying to get along without me?

PENELOPE. You? Surely an author does not need to know anything about Labor! Why, a literary life is the easiest life there is.

LABOR. Very well. You will learn sometime the truth of your own motto, "Non Palma sine Labore"—"No Victory without Labor." (*PENELOPE takes place beside ARTA, with head turned away in same position.*)

Re-enters SPIRIT OF PROPHECY, followed by MARY.

S. of P. Students, I have much to say to you,—much advice to leave with you. (*They all turn and look at her.*) I told you when I was here before that there was only one path to the goal you each are seeking; but I did not define it. I felt that your education in this dear old Blankville High School must have taught it to you, and that your own hearts would repeat it. But lo, I was mistaken, and you have all refused to accept the companionship of Labor, who, almost unknown to yourself, has been leading you all this time through your years of study here. (*They look at her in surprise.*) Yes, you may well be surprised, for the teachers,—God bless them!—have seen to it that this dear companion led you all the way along up the pathway of the years to the hour of your graduation, and now,—would you turn against the faithful comrade without whose guidance you could never have earned the prize you sought? (*They hang heads.*) Would you?

LABOR (*stretching out hands appealingly*). Could you? (*They look at her quickly, then again turn heads away, disappointed in her appearance.*) Could you?

S. of P. (*advancing, leading MARY*). Labor, this one student has not yet told her desires. Her one aim is to be a woman,—a real, true woman,—and to fill her place in the world as that place should be filled. She sought and found me, after first refusing to accept your leading, and when I reminded her of your faithfulness up through the years, her right to the title of woman was proven beyond question, by her immediate acceptance of your leadership,—indeed, almost a longing for it. But for this fact, I fear these thoughtless students might never have had their eyes opened to your true worth, nor realized the truth of their own motto, "No Victory with-

out Labor," or as the Latin puts it, "Non Palma Sine Labore." Students, listen! (*They all turn and look.*) What do you all most desire in life?

ALL. Victory!

S. OF P. How do you expect to get it?

MARY. Live.

CAROL. Sing.

ARTA. Paint.

HARMONIA. Play.

PENELOPE. Write.

(Spoken all at once.)

S. OF P. Yes, but how? How will you gain this victory? (*All hang heads.*) What is your class motto?

ALL. "Non Palma sine Labore."

S. OF P. And what does it mean?

ALL. "No Victory without Labor."

S. OF P. True enough! Now look and be convinced how true it is! The face of Labor has looked hard, harsh and repellent to you, but behind it shines the face of Victory for which you long. See! (*Pulls aside the mask and discloses the lovely face of VICTORY, smiling at them. They smile and take one step toward her, holding out hands.*) Wait! The form of Labor has seemed veiled in coarse and unlovely garb, and it has not been attractive to the young eyes that love to look on beauty. But the robe of Labor has only been a thin covering for the form of Victory. See! (*Pulls aside black robe and lets it fall to floor, disclosing white robe with the name of Victory across breast. Students extend both hands to VICTORY. On her arm hang five ivy wreaths, or wreaths of the class flower tied with the class colors.*) Now, what shall it be? Will you have this Labor to be your companion, when you know that within the outward form of Labor shines the face and form of Victory?

STUDENTS (*falling to knees*). We will! We will!
S. OF P. And you will remember your class motto?

STUDENTS. "Non Palma sine Labore."

S. OF P. And its meaning?

STUDENTS. "No Victory without Labor."

S. OF P. Good, indeed! And now you have learned your lesson, I will leave you,—leave you to receive the palms of Victory that crown labor and are always the sure reward of every earnest effort. (*Exits.*)

VICTORY. Students, as you leave the peaceful haven of Blankville High School, and go forth toward the goals that you seek, remember the lesson that you have learned, and carry the thought of your motto through every step of your future career, for if you would have victory, you must first, as you have seen, have labor. As I have led you step by step through the years of your school course, so I will lead you step by step through the years of your life's endeavor.

(STUDENTS *bow heads* as VICTORY *places a wreath upon each head*. VICTORY *then folds arms and looks up as they look up, still on their knees, and extend their arms to her, repeating in concert their motto.*)

ALL. "Non Palma sine Labore"—"No Victory without Labor."

CURTAIN.



(b) "CLIMB, THOUGH THE ROCKS BE RUGGED"

A Playlet for Nine Girls.

CHARACTERS.

GLADYS.

JENNIE.

DOROTHY.

GERTRUDE.

OLGA.

MABEL.

KATHRYN.

HELEN.

ROSE.

COSTUMES.

To taste. A unique effect would be gained by having them all in climbing suits, with knapsacks and alpenstocks. If the girls do not sing, have them laugh instead of sing, and introduce the word "laugh" wherever the word "sing" is used in the dialogue. Class flower: Crimson Rambler. Class colors: Crimson and Green.

SCENE: *An outdoor scene with rustic benches, etc., for nine. GERTRUDE walks on from R., meeting DOROTHY and MABEL, who come on from L.*

GERTRUDE. Good morning, girls. (*Looks all around.*) We seem to be the first ones upon the scene. Aren't you tired? (*Looks for seat.*)

DOROTHY. Why, I don't know. (*Turns to MABEL.*) Are we, Mabel?

MABEL. I thought we were as we were trying to pass by that hard Examination Rock back there where the path turns to the west. But now I'm not a bit sure whether I am or not. This is really Commencement Ledge, isn't it? (*Looks around curiously.*)

GERTRUDE. Commencement Ledge, or Commencement Bend—I'm not just sure what is the proper name for it. Most people just say "Commencement" and let the rest go. Anyway, I'm sure we're all glad of a place

to sit down and rest awhile after such a long journey as we've had to get here. (*Sits.*)

DOROTHY. Yes. We're none of us very sorry to know the journey is over. Just think! Four long years! And some of the way seemed almost impossible to pass! It's such a relief to really and truly be here,—I'm sure I won't be able to sleep for a month, just lying awake and being glad I finally managed to get here. (*Sits and fans herself.*) I'm all out of breath, and so warm!

GERTRUDE. You shouldn't have run so fast just at the last.

DOROTHY. Had to, to pass the grades! Dear me! They were hard!

MABEL (*sitting*). But it has been such a pleasant journey. The grass has been so green beneath our feet,—the sun has shone so brightly, with only such a few little clouds now and then,—the trees have been so bright and beautiful against the deep blue sky,—and all the little streams have rippled so delightfully along, making music to accompany the singing of the happy birds,—

DOROTHY. And the flowers!—especially our Crimson Ramblers. How pretty they were!

Enter GLADYS with hands full of flowers.

DOROTHY. Here comes Gladys now, with her hands full!

GLADYS. But they were not always easy to find, I can tell you. Sometimes they were hidden so deep down in the long grass I had to search a long time, and look very closely, to even get a peep at them. Then some grew so high up on the bushes, or on the edges of the rocks, that I had to climb over the rough stones to reach them, and I kept slipping back, and slipping back, till I thought I might have to give up entirely. But I

was bound to pass on and find every single one that I could, and so—(*sits and holds up flowers with a significant smile.*)

MABEL. You gathered them all?

GLADYS (*triumphantly*). Indeed, I did! The Crimson Rambler! We've certainly been wise in choosing our class flower, girls! The Crimson Rambler just won't be held back. It climbs, climbs everywhere, works through every crevice and aspires to every height.

MABEL. Thus it flaunts to the world our crimson and green, too. The crimson of bravery and the green of fresh, new life typifies how brave we are to venture into the new and untried path, our blood crimson with courage, and our—

DOROTHY. "Our eyes green with envy!"

ALL (*jumping up*). Never!

MABEL. Our thoughts green with the newness of youth and the mind daily renewed in the spring-time of destiny!

GERTRUDE (*rises, walks to GLADYS, examining flowers*). It's a beautiful blend—our crimson and green!

GLADYS. And our brave little Crimson Rambler carries it far and near, to speak of us and our aspiration to all the world.

GERTRUDE. Of course they are very pretty and sweet—I don't know whether I saw so many or not—but—

DOROTHY. Do you think they are really worth all the effort it took to get them? (*GERTRUDE walks to MABEL and they whisper together.*)

GLADYS. Do I? Well, I certainly do. (*Walks to DOROTHY and shows them to her.*) Just see what a beautiful blend of color! (*Puts them to DOROTHY's nose.*) And how deliciously fragrant, whispering unutterable things,—all the delightful secrets of youth and

spring-time to the heart of the sweet girl graduate! Why, they will make everybody better and happier who sees them!

DOROTHY. But aren't you tired?

GLADYS (*looks around for seat*). A little, I guess. You see my feet were bruised a little where the path had so many stones in it, and once in a while a thorn in the flowers, or a brier in the bushes, would catch my dress, and I did get a tiny scratch or two. Sometimes, too, of course, I stumbled over a stick or a stone and nearly fell down—(*sits*.)

MABEL (*looking up with interest*). But you didn't fall down!

GLADYS. No, indeed, I didn't.

MABEL. And aren't you glad you kept on?

GERTRUDE (*walks to GLADYS, stands behind her*). What nonsense! Of course she is!

DOROTHY (*looks off R., then off L.*). But where are all the other girls? They all started the same time we did, didn't they?

GLADYS. Yes, and they'll all be here after a little. They walked out a little farther than I did, probably, or walked a little more slowly. The strange thing about this High School journey has been that no two of us seem to be looking for exactly the same thing out of it,—no two wanted to take quite the same path,—no two cared to gather exactly the same flowers. Some didn't like to reach so high, or dig so deep,—some didn't want to be so long in getting to this place,—and some—(*girls laugh off L.*)

DOROTHY. Wanted the easy paths, with no hard work at all—that's me, I guess.

MABEL. But nobody could see much of any difference after all. We've all reached the same point and gathered about the same things.

GERTRUDE. And hasn't it been glorious? Sometimes, you know, on those glad, sunshiny days all nature has seemed to unite to make things as easy and delightful for us as possible.

DOROTHY. Yes, but other times, you know, on those dark, cloudy days all nature has seemed to unite to make things as difficult and miserable for us as possible.

GLADYS. That was just a trial, dear—a rock or a brier,—an examination or a test to see if we were really strong enough and brave enough to come on.

MABEL. And we always were!

GERTRUDE. Of course! Aren't we here? (*Girls laugh off L. again, closer.*) I hear the girls now. (*They begin to sing Class Song.*)

DOROTHY. Singing and happy as usual!

GLADYS. Isn't it glorious to be young?

MABEL. And at our journey's end!

Enter KATHRYN, ROSE, JENNIE and HELEN, singing Class Song. May carry garlands of Class Flower or streamers of ribbon of Class Colors, as preferred. As they enter, girls on stage rise and clap hands.

HELEN (*while all four singers bow low*). Thank you, girls.

MABEL (*laughing while all four on stage bow low*). Thank you, girls!

ROSE. But *we* couldn't help it!

GLADYS. Neither could *we*!

KATHRYN. We sang because we were happy!

GERTRUDE. And we clapped because we were happy to see you so happy! (*All laugh.*)

MABEL. There's always a reason, you see. Now, let us all sit down and talk it over. (*All sit easily.*) Isn't it fine to be at the very end of our journey and

to just be able to sit still and rest and rest and rest forever and ever!

GLADYS. I wonder just what you mean by that. This isn't the end of my journey by any means. It isn't very much more than a beginning. You might almost call it a getting ready.

HELEN. Why, where are you going?

GLADYS (*seriously*). Do we know? Can any of us be sure?

DOROTHY. Dear me! I didn't know we were going anywhere! I thought this traveling was all beautifully over forever!

GERTRUDE. Would you be satisfied to stop now, and never move a single step away from here? I'm not at all sure that I would.

MABEL. Well, now that you speak of it, maybe it would begin to get dreadfully monotonous after awhile to stop right here forever. I hadn't thought much about that. I was only thinking how perfectly splendid it seemed to get to the end of our journey at last. We've been looking ahead to this point for so long, it seemed like the only place in all the world that any real live girl could ever desire to be. I didn't think a thing about anything ahead of this.

DOROTHY. Nor I! I just forgot all about any "ahead."

JENNIE. Anyway, I hope we won't have to tramp along very much farther.

HELEN. I imagine that may be just as each of us chooses.

ROSE. Yes, that's true. We've had the roads pointed out for us a long time. Now I suppose we'll each have to pick out our own.

JENNIE. Oh, there'll be plenty of people to advise us. There always are, you know.

KATHRYN. Sometimes advice is all right, and sometimes—(*pauses, sighs*).

MABEL (*walks to GLADYS, puts arm around her neck*). I'm going with you!

ALL (*eagerly*). And I! And I! And I! (*All crowd around her*.)

GLADYS (*seriously, looking at each in turn*). How far?

MABEL. Why, all the way, of course.

GERTRUDE. Haven't we come so far together?

GLADYS. Of course!

DOROTHY. Then what do you mean?

GERTRUDE. Mayn't we go on with you?

MABEL. Don't you want us?

GLADYS. Girls, I would love to have you all with me every step of the future as in the past; but I have heard a great deal of talk about the paths that lie beyond this, and I don't think it will be possible for us to walk side by side and hand in hand very much longer.

ALL (*disappointed, looking at each other in dismay*). Why not?

OLGA *suddenly enters L. Carries field glass.*

OLGA. How fine you all look! What are you doing?

GERTRUDE. Talking.

MABEL. Planning.

HELEN. Thinking.

ROSE. Weeping.

DOROTHY. And wailing!

OLGA. Then I suppose you've settled the future of nations and decided the destiny of the universe.

JENNIE. But where have you been all this time? Sit down and give an account of yourself.

OLGA (*sitting*). Oh, I have been pausing here and there beside the road, as I wandered on, looking backward at the past, and forward into the future, trying

to decide which path would be easiest to climb, or which would bring me the very best possible view, when I should finally look back from the top.

MABEL (*looking at others*). Now what is she talking about?

HELEN. Climb?

GERTRUDE. Top?

OLGA (*smiling*). Certainly! Climb—top! That's just what I mean to do, you see! Climb to the top—the very top of the mountain!

KATHRYN. Dear me! The walking is bad enough without attempting any hills. I'm not going to climb.

ALL (*in disgust*). Nor I!

OLGA (*surprised*). You don't mean that you are going to play around here all your lives, do you, just walking around in little aimless circles, simply because you have managed to get so far along?

GERTRUDE. Of course not! We were just talking about it and trying to understand what a long, long way we would be likely to have to go.

ROSE. But nobody said a word about *climbing*.

JENNIE. No, we didn't any of us bargain for that at all.

OLGA. Well, how did you expect to get anywhere, then?

ALL. Just walk!

OLGA. And how did you get here?

ALL. Just walked!

OLGA. Oh, girls! girls! Didn't you really know that we had been climbing all these years?

ALL (*springing up*). Climbing?

OLGA. Yes, climbing. (*Rises and faces them.*)

ALL (*amazed*). We girls!

OLGA. Yes, we girls climbing up a great big mountain!

ALL (*looking at one another amazed*). Mountain?

MABEL. What mountain?

OLGA. The Mountain of Womanhood!

GERTRUDE (*after a pause*). Do you really mean it?

OLGA (*sitting*). Of course I do.

JENNIE (*sitting*). But why did we never know it?

OLGA (*motions to all to sit, and they do so, listening eagerly*). Well, for one thing, we advanced so very, very slowly that we could hardly tell when we were taking a step up the hill. Then, again, the way was so smooth that we were walking in, and had been so carefully made ready for us by all those who throughout the ages of the past had gone the same way before us that it was so easy to get up, little by little, of course, that we did not realize what big steps we were taking. Don't you remember the steps we found cut up the side of the rocks of history and algebra, for instance, and the other landmarks pointing out the right path that had been left to show us how to move on? Then, the teachers have been such wonderful guides, and knew every step of the mountain passes so thoroughly, and were always so ready to hold out a helping hand and almost lift us over the rough places—is it any wonder that we never once stopped to think what a big climb we had unconsciously taken, nor how much of it we were already getting over?

DOROTHY. Oh, dear! Then it is not only more journey ahead, but more climb ahead! When will it end?

OLGA. Not until life itself ends, my dear.

GLADYS. And who knows that it will really end even there?

GERTRUDE. Perhaps there'll be another mountain after we have finished the work of this world,—a bigger, grander mountain,—with bright and shining angels to guide us up to the Great White Throne.

GLADYS. Anyway, it's just as I was saying, we must all choose our own paths. We can't travel together any more.

MABEL. But you didn't tell us why.

OLGA. I'll tell you, in her place, girls. The work I will have to do will not be the same work any one of you will be given to do; and so the place I must reach in my climb will be an altogether different part of the mountain than that toward which any other one of you will climb.

MABEL. Then we must really part tonight—must say good-bye?

ALL. Oh, dear! (*Look at one another sadly.*)

KATHRYN. I hope the path will be smooth.

GERTRUDE. Well, I don't much think it will. I don't see how it can. It has been rough enough, sometimes, even with all the teachers to pick out the smoothest paths for us.

JENNIE. Oh, the rocks! the rocks—chemistry, geometry, language! Weren't they rough and sharp?

DOROTHY (*sighs*). Worse and worse at every examination—more rugged at every trial and test! It will surely be rough and rugged enough and to spare when we have to go on alone.

OLGA. But think of the flowers along the way, and the beautiful scenery, and all that will make the climb so very much worth all our effort. With the alpenstock of determination in our hand, and the knapsack of wisdom strapped across our shoulders, we need not be afraid of even the largest and roughest rocks in our way; but just climb on and on, however rugged the crags may be, to the summit of attainment we must all so much desire.

GERTRUDE. I can hardly realize yet that it is a mountain. Are you perfectly sure?

OLGA (*rising*). Of course. Just come and look. (*Leads to L. and all follow as she points out the scene below. Field glass is passed from hand to hand as she talks, adding naturalness and life to this scene.*) See! Down there, away down at the bottom, were our very first years at school. Then the intermediate a little higher, then the different grammar rooms—each a step higher—and later and closer to us, our four years at the High School! See the little rocks we tossed out of our way, and the briars that we stripped from the bushes as we passed, that we might cling to the stalk more closely till we raised ourselves to the higher path!

ALL. That's so! Isn't it splendid! How nice! Lovely! etc., etc.

OLGA (*leads them across to R.*). Now come over here and look up. See how many, many paths lead up the mountain?—how many, many missions there are for a woman to fill?—how many roads that lead to perfection of womanhood, and crown every woman queen of her own destiny?

DOROTHY. Oh, it is really true, isn't it? I see so many lovely things all the way up!

MABEL. What must it be at the top!

KATHRYN (*sighs*). It's very high!

JENNIE. And I'm sure it's as rough as can be!

GLADYS. But we can climb it!

ALL (*turning back to stage*). Of course!

OLGA. We have to, for it is the purpose for which we were created. It only makes it harder for ourselves when we think we'd rather not.

DOROTHY (*sighs*). Won't we be glad when at last we're really there?

ALL. Of course!

GLADYS. What will we be most thankful for?

MABEL. Why, that the journey's ended, of course!

GERTRUDE. Then we won't have to climb any farther.

KATHRYN. That we didn't have any serious mishaps on the way up.

JENNIE. That the mountain isn't any higher.

DOROTHY. And that the climb up wasn't any worse than it was.

OLGA (*thoughtfully*). I think I would be more thankful than anything else that the rocks were so rugged.

ALL (*in amazement*). What!

OLGA. Why not? They say God gives his best scholars the hardest lessons.

GLADYS. True enough! It's the hardest fight that leads to the greatest victory—the long journey that leads to the sweetest welcome—the biggest, most difficult task that wins the brightest, surest reward.

OLGA. Then, of course, the roughest rocks but test our strength and prove our real value as they help us develop ourselves to the greatest, noblest strength of character.

MABEL. And, when you come to think of it, what's the value of a prize that is too easily won, anyway? Who cares for an honor that costs him no effort?

ALL (*scornfully*). Bah!

ROSE. When shall we start?

DOROTHY. Tomorrow?

GLADYS. No! Today!

OLGA. Yes, at once!

ALL (*in dismay*). At once!

OLGA. Certainly. The time is ripe, and our hour has come to part and start upon our way. The teachers are all watching—so interested in seeing us make the start up the long, splendid paths of the mountain. Our

dear friends, too, have come to greet us at this little milestone, and while rejoicing with us that we have climbed so far in safety, will rejoice yet more that we are determined to go to the very top of the mountain and climb, though the way be rugged, till we reach the final goal.

GERTRUDE. Oh, isn't it kind of them? We must indeed make a good, brave, successful climb to repay them for their interest.

MABEL. They must never be disappointed in us!

GLADYS. Let us clasp hands, then, for the last time, as we start on our ways alone, for the gods who guard the good and great will always lead us, and we have nothing but ourselves to fear.

(They form semi-circle, OLGA in middle, four on each side.)

We'll climb, though the rocks be rugged,

We've climbed a little way,

And gathered flowers of learning,

To crown this happy day;

But now our paths look rugged,

And very steep and long;

We'll have to be so careful

To keep from turning wrong.

But birds will sing about us,

The zephyrs gently blow;

The sun will shine in splendor,

To show us where to go;

So, gazing ever upward,

We'll press on all the time,

And though the rocks be rugged,

We'll climb and climb and climb!

CURTAIN.

(c) UNDER SEALED ORDERS

A Sketch for Any Number of Students.

(Arranged from "Macbeth.")

CHARACTERS.

STUDENTS—A, B, C, D, E, and as many others as desired.

THREE WITCHES from "Macbeth"—First, Second and Third.

SCENE: *Woodland; large kettle over camp-fire.*
Three WITCHES circling around it.FIRST—When shall we three meet again
In triumph, glory, or in pain?SECOND—When this graduating's done,
With diplomas lost or won!

THIRD—That will be at set of sun!

FIRST—Where's the place?

SECOND—Blankville High School!

THIRD—There to voice the future's rule.

(They pause in their circling around and hold up
hands to enjoin silence.)

FIRST—Fate speaks!

SECOND—Oh listen!

THIRD—We shall know the truth!

FIRST—Destiny comes searching every hopeful youth!

(Hearing no further sound, they resume circle, hand-
in-hand.)ALL—All is bright and glad and fair;
It's Commencement everywhere!

(They pause again, stand in group in front of cauldron.)

FIRST—Where hast thou been, sister?

SECOND—At the school!

THIRD—Sister, where thou?

FIRST—(*Sits on log.*)

A sweet girl graduate held on her lap
A bright diploma, tied with ribbons fair,
And thought, and thought, and thought!

“Ask me!” said I.

“Oh, tell me, Fate!” the dreaming maiden cried.
(*Rises, lifting finger impressively.*)

Her classmates will come thither soon to ask us
Their future to unveil!

We must unfold the tale,
Or we’ll fail, we’ll fail, and we’ll fail!

SECOND—I’ll give you a thought!

FIRST—Thou’rt kind!

THIRD—And I another!

FIRST—I myself have all the other!

’Tis youth’s morning; thither she
Will come to learn their destiny;
Your vessels and your spells provide;
Your charms and everything beside,
And the very lives they seek
From this glad Commencement week
We will write—(*finger on lip, secretly*)—but never
speak!

SECOND—Under seal it shall be hid,
For the speaking is forbid!

(*They all three stir kettle with sticks.*)

THIRD—We will stir them nine times nine,
Lest the secret they divine!

FIRST—Under sealed orders they go
Forth the future fate to know!

(*They again circle around kettle.*)

SECOND—Round about the cauldron go—

(*Throws in papers with each word.*)

In each personal record throw!—

Problems in mathematics first,—
 Languages, both best and worst,—
 Science, literature,—the lot
 Stir up in the boiling pot!

(They pause to stir the mixture.)

ALL—Double, double reward for trouble;
 Fire, burn, and cauldron bubble!

(Resume circle.)

THIRD—Chemistry, philosophy,

(Throwing in papers.)

Hygiene, physiology,
 Rhetoric, both worst and best,—
 Trigonomic rule and test,—
 For a charm of wondrous power,
 All goes in this very hour!

(They pause to stir mixture.)

ALL—Double, double, prize for trouble!
 Fire, burn, and cauldron, bubble!

FIRST—Athletics, dramatics, too,—
 All debates, both old and new,—
 Contests,—secrets, light or dark,—
 Each examination mark!—
 All reports, both high and low,
 In the cauldron have to go!

(Again pause to stir.)

ALL—Double joys for every trouble,
 Fire, burn, and cauldron bubble!

SECOND—Cool with inspiration's flood
 Till the charm is firm and good!

(Pours in water from a flask. There must be lime in the bottom of kettle, so that the water will cause it to steam immediately.)

FIRST—(*looking in kettle anxiously*).

Well, done! I commend your pains!—

Future forms from what remains!

SECOND—(*with finger on lip*). 'Sh!

THIRD—(*hand on heart*). By the thrill my heart feels clear,

Something young is somewhere near!

(*Look L.*)

SECOND—By the way my pulses dance,

Something young doth sure advance!

(*Look first R., then L.*)

FIRST—By the pricking of my thumbs,

Something young and happy comes!

(*Look first L., then R.*)

(*Drum sounds off L.*)

THIRD—A drum! A drum! Your class doth come!

SECOND—Open locks,—whoever knocks!

ALL—The weird sisters, hand in hand,

(*Circling around kettle, hand-in-hand.*)

Prophets of the sea and land,

Thus do go around, about:

Thrice to thine (*reverse circle opposite way*), and
thrice to mine,

(*Reverse again and circle opposite direction.*)

And thrice again to make up nine. (Pause.)

Peace! The charm's wound up!

Enter L., STUDENTS A, B, C, D, E, etc.

A—So fair a day I never yet have seen.

B—Yet fair life looks before us! What are these

So withered and so wild in their attire,

That look not like the inhabitants of the earth,

And yet are on't? Live you? Or are you aught

That youth may question?

(They each lay finger on lip gravely.)

C—They seem to understand you,
By each at once her chappy finger laying
Upon her skinny lips.

D—They should be women!

E—And yet their beards forbid us to interpret
That they are so.

A—Speak, if you can: What are you?

FIRST—All hail, you graduates! Hail to you, youths and maidens!

SECOND—All hail, you graduates! Hail to you, lads and lassies!

THIRD—All hail, you graduates,—you shall be great hereafter!

B—Classmates, why hesitate, nor ask them more
Of things that sound so fair?

C—Are ye fantastical, or that indeed
Which outwardly ye show? My noble classmates,
Would ask for present grace and great prediction
Of noble having, and of royal hope
That seems our right withal! Why do you speak not?

D—If you can look into the seeds of time,
And say which grain will grow and which will not,
Speak to us all, who beg at this glad hour
Your voicing of our fate!

FIRST—(*bowing to ground before them*). Hail!

SECOND—(*bowing to ground before them*). Hail!

THIRD—(*bowing to ground before them*). Hail!

E—I conjure you, by that which you profess,
However you come to know it, answer us!
We wish to know the future. Answer us
To what we ask you.

FIRST—Speak!

SECOND—Demand!

THIRD—We'll answer!

FIRST—But though you'd rather have it from ourselves,
'Tis not permitted.

D—Why not? We seek for guidance.

SECOND—Your colors, yell, and motto, with each name
Are boiling now, in the prophetic flame,
But sealed the orders of your future fame!

THIRD—Come high or low,

'Tis sealed. We've nothing we can show!

C—Tell me, thou unknown powers,—

FIRST—(*Interrupting him by placing finger on his lip.*
He jumps back.) We know thy thought,
Hear our speech,—but say thou naught!

(*Calls name of graduate—A—three times in deep voice. Then reaches down into kettle, pulls out sealed envelope and hands it to A.*)

Under sealed orders must you bear

This fate we give thee everywhere!

A—Whate'er thou art, for thy good caution, thanks;
Thou hast voiced my wish aright. But one word
more—

SECOND—(*interrupting as before*). We will not be
commanded!

(*Reaches in kettle, pulls out another.*)

Here's another

More potent than the first!

(*Calls name of B three times in deep voice.*)

B—(*eagerly*). Had I three ears, I'd hear thee!

SECOND—Be hopeful, bold and resolute; laugh to scorn
The fears of man, for all that comes to thee

Will be for good! (*Gives sealed letter to B.*)

B—(*bowing low*). You only make assurance doubly
sure!

C—What for me,

O Fates that dare to voice our future dreams?

ALL—(*with fingers on lips warningly, hushed tones*).

Listen, but speak not to us!

(*Call name of C three times,—then reach down for letter.*)

THIRD—(*handing letter*).

Be lion-mettled, proud; and take no care

Who chafes, or frets, or where conspirers are;

True hearts are never vanquished till they fail

To hold themselves as true as they should be!

C—That will never be!

D—Ah! My heart

Throbs to know one thing! Tell me if thy art
Can tell so much—

FIRST—(*handing letter she had drawn from kettle*).

Seek to know no more!

D—(*bowing low*). I will be satisfied!

E—Deny me not

The truth of that which is to come to me!

SECOND—(*shaking head*). Show his fate and grieve his
heart;

All is sealed by magic art! (*Hands letter to E.*)

Under sealed orders must you go

Through the life you are to know!

(*From this on, the name of each student remaining is called three times by each of the witches in turn, and a letter is silently handed to each by the witch who has drawn it from kettle. When all are given out, all three witches circle around kettle, hand-in-hand.*)

WITCHES—(*all*). All is sealed by magic art!

Come like shadows, so depart!

(*They exit silently.*)

A—(*looking around in surprise*). Where are they?

B—Gone!

C—This glad Commencement hour

Places our orders in our hands of power!

D—Would they were not as now they all are—sealed!

Still, all too soon their words will be revealed!

E—Come, classmates, come! The future lies in wait!

Only our own hands mould the coming fate!

(*All sing Class Song, or give yell, as they exit irregularly.*)

(d) THE VICTOR'S TOURNAMENT

A Sketch for Athletic Classes.

(*After the manner of "Hiawatha."*)

CHARACTERS.

A PROFESSOR OF ATHLETICS.....*In Street Costume*
NINE BOYS.....*In Baseball Uniform*
NINE GIRLS.....*In Basketball Uniform*

(*NOTE.—The effectiveness of this sketch depends very much upon the pantomime. Invest the scene with as much naturalness and spontaneity as possible. Don't be mechanical. It is impossible to insert all the little bits of action that do so much to make these things a success, but the good player will keep an eye open for every opportunity of producing an effect, and will take advantage of it. Use the paraphernalia as much as possible. Act like a group of athletes meeting on the street after the game. Be interested in every word and action. Live every line.*)

SCENE: *A street. The PROFESSOR stands in center of stage, looking first off right and then off left, apparently waiting for somebody. After a pause, during which he walks back and forth with some uneasiness, boys are heard giving yell off right.*

Boys—(*Off R.*) Hippokaroo! Hippokarate!

Baseball giants, ain't we great?

We are the people,—well, I guess!

Baseball! Baseball! Yes! Yes! Yes!

Enter Boys. They are carrying all of the baseball paraphernalia and have apparently just come from the game. They bear the CAPTAIN in triumph upon their shoulders, and as they enter are yelling excitedly.

FIRST BOY—What's the matter with Captain?

ALL—He's all right!

FIRST BOY—Who's all right?

ALL—Captain!

FIRST BOY—Give him three cheers and a tiger, then!

Ready, now! Hip, hip, hip,—

ALL—Hurrah! Hurrah! Hurrah! Captain! Captain!

(CAPTAIN is lowered to the ground, boys still holding him by the arms to present him to PROFESSOR.)

FIRST BOY—Here we are! Behold our hero!

SECOND BOY—Brave and wonderful, our hero!

THIRD BOY—Big and bold!

ALL—(*saluting with bats as with swords and bowing very low*). All hail our hero!

CAPTAIN—I must thank you all most humbly!

(*Bows low, hand on heart.*)

(*Turns to PROFESSOR.*) It is great to be a hero!

PROFESSOR—(*bows to him*). Great indeed to be a hero!

CAPTAIN—The world is ours! Our balls and bats are

Useless now,—well-earned their laurels!

Off on many a well-worn diamond,

Fought we hard and lengthy battles,

Till our fame has spread so widely,

No one dares to play against us.

SECOND Boy—(*grinning and throwing up ball and catching it*). No one dares to face our music!

THIRD Boy—We're the nine that knows no failure,

And the best of players tremble

When they hear from out the distance

Our wild yell of bitter conflict!

(*Throws up ball and catches it*.)

FOURTH Boy—(*same business*). Our wild yell of certain victory!

FIFTH Boy—(*same business*). Our wild yell of blood and thunder!

SIXTH Boy—(*same business*). Our wild yell of noble triumph!

SEVENTH Boy—When they see our pitcher, catcher, Fielders,—right and left,—they falter!

EIGHTH Boy—Aye, they faint in fear and terror!

NINTH Boy—Don't they know that we are champions? Are not champions always victors?

ALL—Victors now! Victors forever!

GIRLS—(*yell off L*). Ready, girls! Steady, girls! One, two, three!

Basketball! Basketball! Vic-tor-ee!

We are it, girls! Hats off, all,

To the Blanktown young ladies of basketball!

EIGHTH Boy—Here they come from the fields of battle, Girls as brave, as strong as we are!

CAPTAIN—No,—not quite as strong as we are!

SEVENTH Boy—But,—for girls,—most strong, made valiant

With the courage born of conflict!

SIXTH Boy—With the courage born of battle!

FIFTH Boy—With the courage born of struggle!

FOURTH Boy—With the courage born of victory!

While the boys have been speaking, the last four

speakers have crossed the stage, forming two columns of four each, the CAPTAIN standing with the PROFESSOR near front. Boys remove caps, holding them in left hand. With the right hand they raise their bats high over heads, meeting at the point with the one on the other side, thus forming archway through which the girls may march. Girls enter back, march in pairs through archway to front. As the last couple pass each pair of boys the bats are lowered, and the boy on the left crosses stage to right. This finally brings all the boys on the right side. As the girls reach front, they turn and march single file down left, taking positions in line at left, with arms thrown up over one another's shoulders, boys in similar position at right. PROFESSOR stands between lines, slowly retreating with backward steps to a position at back of stage.

CAPT. OF BOYS—Welcome, basketball! Your triumphs
Have preceded you, fair ladies.

CAPT. OF GIRLS—Triumphs? We have surely triumphed
Over our resentful spirits,
But,—no more! The game resulted
8 to 4—for our opponents!

FIRST GIRL (*holding up note-book*). 8 to 4—it stands
against us!

SECOND GIRL—Low and dragging are our colors!

THIRD GIRL—Low and dragging are our spirits!

FOURTH GIRL—Low and dragging our ambitions!

FIFTH GIRL—All our hopes, our aims, our laurels!

SIXTH GIRL—High and raging all our tempers,
For—the horrid things!—they *cheated*!

SEVENTH GIRL—(*nods*). Most unmercifully they
cheated,

Did those miserable opponents,—

EIGHTH GIRL—Did those wicked girls of Nearville!

SEVENTH GIRL—Thus, they taught us “There are others!”

SIXTH GIRL—Others! Others! And then others!

FIRST BOY—(*to boys*). Girls are not as fair as boys are!

SECOND BOY—(*shaking head*). Never were as fair as boys are!

CAPT. OF GIRLS—Sirs, we beg you to remember
There are girls,—and girls!

FIFTH GIRL—And *then* some!

CAPT. OF GIRLS—We have won our battles fairly,
Fought as valiantly as you have!

FOURTH GIRL—Earned as fair and square a triumph!

THIRD GIRL—Feel as proud of all our victories!

SECOND GIRL—Like the Amazons we fought them!

FIRST GIRL—Like the Amazons,—*they* conquered!

CAPT. OF BOYS—(*bows humbly*). Girls, we humbly beg
your pardon,

Lowly, meekly, beg your pardon!

But the boys cast no reflections

On your team nor on its playing!

SEVENTH BOY—(*bows*). You,—of course!—are all per-
fection!

SIXTH BOY—(*bows*). All things good and all things
lovely!

FIFTH BOY—(*bows*). And an honor to our colors!

FOURTH BOY—(*bows*). To our class!

THIRD BOY—(*bows*). Our school!

SECOND BOY—(*bows*). Our city!

FIRST BOY—(*bows*). We but spoke of your opponents!

SECOND BOY—Of your miserable opponents,—

THIRD BOY—Of your most unfair opponents!

(*Girls bow graciously. The PROFESSOR steps forward
anxiously and speaks earnestly.*)

PROFESSOR—Oh, my children, my good children,
I have given you yards to play in,
Grounds of spaciousness and beauty,
Grounds of usefulness and smoothness,—
Why, then, do you quarrel among you?
Why, then, will you tease each other?

CAPT. OF BOYS—Ah, we do not, good Professor!

CAPT. OF GIRLS—Surely, truly, that we do not!

FIRST BOY—Dearly do we love each other!

FIRST GIRL—Aye, as brothers and as sisters,
Even so, we love each other!

FIRST BOY—(*hesitatingly, weighing the question very carefully*). Well—er—not—not—just exactly.
I would not say it was just as
Brothers love their sisters!—hardly!—
But most true we love each other.

PROFESSOR—I have given you hours of training,
Hours of wise and needed training,
That your bodies be expanded
In a firm new brawn and muscle,
And grow strong and straight and robust.

BOYS—(*all*). Yes, you have, you have, Professor!

GIRLS—(*all*). All of this, and more, Professor!

PROFESSOR—Now you come from fields of contest,—

ALL—(*looking at one another and nodding in affirmation*). Fields of close and fiery contest!

PROFESSOR—(*resuming*). Bearing scalps of many rivals.

ALL—(*looking at one another as before and bowing and smiling exultantly*).
Many skilled and valiant rivals!

PROFESSOR—(*resuming*). And your forms have grown
so swiftly

To the much desired proportions,
That I find the girls Dianas,

(*Bowing to them.*)

With the fleet foot of Atalanta,
And their brothers like Apollo!

(*Bows to boys.*)

Boys—(*to one another, in amazement and delight*).
Like the god of perfect manhood!

GIRLS—(*looking at boys admiringly*). Like the god of
strength and beauty!

PROFESSOR—I am proud of you, my children;
Vastly proud of all, my children!

ALL—(*Both boys and girls, bowing to him*).
Grateful are we all, Professor!

PROFESSOR—Did you, out upon the diamond,
All your school's desires remember?
Did you strike each blow, my children,
For your High School, and her glory?
Did you leave old Self behind you,
And fight only for your colors?
Tell me, for I'm wondering, children,
Wondering,—wondering,—always wondering!
Did you?—Did you?—Tell me, did you?
Did you? Did you? Did you? Did you?

(*Looks at each in turn.*)

EIGHTH Boy—Did we?

(*Looks around as if surprised at such a question.*)

SEVENTH Boy—Did we? (Same action.)

SIXTH Boy—Well, you're shouting!

FIFTH Boy—You can search us, if you're thinking
For one moment that we didn't!

FOURTH Boy—We delivered all the goods, sir,
Just as you, yourself, would have it!

CAPT. OF BOYS—High our bats we held. (*imitates*)
and batted
Just like the immortal Casey,
For the glory of the High School,—

THIRD Boy—For the honor of our colors,—

SECOND Boy—For the praise of our Professor,—

(*Bowing to PROFESSOR.*)

FIRST Boy—For the pettings of our sweethearts!

(*Glancing shyly at girls.*)

PROFESSOR—You have done well, oh, my children!

Nobly, grandly done, my children!

But do not, do not, I pray you,

Let this make you proud or boastful!

Victory's but for a moment,

And defeat may come on swiftly.

(*Girls look at one another, nodding ruefully.*)

Bear your victory with a meekness

Void of challenge or bravado,

For “Let him who thinks he standeth

Take more heed lest he be falling!”

GIRLS—Oh, we will, we will, Professor!

CAPT. OF GIRLS—We will hear and heed your counsel!

(*Steps forward and shakes hands with PROFESSOR.*)

BOYS—Here, too!

FIRST Boy—We are next to that, sir!

(*Shakes hands with PROFESSOR.*)

CAPT. OF BOYS—Just you watch our smoke, Professor!

(*Shakes hands with PROFESSOR.*)

GIRLS—Through defeat—

BOY—As well as triumph—

GIRLS—Don't forget—

ALL—We are the people!

(*Both girls and boys give their yells at the same time.*)

PROFESSOR sticks fingers in ears and starts on run out

C., the others laughing.)

CURTAIN.

NOVEL PROGRAMS SUGGESTED

(a) THE CLASS TRIAL

This is a program in which the class night exercises are developed by means of a mock trial. In many places this has been pronounced the most popular form of program ever produced by their classes. The Juniors may be used,—indeed, representatives from all the classes when desired,—and the Seniors tried in proper form.

(b) THE CLASS DRAMA

Develop your program as a drama—the parts arranged as follows:

Prologue: Salutatory.

Act I. The Past.

Act II. The Present.

Act III. The Future.

Epilogue: Valedictory.

(c) THE CLASS BIOGRAPHY

Preface: Salutatory.

Chapter I. Early Life.

Chapter II. Freshmen.

Chapter III. Sophomores.

Chapter IV. Juniors.

Chapter V. Seniors.

Chapter VI. Class Emblems, Motto, Colors, Song, Poems, etc.

Chapter VII. Alumni. (Prophecy.)

Chapter VIII. Conclusion. Valedictory.

Index.

The Index should give the names, ages, etc., of class in the form of statistics—pages—etc. An appendix of

class jokes may be added, and if given by a Junior, made very attractive.

(d) THE CLASS JOURNEY

The Invitation. Salutatory.

The First Station. Freshmen.

The Second Station. Sophomores.

The Third Station. Juniors.

The Fourth Station. Seniors.

The Last Stop. Commencement Hill. Entertainment—Song, Poem, Yell, etc.

Future Plans. The Isle of Dreams, the State of Matrimony, the Valley of Indecision, the Mountain of Success, City of Endeavor, etc., etc. Lastly, the Valley of the Long Shadow.

The Parting. Valedictory.

(e) THE COMMENCEMENT TIMES. (*Last Edition.*)

A very novel program, developed after the fashion of the up-to-date newspaper, each part in turn read by its own editor.

Editorial. Salutatory. Editor-in-Chief.

Associated Press Dispatches—"Four Years' Journey at an End," "Startling Disclosures Along the Way," "Marvelous Adventure," "Sensational Revelations," etc. Interviews with the Class President, the Class Poet, and other notables who "also ran."

The Dramatic Editor gives the Dramatic news in full—"John Jones once spoke a piece, etc." Exchange Editor copies.

The Poet has his corner, the jokesmith his, the cartoonist his, advertisements, etc., add to the interest; answers to correspondents give fine opportunities for class hits, while the class prophecy can be given as the "fiction." If desired, the comic supplement may be handled by the cartoonist and jokesmith together.

This should close by giving official notice of change of ownership, and handing over the paste-pot and scissors to a Junior. The sporting page, handling the athletics, etc., and the Junior Jottings, Sophomore Wisdom, Freshman gush, if permitted by the Seniors, make this an especially unique class night.

“School is a sheet of paper white,
On which each class that comes must write
His word or two, and then comes night.”

(f) THE CLASS DEBATE

A spirited debate upon the question, “Resolved that the Class of 19— is properly prepared for graduation.” All the class parts may be very effectively developed.

(g) THE CLASS REUNION

Write a drama, introducing the class members as they will appear ten or twenty years after graduation, picturing them in the various vocations they intend to adopt. Through reminiscences the history can be interwoven, a valedictory and salutatory introduced as prologue and epilogue, the song woven into the plot and all the parts nicely brought forward.

(h) THE CLASS CONVENTION

A mock political convention, in which the various members of the class are nominated for graduation, and speeches are made for and against their election. The Juniors may or may not be prominently introduced, but all the class parts can be easily interwoven.

(i) THE CLASS SEANCE OR CIRCLE

A burlesque spiritualistic seance, which easily works in every part. The Class Hypnotist, as Salutatorian, puts the audience under a mesmeric spell, the Class Clairvoyant reveals the past, the Mystic reads the signs

of the times in Song, Drill, Yell, Motto, etc., the Trance-Medium gives "Messages," the Seer casts a Horoscope, or gives palm readings, and the Trance-Lecturer gives a Valedictory, bringing the audience "to" as he himself comes out of his trance.

(j) THE CLASS MINSTRELS

This is not a black-face novelty, but simply a new method of presenting the usual class day features—all the parts of conventional Commencement program being brought out after the manner of a minstrel presentation, class jokes, local hits, amusing reminiscences of school life, etc., being well told in song, monologue and drill, the "interlocutor" and "end men," of course, being given the heaviest work. This must be kept a refined piece of work first, last and all the time, and will then be found something decidedly unique and taking everywhere.

(k) THE CLASS FUNERAL

This has been found such a very popular program in so many places that, as most of the parts are already contained in this volume in their proper departments, the others will be supplied below that the program may be had complete for practical use.

The Dirge. Instrumental.

Class Hymn. Sung by Juniors.

Air: "Old Hundred."

The hour has come when the Senior Class
No longer through our halls may pass;
Her days in High School all are o'er;
And we shall see her face no more.

Poor Class of old 19—;
With many tears she quits the scene;

For all her days are now gone by,
And she must die—yes, she must die!

'Tis said that all things must decay,
Must live their lives and pass away;
But still we shed a bitter tear
For this old class so bright, so dear!

But all in vain do we regret
The class we never shall forget;
For we next year shall proudly boast,
Because they now give up the ghost!

Farewell, farewell, oh, well-loved class,
That now from Blankville High School pass;
Our love for you we fondly tell,
While sighing still, farewell! farewell!

We thank the school that bids them pass;
We thank the world that calls this class;
We thank ourselves that we can boast
As this old class gives up the ghost!

Funeral March—Class marches in to place. They are arrayed in white robes like shrouds and take places behind curtain of black chiffon.

Class Diagnosis. (Salutatory.)

Class Chronicles. (History.)

Use the model given under that head in this volume, with this conclusion substituted for that in the original form:

“Though, as was said to Eve, so it is said to us: ‘In the day that thou eatest of the fruit of the tree of knowledge, thou shalt surely die,’ and as we have eaten of that fruit, so must we pass forever out of the Garden

of Eden, while the angel with the flaming sword guards from our touch the Tree of Life. But, though we are dead, yet shall we live; and thus endeth forever the Class of 19—, and the history thereof."

Class Creed.

Class Revelations. Prophecy.

Class Elegy. Poem.

People of Blankville, lend your ears,
I pray, unto my song;
And pardon all these bitter tears,
Because my grief is strong.

The hour for which we've waited long
Is swiftly drawing nigh;
And soon the happiest of earth's throng,
19—, must die!

We've all worked well—we've done our best;
We're loyal, just and true;
We've faithfully stood every test,
And tried some good to do.

But life's uncertain, and the end
Comes speedily to pass;
And now, dear friends, you must extend
Farewells to this dear class.

You'll not forget how wise and keen
We've been in all we've said;
You'll not forget 19—,
Though we have long been dead!

But follow on where we have led,
With every aim fixed high,

That such things may of you be said
When your turn comes to die.

Farewell! Farewell! Old friends so dear,
You'll never see us more;
But think of us, from year to year,
"Not lost, but gone before!"

Class Eulogy. By a Junior.

It has been given to me as a Junior who knows the members of this expiring class even better than they can possibly know themselves, to speak a few words of eulogy upon this solemn and portentous occasion. Being a Junior, I believe, as did Lord Nelson, in the words, "Let him who has won the victory bear the palm." The Class of 19— has won the victory, and I, albeit, as I have before said, only a Junior, am here for the purpose of according them the well-deserved palm.

(Here introduce a few words of personal eulogy for each member of the class in his turn.)

As a class, 19— was indeed very brilliant—very victorious—probably the most brilliant class that has yet graduated from Blankville High School, and second only to the class to follow. We who take their places do most sincerely regret their untimely end, and shed many real tears over the too-early dissolution of their promising lives. But we must bend the knee to the decrees of the Powers that are destined to reign over us, and try to feel that for some wise reason it is better for all concerned that the Class of 19— should here and now pass forever out of school life. And as the courtiers of great potentates cry, upon the passing into eternity of their rulers, "The King is dead—long live the King!" so we, at this sad hour cry, with all the bravery at our command, "19— is dead! Long live 19—!"

Class Will.

Class Resolutions. By Junior President.

CLASS RESOLUTIONS

Ladies and Gentlemen—Especially Members of the Junior Class of Blankville High School: I, as a Junior, have some resolutions to present for your consideration upon this sad and solemn occasion, and with your kind permission I will read them here and now:

Whereas, It has pleased the Powers that Be, as vested in the Board of Education and Faculty of Blankville High School, to remove from our midst this most brilliant and capable Class of 19—, to be members of our High School, and associates with us in the accumulation of knowledge no more forever; therefore, be it

Resolved, That we as Juniors do heartily endorse the work of this Class of 19—, in all its various branches of study and athletic victories, and do unanimously resolve to follow steadily in the light of its example; and be it further

Resolved, That we as Juniors do deeply and sincerely regret the untimely passing out of the Class of 19—, and do sympathize most heartily with the school, which as an institution of learning has sustained so great a loss, and with the faculty thereof, which as teachers and instructors have likewise suffered an irreparable shock—one from which they may never be able to recover; and likewise be it

Resolved, That we, as Juniors, so soon to be Seniors, shall in all things, great and small, emulate the example of these great and worthy souls, that when our time comes to go forth, we may go, leaving behind us a record of equal merit, and pass out in the assurance of joining them on that far-off shore of futurity where we know there will likewise be made ready a place for

us, when we, like them, are prepared to cross the river of graduation; and furthermore, be it still

Resolved, That a copy of these resolutions be spread upon the record of every Junior's memory, and also upon the records of Blankville High School, and that a third copy be printed in the current number of the Blankville Press, and a fourth be presented to the surviving relatives of the Class of 19—, now gone forever.

In witness whereunto we have hereinafter subscribed our names.

It will be readily seen that this form of oration may be made use of to advantage in developing both a Salutatory and Valedictory address.

Class Obituary. Valedictory.

Address to Mourners. Presentation of Diplomas.

Ladies and Gentlemen: This is indeed a sad occasion—a sorrowful occasion. Death in the old is sad enough—in the young it is almost beyond our bearing. And 19— was young—was very young.

We shall miss them from all their accustomed places as the dead are always missed; we shall grieve over their loss, as such losses are always grieved over; but we have the one consolation of knowing that they were a good class, a faithful class, and that great indeed shall be their reward in that Great Beyond, the mysteries of which they are about to fathom for themselves.

It was a strange request they made of us when they knew that they must go the way of all students. Surely never did a class before put forth the startling request that they might be allowed the privilege of attending their own funeral. Surely seldom could such a privilege be asked or granted. But they had been good students, and we could not refuse even this sensational

favor; so it has been granted them to witness the last ceremony that can be accorded them in this sphere of their existence. They have indeed been brave and right nobly participated in all the last sad rites.

When a good Indian dies, his friends place upon his tomb a lighted lantern to illumine his pathway to the "Happy Hunting Ground," and food and drink to sustain him on his journey. I do not do this. But I do place within each hand a record of the efforts he has made and the life he has lived in Blankville High School, that he may present it at the closed gates of the Promised Land, and thus secure immediate entrance to the glories beyond that are held for the faithful few who are tried and found worthy; for as they lay down their student armor, and close their eyes upon Blankville High School forever, we feel within our souls, as do they themselves, that they will open them to a resurrection of ambition and energy in the Great Beyond to follow their guiding star on and on and on to the final glimpse of glory in the life everlasting. Verily,

"There is no death; the stars go down
To rise upon some fairer shore."

Class of 19—, you have fought a good fight, you have finished your course, you have kept the faith. Now come thither to receive your reward.

(Class passes around in front of him.)

These are they who have come up through great tribulations, who have passed their examinations and won their diplomas by the labor of their brains. Great indeed shall be their reward! And may their ghosts continue to haunt the class-rooms and campus that we may find them, though absent in body, ever present in spirit. Mourn ye not for their loss, oh dear ones left behind,

for they are all better off in a land where study and hard work shall trouble them no more forever.

And now may the blessings that ever attend the noble and good rest and abide with you, each and all, now and forevermore.

Last View of Remains. Drill.

Class Requiem. Song.

These two numbers are combined as follows: Class turn, after receiving diplomas, to face audience and sing chorus. In the refrain, after the first one, the last line of the refrain is sung by each one's singing a word in turn. This is very effective. Now, at the end of the refrain, after the first, the last person in the line disappears behind a curtain, and when he is supposed to sing his word he is not there, and the others point to where he was and shriek. This is kept up until only one is left, and he shrieks and throws up both hands in despair as curtain falls—amid loud applause, you may be sure. Repeat the chorus as many times as necessary for all to "give up the ghost" in proper style. Any ghost dance may precede this chorus if desired. There are many very effective ones easily obtainable. But this may be all the "Last View of the Remains" desired.

CLASS REQUIEM

Air: "Battle Hymn of the Republic."

The hour has come and found us when this brave,
victorious host
No longer as belonging to old Blankville School can
boast;
For the Powers that Be have ordered that we now give
up the ghost;
Our poor old class must die!

Refrain:

Nevermore in Blankville High School,
Nevermore in Blankville High School,
Nevermore in Blankville High School,
Our poor old class must die.

We've been faithful to our motto, and the end indeed
is sweet,
We have waved our dear old colors up and down
through every street,
We have yelled o'er every victory to whomsoever we
might meet,
But now our class must die!

Now athletics are as nothing—all our laurels are forgot;
Football can no longer charm us, and debates allure
us not;
For alas! our hours are numbered,—sad is Nineteen-
____'s lot—
Our poor old class must die!

Our dear Principal did nobly—every teacher did the
same;
Even the Juniors tried to help us as we sadly went and
came;
But alas! soon Blankville High School will forget our
very name,
For our old class must die!

Fare you well, school world forever, you may still be
true and fond,
But our hearts, turned cold and lifeless, cannot to your
warmth respond;

We go forth to test the mysteries of the better world beyond,
And our old class must die!

NOTE.—For the above program, decorate stage with class colors and many flowers and potted plants as for Funeral. Hang curtains of black chiffon across stage, behind which class may sit. Class should dress in flowing, shroud-like robes of white. Junior Class to wear their class colors, but otherwise dressed conventionally to emphasize the contrast between the living and the dying. Have the invitations, programs, etc., printed on black-bordered paper:

The Class of 19—
of Blankville High School, Blankville, Florida,
Invite your attendance at their
FUNERAL,
June 27, 19—, 8 o'clock.

Help the dead bury their dead.

The following yell should be given at intervals during the program:

Going, going, going, gone!
Dying, dying, one by one!
Breath to breath, hurrah for Death!
Watch us, hear us quit the scene!
Dying—Dead—19—!

(1) COMMENCEMENT POW-WOW

A very popular program, in which both the Seniors and Juniors have a great deal to say, and even the lower classes may be drawn in if desired.

1. Salutatory. By a Senior.
2. Senior Complaint. An oration setting forth all

the grievances the Seniors may rake up against the Juniors.

3. Junior Response. The Juniors take the opportunity of talking back.

4. Junior Proposition. Junior proposes terms of peace.

5. Senior Response. Seniors accept terms and agree to bury the hatchet.

6. Ceremony of the Burying of the Hatchet. If a Class Tree is planted, it should be planted in the hole where the hatchet is buried, that a new and better growth may spring up from the old differences for the good of all.

7. Senior Speech of Presentation of Tree.

8. Junior accepts on behalf of school.

9. The Mantle Oration. Senior presents the mantle to the Juniors, either in a decidedly commendatory speech or a ridiculing one, as preferred.

10. Junior Response. Accepts the mantle in the same spirit in which it is offered and brings forth treaty of peace. The treaty is signed and the peace pipes are then passed around and smoked together.

11. Valedictory. By a Junior. The Junior and Senior Songs are of course used throughout the program, and it is usually the jolliest evening of the Commencement week. It may, of course, be lengthened or shortened at will. Some classes present a key to the Juniors as well—supposed to symbolize the key to success and attainment. Others give them each in turn the password supposed to permit their entrance through the Gates of All Wisdom. Many features will suggest themselves to the classes making use of this program, all of which are modified and shaped by the local conditions and class history.

1920
1921
1922

1923
1924

BACCALAUREATE SERMONS

(a) THE GOD OF THE LIVING

TEXT: "*God is not the God of the dead, but of the living.*" *St. Matthew xxii:32.*

It is a fine thing to be alive; it is a finer thing to know you are alive; but it is a still much finer thing to be able to control the subtle essence of your alive-ness, and to be able to put it to the highest possible use.

To be utterly and wholly alive means to be in such close touch with the universal currents of vital thought and creative power, that you draw the daily bread for your mental and spiritual being from the very Source and Fountain of Life—the God of the Living—instead of being forced, as the only recourse, to pour over musty tomes and ancient volumes of long-forgotten lore that can at its best give you only the stale mental food of a dead and buried age. The man or woman who has no reserve fund of intellectual force within the inner self, who, when thrown upon his or her own resources for entertainment or thought, cries out, in desperation, "How can I pass the time away? I am such poor company for myself!" and who depends upon environment or companionship or books for the stimulation to activity one should be able to draw forth from the unsounded depths of one's own nature, may seem very much alive in body, but has little in common with the living mind of the virile and alert spirit.

Books are great things, wonderful things, the crystallized thoughts of master minds, that once poured forth from the living soul in words of fire and force, and that still communicate their messages to the world long after the minds which formulated them have ceased

to think at all the thoughts of this world; but one cannot live forever upon the food of yesterday, and to benefit us as they should these glorious gifts of thought must be used and not abused. The greatest blessing may be turned into the greatest curse when prostituted to mistaken ends; and books, like everything else that is good, may prove to be a destructive force when not used to constructive purposes.

“Read,” said Bacon, “not to contradict and confute, nor to believe and take for granted—but to weigh and consider.” In other words, do not allow yourself to think the thoughts of any man, but be led by his thought to think for yourself. The wealth of all literature, all scientific and philosophical investigation, all poetical outpouring of fancy, is utterly lost and irretrievably wasted in that mind which does not arouse and stimulate to original thought. The treasures of thought are spilled on the ground and trampled under the foot of those who cannot absorb them into their own vital being and from them evolve new and constructive ideas. The use of all study is to train the mind of today to find itself and bring forth its own fruit. The intellectual world, like all other planes of existence, has its parasites, neither alive nor dead, and of little use to anybody or anything, even to themselves, unless they can be torn from their support and forced to become self-supporting.

We are not living in any age of the great and mighty past. Verily, “there were giants in those days,” but are there not also just as marvelous giants today? We are living in an age of the utmost achievement, the most marked progression, the highest advancement, along all lines of thought, that the world has ever known. Why, then, should we follow any precedent, or bow to any authority, save the guidance of our own inner prompting

and the precept of that great All-Father who is ever the God of the Living? Why should we think, or speak, or act, in accordance with what some great mind proclaimed to the age in which he lived? Are we not capable of thinking for ourselves the thoughts that bear upon the conditions of our own times? Is God any less Almighty than He was when He gave those messages to the prophets in the days of old, whose needs were supplied in accordance with His divine will? Is His hand "shortened that it cannot save," or His ear become "heavy that it cannot hear"? Is He any the less the great Omnipotent Power that He was in those days of old when man "walked and talked with God," and performed miracles at His bidding? The man who is thoroughly *alive* walks and talks with Him today as certainly as in that far-off yesterday.

"But," you say, "there are no miracles today." No miracles? Why, there are miracles everywhere the most wonderful and incomprehensible. I fail to see anything which is not a miracle. The growing of the seed in the garden, the ripening of the fruit upon the tree, the ebb and flow of the ocean, the coming of day and night, the shining of sun, the changing of the "inconstant moon," the gleaming of stars, the crystal glisten of snow, and the falling of dew gems in the night-time,—all, all are miracles; and the greatest miracle of all is the marvelous mechanism of the human body wherein dwell the souls of you and me. Who understands its mysterious creation, or can satisfactorily explain the workings of any part of its intricate machinery? Verily, these are the miracles of the living—manifestations of the same God who made the world and all that is of the world—aye, who breathed the Universe itself into being, and created all the worlds that revolve in the celestial

spaces of the cosmic immensity. When we learn how to create one tiny insect, and give it life, then we may say that the days of miracles are past.

Today is vitally, gloriously alive with the miracles continually brought to pass by the mind of man. Do we realize as we make use of the many inventions that make daily life so smooth unto our living, the really wonderful things they are as the manifestation of man's living thought? The past is dead. Only the present hour is dynamic with a million possibilities throbbing through the pregnant cells of the creative brain. God is the God of the Living. Let us awake to the full consciousness of our aliveness, and let this God manifest through us in the pulse of omnipotent creation.

“Act, act, in the living present;
Heart within and God o'erhead!”

When, in the spring-time, the new life pushes forth from the darkness of earth into the full sunlight of material expression, it thrills and quivers with the breath of its Creator; as the newly vitalized mind feels the growing pains of a larger intelligence, a fuller experience, a richer manifestation, its strings vibrate to the higher key of the God-knowledge that gave it being; as the awakened soul first senses within its fibres the fire and force of its own divinity, it begins to know what it means to be a part of the universal being of all that lives, and moves, and has its being, and rises exultant on the wings of cosmic consciousness to proclaim itself a living thing—splendidly, gloriously alive! This is the mystic union with the God of the Living where man today can walk and talk with his Creator. God speaks, and the soul hears; God prompts, and the soul obeys; God leads, and the soul follows; and all things are possible of attainment when one rejoices in the full-

ness of communion with Him who is God, not of the dead, but of the Living.

All the dead are not buried beneath the ground. Many are wrapped in the shrouds of soul-smothering greed, buried deep in the graves of commercialism, awaiting the "Lazarus, come forth!" of an awakening Christ. Many are strangled in the web of their own folly and dissipation, or drowned in the seas of their own godless desires. Many are bound by the shackles of criminality and covered soul-deep by the cold clay of indifference, with every God-thought smothered to torpor in the very minds He gave the essence of His Being. Many walk and talk and laugh all around us without seeming to have any thought or ambition beyond the food they eat and the clothes they wear, the comfort and welfare of the bodies wherein they are supposed to live. The soul sleeps. The brain is somnolent, inert, sluggish. Only a few cells respond to the vibratory currents of life. They vegetate from day to day in so dense an atmosphere that a living soul would starve to death in the yearning for satisfying nutrition. They are like the "dumb, driven cattle," of whom Longfellow wrote, and the pitiful thing is that they obviously have no aspiration to make of themselves anything of different type or mould. They have no conception of the marvelous thing it is to be alive! Oh, may it be far from any one of us to add even one microscopic atom to this portion of the world's inhabitants who play so insignificant a part in its activities!

To be alive means to think vital things; to be alive means to speak positive and impressive words; to be alive means to do the constructive deed; to be alive means to be so thoroughly imbued with the spirit of the Most High as to be a dynamic force in all the affairs

of His Infinite Creation; to be alive means to be alert and responsive to the Divine Will of the God of the Living, the Master of the throbbing, pulsing Now and Here!

Members of the Graduating Class, it is with this admonition that I send you forth into the world to be henceforth numbered among its dominant factors. Be alive! utterly, splendidly, gloriously alive—in thought, and in word, and in deed! God is Life, and in Him there is no death, neither of slumber nor sleeping, but only Life in its fullest and freest and most forcible expression. Be you, then, so intensely alive and so joyously aware of your aliveness that you must communicate the vigor of this knowing to every bit of humanity you may see—to every eye you may meet, every hand you may touch, and every individual you may press in the moving throng. Let your very atmosphere whisper to the world in the deep, vibrant stage whisper of positivity, "I am alive!" Know that there is no knowledge so essential to your goings-out, and your comings-in, to your hours of toil or your hours of recreation, to your days of sadness and your days of joy, as the assurance within your own soul that God is! For this is to know the Lord, whom to know aright is Life Eternal!

And when, as you grow in this divine knowledge with the broader experience of maturer development, you become more and more aware of your own infinite *is*-ness, you will become, each one of you, the dynamic force in all spiritual things that every child of the Most High, by right of his inheritance, must unfailingly become, and rejoice in the service of that Omnipresent, All-Embracing Creator and Father of All Life who is not the God of the dead, but yesterday, today and forever the God of the Living!

(b) THINK ON THESE THINGS

TEXT: "*Finally, brethren, whatsoever things are true, whatsoever things are honest, whatsoever things are just, whatsoever things are pure, whatsoever things are lovely, whatsoever things are of good report; if there be any virtue, and if there be any praise, think on these things.*" *Philippians iv:8.*

The character of a man's selfhood is measured by the quality of his thought. The thought is the seedling germ from which sprout and spring forth the words and deeds that proclaim to the world of observers what manner of man he is. By his thought he consciously or subconsciously builds for himself the very temple of his being and regulates every action of its most intricate part. By his thought he surrounds himself with an atmosphere of his own creation which attracts unto him those things of like nature which belong to him because akin to his habitual thought force; and repels from his vicinity those other things of different nature from his own that have no part nor place in his train of thought. How necessary, then, for the success of his every undertaking that he should first form the habit of right thinking—not the external, mechanical thought of the mind, forced to give utterance at the will's demand, but the interior thought of the heart that expresses its own inherent desire. "*As a man thinketh in his heart, so is he.*"

In these days of the awakening spirit of transcendentalism, those who form but a surface conception of this great eternal truth are wont to grossly interpret its potential significance, and utilize it to their own ends by proclaiming, tacitly, if not openly, "*What a man thinks in his heart, so is he.*" This, on the very face of it, is so grievously misapplied as to miss altogether the fun-

damental beauty of its concept. Man often, in his conceit, thinks himself of far more importance than he is, and overestimates his capabilities at every point; on the other hand, he may, in his humility, undervalue himself in just as remarkable a degree, and fail properly to appreciate the latent powers of his own nature. It is not always what he *thinks* himself to be that determines what he is, but according to the quality of the habitual thought that he oftentimes scarcely acknowledges, even to himself, or recognizes as any part of him, that he is weighed in the balance of reality.

The thoughts of man are far-reaching and of infinite potency and inestimable influence—the determining factors in all human expression, yet absolutely under the control of the sovereign will. In her poem, "Secret Thoughts," Ella Wheeler Wilcox has expressed their power in these words:

"I hold it true that thoughts are things
Endowed with being, breath, and wings,
And that we send them forth to fill
The world with good results or ill.

"That what we call our secret thought
Speeds to the earth's remotest spot,
And leaves its blessing or its woes,
Like tracks behind it as it goes.

"It is God's Law; remember it,
In your still chamber as you sit
With thoughts you would not dare have known,
And yet make comrades when alone.

"These thoughts have life, and they will fly
And leave their impress by and by,
Like some marsh breeze, whose poisoned breath
Breathes into homes its fevered death.

“But after you have quite forgot,
Or all outgrown some vanished thought,
Back to your mind to make its home—
A dove or raven it will come.

“Then let your secret thoughts be fair;
They have a vital part, and share
In shaping worlds, and moulding fate—
God’s system is so intricate.”

Does this not impress you with the stupendous concept of your own responsibility in acquiring the discipline of thought that will make you complete master of these all-powerful forces that are manifested each moment of life in the development of its events and experiences?

“*Think on these things*,” said the Apostle, and after the passing of all the centuries I can find no better word to bring to you who are just at the age when thoughts are most plastic and pliable, easy to mould and control by the potency of the will. On what things, then, shall we think?

First, “*Whatsoever things are true*.” But how are we to determine the truth or falsity of all that is presented to our attention under the name and guise of Truth? Says one, “*Here only can the truth be found!*” Says another, of a totally different theory, “*Nothing is true but this!*” And the earnest seeker soon finds that he cannot accept the thoughts and views of any other. Only the God who made him can reveal to him the certainty of truth. What I believe within my inmost soul is the truth to me just so long as I utterly believe it; but it may not be truth to any other in all the world, nor even to me in the revelations of a larger growth. “*Truth lies at the bottom of a well*,” says the old saw; and when we peer eagerly into the depths of the well, we see—what? Only the reflection of our own face, that

changes with each individual observer. Thus the face of Truth is ever changing as it reflects the soul of the individual believer. It is a fallacy to say that Truth is eternal. What was true of the generation of yesterday is far from true of us today.

In this connection I am reminded of a story that aptly bears upon this very point: There was once a man who prided himself upon never changing his mind. "Truth is eternal," he said, and consequently could never change. So he made up his mind just what was true about God, and His world, and all the people and things in it, till he was sure he knew all God's plans, as well as those of all the people, and then he shut his mind up tight against the intrusion of anything different from what he had thought out, and continued to think these things over and over for forty years. During this time everything was changing. Good people were doing very wicked things, and bad people were being turned into saints; inventions were revolutionizing the whole plan of the world's activities, and even the surface of the planet, and the map of its territory were changing themselves. In the course of time he died and sought admission at the Gate of Heaven. The Guardian at the gate asked him for references. "Is there anybody who knows you?" he asked. The man mentioned the name of an old neighbor. "But," said the Recorder, "that man has been here with us for forty years. He cannot know what you are now." The seeker urged that he was just the same man that he was forty years ago. "Then this is no place for you," said the Guardian. "Only Error is eternal. Truth is constantly changing with the advance of evolution. In these years the world with all its people has grown wonderfully different, and every man's conception of God and of himself has undergone a complete revolution. Neither in heaven nor hell could you feel at home now,

for both places have grown far beyond your worn-out theories of so many years ago. You bring with you the obsolete thoughts that were truths too many years ago for the advancing world to remember. Even the child mind has grown to a larger conception than the puerile scope of what you call truth."

The growing man of today claims the right to think a new thought every minute, as the dawn of a larger vision breaks in roseate splendor upon his expanding consciousness. Find the things of truth, then, within the depths of your own soul, and—"think upon these things."

Second, "*Whatsoever things are honest.*" Here again we are brought face to face with the diversity of individual ideals. Man's concept of honor is as widely differentiated as are the souls of men themselves. To be honest is to be absolutely fair and square in one's dealings with his fellow-man; to be honest is to be just that fair and square in one's dealings with oneself. Man may be honest with all the world, but if he is not honest with himself, he is not honest with his God, and fails of the one thing essential in that spiritual advancement that is the sole end and aim of his material existence. It has been frequently demonstrated by sincere men who were big enough and true enough to acknowledge it, in all its vast import, that it is even easier for a man to deceive himself than it is to mislead his fellow. The psychological effect of this indisputable fact is to urge upon the growing mind the absolute necessity of facing his own inner self with honest eyes, determined to know himself as he is, and to manifest to the world the same self that he himself knows!

"To thine own self be true;
And it must follow, as the night the day,
Thou canst not then be false to any man!"

To be honest, then—what does it mean to you? What are the things of your outer and inner life that make for honesty? Ask your own heart this question, and then "*think on these things!*"

Third, "*Whatsoever things are just.*" The laws of man are variable and uncertain, changing with time and place and custom; and the balance of justice fails at times accurately to equalize the affairs of mortal life. Each man, whether he is conscious of it or not, is a judge who passes sentence upon all his friends, and upon all their ways. According to his own individual standards he weighs them all, and whether or not he is able to maintain an impartial vision, the fiat goes forth from his inner consciousness that is to ban or bless. There is much talk throughout the world today of the injustice of man to man, and the words of Burns are oft repeated:

"Man's inhumanity to man
 Makes countless thousands mourn."

Political greed and civic unrighteousness are said to abound in high places, and the man everywhere is arrayed against the masses in a battle for justice that threatens to overwhelm all people and all nations. The coming generations will have the solving of mighty problems to wrest out of the solid stuff from which modern brain cells are fashioned, and if Justice is to reign, the coming man must *know* just all it signifies to him and to his fellows. A big place is to be filled in the affairs of the commercial and political world, and to be just in thought and word and deed calls for a broader vision of the eternal verities, and a firmer grip upon the practical manifestations than the average man of the times has yet attained. Only the things that are truly just can endure the test of modern conditions. It is for those who have the vital parts to play in the intense drama

of the approaching age to decide upon "whatsoever things are just," and then, earnestly, determinedly and perseveringly to "*think on these things.*"

Fourth, "*Whatsoever things are pure.*" The world calls for clean hands, clean minds, clean hearts, and clean lives, such as only thoughts washed clean of every taint of corruption can produce. "Out of the abundance of the heart the mouth speaketh." "To the pure, all things are pure." A pure mind gleams like a candle of divine light upon the altar of the consecrated soul, shedding its rays of illuminating thought into all the dark corners of materiality. "Keep the heart with all diligence, for out of it are the issues of life." To be pure within is to radiate purity to all around. Cleanse your hearts throughout and purify your thought of every incipient alloy, for the thought you think is the very root of what you are; and every vital thought creates the thinker anew in its own vivid and enduring likeness. Meditate upon the things that speak for purity.

A stream of limpid water;
A drop of pearly dew;
A snowflake, freshly fallen,
A cloud of fleckless hue;
A bit of flawless crystal;
A breath of mountain air;
A fragrant new-blown lily;
A rose leaf, soft and fair!

"*Think on these things!*"

Fifth, "*Whatsoever things are lovely!*" Here we have a whole wide universe to unveil its treasures to our thought. From the broad expanse of heavenly blue, illumined with its myriads of starry jewels, glittering and gleaming in the canopy of woven moonbeam and mist, to the green vesture of the lower world, radiant with

bloom of every iridescent hue, and fragrant with the breath of its millions of blossoms, waving and wafting their scent on the gentlest zephyrs of evening to whisper of all things lovely and lovable to the soul attuned to earth's universal pulse, there is all that is inspiring and uplifting, all to catch and hold the thought of the artist mind—the soul who senses the thrilling touch of his God in every breeze.

"Earth's aglow with Heaven,
And every little bush aflame with God!"

In the babbling of the brook, as it sings its happy way to the majestic sea; in the rustle of the treetops, quivering with the divine joy of being, and sheltering the silver-throated songsters of the wildwood, whose carols thrill through every fibre of our inner selves; in the caressing notes of the breeze, the buzzing of bees, the whirring of insects, each in its own way serving the will of the Infinite Mind; in all the myriads of subtle, sacred voices of the growing things at our feet, and all the myriad more celestial tones of the spheres encircling above our heads in highest heaven, we hear the appeal of all that the heart of the Creator hath given us to love, and we draw near to him in every transcendent moment as we "*think on these things.*"

Sixth, "*Whatsoever things are of good report.*" This is a phase of thought that the modern enthusiast, in his zealous advocacy of the gospel of individualism, is too apt to overlook altogether, if not wilfully ignore. The boast of the thinker of today is that he can think his own thoughts and form his own opinions. He demands the right to live his own life in his own way, with no regard whatever for what other men have thought or done before him, or may be doing or thinking all around him. The virtue of self-reliance, personal independence in thought and action cannot be too highly exalted, yet

when carried to the point of selfishness it ceases to be a virtue and borders on tyranny. By refusing to bow to the tyranny of accepted thought, a man may reach out so far as to become a tyrant unto himself, and shut away from his thought much that his soul might find it well worth while to consider. Man may be as independent as he chooses, if he does not lose sight of the conception of the great oneness of all humanity, the indissoluble unity of all human thought, the great eternal mind that is "common to all individual men." The association of kindred thought is a predominating factor in all individual growth. Only communion is productive. Those "things which are of good report" have been found worthy of consideration by other minds equally bent upon the same development man seeks for himself today. They have been tested and found true by thinkers as capable of a just formulation of ideas on the ground of deep and logical reason as he himself may be. A consensus of the world's most profound students have passed judgment upon them and pronounced them good. The intuitive reach of spiritually attuned souls has drawn them down to earth from interstellar spaces of infinite illumination, and breathed them forth in radiant outpouring to their generation. Then, indeed, must the man who earnestly and honestly aims high, and aspires to the summit of universal knowledge, "*think on these things.*"

To meditate upon all these things, and concentrate the forces of the mind upon what is most worthy the thought of the noble, is to weave these very principles into the finest fibre of the soul's celestial fabric. "What thou seest, that thou beest," say the Orientals, an aphorism so beautifully exemplified by Hawthorne in his narration of "The Great Stone Face," that we feel ourselves accepting it at once among the "Whatsoever things are

true." There is no room in the heart for more than one dynamic thought at a time; and while we determinedly hold to the true, we must needs let loose of the false. And in this way the heart, forming the habit of thinking the highest and best, becomes cleansed of all that is unworthy, and finds itself a "pure vessel, and undefiled," for the bearing of the sacramental wine.

Then, indeed, does it realize the full significance of that beatitude, "Blessed are the pure in heart, for they shall see God." Where shall they see God? In Heaven, in all His glory, upon the Great White Throne? Nay! To the pure, all things are pure, and they shall see God *in everything!* In the shooting blades of grass, the nesting of birds, the rise and set of sun, the gleam of stars, the majesty of the eternal seas, the fury of the tempest, the daily experience of their own lives, with their swift surprises, and unaccountable ups and downs, the smile of a child, the laughter of youth, the flash of fire in the eye of awakening love,—yes, even in their own trials and sorrows and disappointments, with the invariable "working together for good" of all things, they shall see and feel the sacred touch of God. Oh, ye graduates of today, you who have such a large proportion of your life-thoughts yet to think, and your destiny yet to shape through the characters you are to build, let me beseech you, finally, "*if there be any virtue, and if there be any praise, think on these things.*"

(c) THE CHILDREN OF GOD

TEXT: "*Blessed are the peacemakers; for they shall be called the children of God.*" St. Matthew v:9.

Away back at the formation of the Universe, when the Creator of Worlds held the planets like plastic clay between His fingers, He looked down the interminable

vista of ages yet to be, and He saw then, even as He sees now, the destiny of all the creations of His hand,—the inevitable fate of all worlds, with all their nations, and all their peoples. For it is indeed true that not only each and every nation, each and every city, each and every town, has its own place in the universal scheme of existence, but that every individual citizen has been placed in his own particular niche for a distinct purpose of the Creator's, and has his own work to perform in working out the details of the infinite plan. Some of us, perhaps, with a clearer sight or more subtle intuition than some others of lesser development, may know the purpose of our individual lives,—may be able to define the exact mission upon which we were sent among the peoples of this planet, in our "own small corner" of the universe; but as a general thing it is only too certain that very few of us have any adequate conception of the reason why we came into the world at all. How natural it is, then, that we should so seldom "fit in" as snugly and smoothly as we should.

When, away back in the beginning, the all-seeing eye of the Creator looked down through the ages to the crisis of the period in which we live, he saw a great need,—a great place, which only a great nation could fill. Therefore, He set in motion the forces of life and evolution to bring forth out of the chaos of the formation period such processes of change and growth as have produced this glorious land of ours in its particular place and environment, and began to rear for its habitation the peculiar people it was to need to work His will, with the particular combination of characteristics that centuries of evolution and interblending of nationality alone could produce.

Slowly but surely the nation has developed through its many successive stages of crudeness and immaturity,

wrestling with its problems, triumphing over its mistakes and failures, and gradually learning its place in the affairs of the modern world, and performing its part in the universal work. With only a comparatively few years to its credit, it has taken its place at the very head of the powers of the world. With only a comparatively brief period of education and preparation, its men have proved their mettle and stood head and shoulders above their contemporaries in all the various pursuits of modern humanity, despite the antiquity of the world-old traditions that they have been forced to face in the trial of merit. With only these few pages of its history yet filled, its record glows with the fiery words of achievement and progress,—of prowess and attainment; and its stars and stripes shout to the world the glory of triumphant endeavor, wherever they wave from ocean to ocean, or from shore to shore.

And the keen eye of American statesmanship is not altogether blind to its destiny. Peering ahead through the vistas of future action, lighted by the dim reflection of the past, and the lessons it has taught, the nation can already catch a faint glimmer of its mission to the world of today,—the mission for which it has, for centuries, been almost unconsciously shaping itself, or been formed by that “divinity that shapes our ends,” without its own cognizance or co-operation. Ever since the brave little

“Band of exiles moored their bark
On a wild New England shore;”

ever since the first framing of our now world-famous Declaration of Independence, the very name of America has stood as a synonym for personal liberty,—individual independence of thought,—perfect freedom of speech and action; and as a pioneer in the great universal need of escape from the bondage of oppressive, domineering mastery of the stronger over the weaker, as a leader in

the inevitable movement that shakes off the chains of human slavery from the necks where political and financial power have placed them, she has all these years stood boldly and fearlessly alone among the world powers, and demanded her place by her own invincible power on sea and land. As the recognition she commanded quickened into an admiration that was almost reverence, the nations quivered beneath the force of her masterful demands until international courtesy became almost universal. It is thus she stands today, the one grand, living exponent of liberty, ready at any hour to demonstrate with all her majestic might the "survival of the fittest," and to spread the gospel of liberty to every corner of a chain-bound earth.

But is this all of her mission, as even in her weakness of insight she can discern it clearly today? Verily, no! The nation, since the first moment of her conception in the cosmic womb of universal creation, has found it absolutely necessary to engage in five different wars,—all of which were fought for the grandest principles that humanity can comprehend, and consequently all of which were successful,—for Right is Might! Nevertheless, she has not hesitated at any and all times to declare her principles, and stand up boldly as an advocate for peace. She shrinks from warfare,—she always has shrunk from warfare,—and only the direst necessity has forced her into the midst of the conflicts from which she has come forth with triumphant march and flying flag. As the exponent of national and international peace, her star-spangled banner has waved its message gallantly wherever it has been unfurled; and acting half unconsciously upon its inherent principles, in all times of stress and disaster, bringing into use through the action of its own dominant will the principles of arbitration and peaceful adjustment, it has gone forward secure of the divine

blessing of the Christ, who said: "Blessed are the peacemakers, for they shall be called the children of God!"

Today, as we look around upon the world, and with the awakened intuition so characteristic of the age, watch the signs of the times revealing even while striving to conceal the smouldering fires of gathering storm and stress, can we not catch, even though only through the dim conjecture of what *may* come to pass, if the great and mighty conflict so long foretold—the terrible War of the Nations that is to involve all countries and all peoples in the direst disaster,—should spring to life, a faint glimmer of the destiny of the United States? She who has stood as an exponent of liberty and equality,—she who has held up to the world a torch that points the way to universal peace,—she who has been the Mecca of all oppressed foreigners ever since the days before she had even become a nation,—surely it is not hard to see what her part in such a struggle of nations must be.

This, then, I take it is the divine destiny of "Columbia, the gem of the ocean,"—the destiny for which only a peculiar nation of peculiar people is fitted,—a destiny for which a nation had to be especially created and moulded through long years of "free and equal" struggle upward towards the ideal of personal and national liberty. Gradually, and often by hard lessons, and painful, persevering effort was it prepared for the great office it was to fill,—the great destiny it was to work out for itself among the nations and peoples of the world. Had I the eye and the voice of a gifted seer I would express it for you this way: I see in the not too far-distant future a strife of many nations,—a bloody battle of many peoples,—a conflict of the direst importance to all kingdoms, and principalities, and governments,—to all individual men and women. In the inevitable conflict of Armageddon I see the most terrible war that the world

has ever known, in which rivers and streets will run with blood and whole nations will be swept from the face of the earth by the fire and fury of the mighty masses of enraged humanity,—man fighting against his brother for the “free and equal” rights unto which he was created, but which have been filched from his grasp by the hand of fierce oppression; king fighting against king for the possession of some paltry bit of territory, or feeble extent of power; slave fighting against slave at the bidding of some autocrat, for the glittering bauble of “patriotism” that can mean so little to the minions who bow in servile humility to the mandate of royal will; life against life—and all for what? God knoweth! Can it be the Karmic debt of dead and buried races now coming up for settlement, that the Law might be fulfilled? But behold, as I look I also see, standing as a mediator between the enraged forces, this grand new nation of ours,—this country found in the far West, and gradually grown to its present dimensions of invincible power. I see it stand like a conciliating angel between the deadly enemies, saying to each, with a voice of the divine power and sweetness of a Christ among nations, “Peace be still!” And I watch while the writhing tide of humanity recedes and the savage blood calms in their veins, relaxing the grip upon one another’s throats, and quivering in the certainty of defeat when the word of a Master is spoken. I see the nation gathering up the scattered fragments of a bruised and bleeding world and binding them together under her own mighty eagle-wing, while again rings through the ages the promise of the Prince of Peace: “Blessed are the peacemakers, for they shall be called the children of God.”

Graduates of today, you of the coming generation who are to be the men and women of tomorrow, it is

to this citizenship with this destiny to fulfill that you are about to join your forces. Into your hands America lays her stars and stripes; into your hearts she whispers her infinite ideals; upon your brain, in letters of fire, she would brand her deathless shibboleth of "Peace be still!" To you she must trust the working out of all her stupendous plans; to you she must look for the ultimate issues of all these vital things that are her life. The first step in the preparation which life will demand of you is to establish peace, each within his own soul; for the man at peace with himself is at peace with all men. As you sense the perfection of harmony within the center of your own being, you must naturally radiate the atmosphere of peace and good will unto all who come within the influence of your most far-reaching thought. Facing the conditions of every day with no other guide than the Vision Splendid, the unconquerable ambition, the glorious hope, the illimitable faith and the indomitable will of one who believes in his own infinite ideal, you will first establish the Kingdom of Peace within that Holy of Holies wherein your soul lives its life, alone with its God; and knowing only the peace of perfect harmony and love divine, you can sense no other vibration, but ever attuned to the Divine Will, you must think peace, talk peace, feel peace and breathe peace till there is no room in all God's blessed universe for any other but the glad gospel of the Angels over Bethlehem: "Peace on Earth, Good Will to Men."

Members of the Graduating Class, this, as the divine heritage of the American born, is your mission to your nation, and to the world. Slight not your birthright, nor barter it for the mess of pottage wherein lurks the germ of bloodshed and rebellion. In filling your place in the nation of your fathers you help her to become better fitted to fill her own place in the world, and thus

press on to the mark of her high calling as the maker and keeper of peace, to proclaim her eternally the Child of God. To this end let us invoke the divine blessing of the ever-living Prince of Peace!

(Note.—*This sermon, having been written and first delivered in the year 1908, is especially significant in being published during the present critical year. With slight alteration here and there it may be made as fitting for use during any national crisis that may at any time arise.*)

(d) THE END OF THE COURSE

(*Abridged.*)

TEXT: "I have fought a good fight; I have finished my course; I have kept the faith."

—II Timothy iv:7.

The graduate of any good thorough school is apt to look back upon the period of his student life as having been much of a battle, wherin he has had to cope with the "beasts at Ephesus," or to grapple with great giants of every known science and philosophy, and come off from each encounter either victor or vanquished. From the perspective of his present vision he can view impartially every struggle, and see wherin he has failed to satisfy his own high standard of scholarship; and wherin he may, in his biggest moments, have surpassed even his own most lofty ideals. The scene of the conflict stretches out in its entirety before his imagination, its real colors standing forth clearly and distinctly with the glamour of the passing moment removed, so that as a more casual observer who gazes from afar he can judge each movement at more or less of its full value in its influence upon both his present position and his future achievements.

The words of Paul, which have come to me tonight as most appropriately bearing upon the mental attitude with which you recall these scenes of toil and triumph which you find yourself already classing among the by-gone affairs of your life's panoramic progression, are, "I have fought a good fight; I have finished my course; I have kept the faith." Happy, indeed, that graduate who can sincerely express the satisfactory state of his mind in this triple assurance of a race well run!

The good fight is one of the bravest and noblest of life's experiences—not the bloodshed and battle of man with man, but the grapple with mental and spiritual adversaries that determine the inner calibre of the contestant. It is the quality of the struggle put forth by a man that proclaims to the world what manner of man he is, far more than may be manifested by its termination. It matters not nearly so much to a man that he succeeds in winning some long-sought prize as it does that he has worked for it honestly and unfalteringly with all the force and energy there is in him. It is in the doing that the work is blessed unto the laborer, whatever may be the value of his hire. It is the fight itself that tests the mettle of the soldier, whether the cause for which he struggles be lost or won. It does not so much matter to the real man whether he wins or loses, but only "How did he fight? and why?"

It is in the effort that the soul grows and asserts itself to the fullest extent of its possibilities; and he that has worked well, persevering in the face of all opposition and apparent failure, fairly and squarely endeavoring to perform his part to the utmost extent of his capabilities may well look back upon his labor, regardless of any seeming defeat in its result, and say, "*I have fought a good fight!*"

The finished course is another triumph in which the

true student of life must rejoice. It means a great deal to have really finished with any one phase of life. Unfinished tasks must always be done over again, and yet again, no matter how far we may hope to have left them in the past. We will find ourselves brought back to them, many and many a time, until we can know them to be satisfactorily finished. To look back upon any duty assigned to you and feel that you have wisely and thoroughly completed it down to every trifling detail of the original plan, gives in itself a satisfaction not every workman realizes. So many say, "If I had just had time to do this thing or that thing, I could have made the work so much better!" "If I hadn't left this nail undriven, or that board unplaned, I would be very proud of that piece of work;" or, "I didn't take time to fix it just as it ought to be, but of course it will do!" forgetting that nothing will *do* that is even in the smallest trifle short of absolute completion, and that in just such a degree as one's work is left unfinished, a flaw is left in the character, and the individual falls short of that perfection the world has a right to demand of him when it places its important work within his hands. One phase of life must be finished and out of the way before we have room for anything else. We cannot take two steps at a time. We must complete the one step before we are in a position to advance to the next one. Therefore, the graduate may well foster the thrill of self-respect that arises within him when he can assert with a justifiable pride in his own achievement, "*I have finished my course.*"

But, after all, the real test of young manhood and womanhood lies in the last clause of the text, "*I have kept the faith.*" The fight may have been well fought, and the course splendidly finished, but if in the fighting and in the finishing the faith of the soul was lost or

tarnished, the life will suffer in the lack throughout all the years to come. For "What shall it profit a man if he gain the whole world and lose his own soul?" It is not the physical victory of the fight, nor the mental victory in the finished course that can open the gates of the higher life to any who has failed to "keep the faith." The primal standard of Christian living, and a spiritual oneness with the Creator that lifts the soul above the level of a gross materiality, must be held aloof as pure and stainless as on that first glorious morning of Creation when God saw that all was good. The real things of life are not those which we can see with the physical eye, or grasp with the carnal mind. The eternal verities of the spirit are of infinite birth, and only in the "still small voice" of the Most High are they made manifest unto man. The gospel of Jesus Christ is as vital today in its appeal to men and women as it was in the days when He taught by the shores of Galilee and proved by His divine example the possibility of keeping the faith through every fight and course. We may have only that small portion of universal faith as may be wrapped up in the seed of the mustard, but even in that we may, with Blake, be able

"To see a world in a grain of sand,
And a heaven in a flower;
Hold infinity in the palm of your hand,
And eternity in an hour."

As our grandest ideals lift our thought unto the image of Divine Manhood which the centuries have but more indelibly stamped upon the history of the world, and the voice of God within us calls to a life of such sacrifice and ultimate glory as none other has ever approached, we feel that great unnameable something within us swell to an assertion of its own divinity, and our conception of life expand until we can only compass it

when we can say, with reverent lips, from overflowing hearts, "*I have kept the faith.*"

Members of the Graduating Class, this is a stupendous hour. It is the Omega of your school days, the Alpha of your larger life. It is the beginning of a harder and more dangerous fight, the first day of a longer and more strenuous course, the unveiling of a surer and more definite faith. You will fight, as all men must, and I feel that you will make it a good fight; you will work, whatever your station, and I know that you will endeavor to endure through the long day until at the coming of night you may have the satisfaction of having finished your course; you will be tempted and tried, even as the Christ Himself was tested by the scourge of the soul's adversary; but through it all may you keep the Divine Fire aflame upon the holy altar of your soul, cleansed of all doubt and fear, that you may say, as you finally lay down your weary body for its last rest, "*I have kept the faith.*" Then must the world rejoice in a life well lived, and the Recording Angel drop such tears of pure joy upon the scroll of life as may blot out forever all but the hours of truth and victory wherein are blended the peace and joy of life eternal.

(e) SUGGESTED TEXTS FOR BACCALAUREATE SERMONS

Job 5:8.	Psalms 8:4-6.
Psalms 37:3, 4 and 5.	Psalms 89:34.
Proverbs 2:10-11.	Proverbs 3:6.
Proverbs 16:3-32.	Proverbs 19:20.
Proverbs 25:28.	Proverbs 29:18.
Matthew 6:33.	Matthew 7:7.
Luke 14:28.	John 8:32.
II. Timothy 3:14-15.	II. Timothy 2:15.

Psalms 19:7.	Colossians 3:2.
Psalms 126:6.	Colossians 3:23.
Proverbs 4:23; 26.	I. Thess. 5:21.
Proverbs 23:12.	Ephesians 4:23.
Ecclesiastes 3:1.	Philipp. 4:13.
Mathew 25:21.	II. Corin. 7:16.
John 12:32.	Romans 14:19.
I. John 5:21.	Joshua 24:15.



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By Walter Ben Hare. Comedy in 3 acts, 6 males, 6 females, 2½ hours. Royalty, ten dollars. Price, 50 Cents.

ASSISTED BY SADIE

By Walter Ben Hare. Comedy in 4 acts, 6 males, 6 females, 2½ hours. Royalty, ten dollars. Price, 50 Cents.

BETTY'S LAST BET

By Edith Ellis. Farco-comedy in 3 acts; 5 males, 6 females, 2½ hours. Royalty, twenty dollars. Price, 50 Cents.

FIFTY-FIFTY

By Frederick G. Johnson. Farce in 3 acts, 5 males, 5 females, 2½ hours. Royalty, fifteen dollars. Price, 50 Cents.

FOR THE LOVE OF JOHNNY

By Harry Hamilton. Play in 3 acts; 6 females, 3 females; 2½ hours. Royalty, ten dollars. Price, 50 Cents.

GETTIN' ACQUAINTED

By Georgia Earle. Comedy in 1 act; 1 male, 2 females. Time, 25 minutes. Royalty, five dollars. Price, 35 Cents.

THE GOLD BUG

By Walter Ben Hare. Comedy in 4 acts; 7 males, 7 females; 2½ hours. Royalty, fifteen dollars. Price, 50 Cents.

THE LIE THAT JACK BUILT

By Georgia Earle. Comedy in 1 act, 2 males, 2 females. Time, 30 minutes. Royalty, five dollars. Price, 35 Cents.

MARY'S MILLIONS

By Frederick G. Johnson. Comedy in 3 acts; 5 males, 6 females; 2½ hours. Royalty, fifteen dollars. Price, 50 Cents.

CASELDA COMES HOME

By Fanny Cannon. Comedy in 3 acts; 5 males, 8 females; 2 hours. Royalty, fifteen dollars. Price, 50 Cents.

WHEN SMITH STEPPED OUT

By Harry Osborne. Comedy in 3 acts; 4 males, 4 females; 2 hours. Royalty, ten dollars. Price, 50 Cents.

WHOSE LITTLE BRIDE ARE YOU?

By Edith Ellis. Farco-comedy in 3 acts; 5 males, 5 females, 2½ hours. Royalty, fifteen dollars. Price, 50 Cents.

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Denison's Select Plays

ALL ON ACCOUNT OF POLLY

By Harry L. Newton. Comedy in 3 acts; 6 males, 10 females (2 children). Time, 2½ hours. Price, 35 Cents.

AN ARIZONA COWBOY

By Sheldon Farmer. Comedy-drama in 4 acts, 7 males, 5 females. Time, 2½ hours. Price, 35 Cents.

A CABIN COURTSHIP

By Irene Jean Crandall. Comedy in 3 acts, 5 males, 4 females. Time, 2 hours. Price, 35 Cents.

CLUBBING A HUSBAND

By Edith F. A. U. Painton. Comedy in 3 acts; 12 females. Time, 2 hours. Price, 35 Cents.

A DREAM OF QUEEN ESTHER

By Walter Ben Hare. Biblical drama in 3 acts; 3 males, 16 females. Time, 2½ hours. Price, 35 Cents.

THE KINGDOM OF HEART'S CONTENT

By Lindsey Barbee. College comedy in 3 acts; 6 males, 12 females. Time, 2½ hours. Price, 35 Cents.

THE LAUGHING CURE

By Edith F. A. U. Painton. Comedy in 2 acts; 4 males, 5 females. Time, 1½ hours. Price, 35 Cents.

LIGHTHOUSE NAN

By Sheldon Farmer. Sea-coast drama in 3 acts, 5 males, 4 females. Time, 2½ hours. Price, 35 Cents.

RUTH IN A RUSH

By Lindsey Barbee. Comedy in 3 acts; 5 males, 7 females. Time, 2½ hours. Price, 35 Cents.

A SOUTHERN CINDERELLA

By Walter Ben Hare. Comedy-drama in 3 acts; 7 females. Time, 2 hours. Price, 35 Cents.

A TRIAL OF HEARTS

By Lindsey Barbee. College comedy in 4 acts; 6 males, 18 females. Time, 2½ hours. Price, 35 Cents.

WAY DOWN ALONG

By Gladys Ruth Bridgman. Comedy in prologue and 2 acts; 7 males, 3 females. Time, 2 hours. Price, 35 Cents.

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CHICAGO

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ALL A MISTAKE

By W. C. Parker. Farce-comedy in 3 acts; 4 males,
4 females. Time, 2 hours Price, 35 Cents.

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By Lindsey Barbee. College comedy in 3 acts; 6 males,
14 females. Time, 2½ hours Price, 35 Cents.

CIVIL SERVICE

By Walter Ben Hare. Drama in 3 acts, 6 males, 5 fe-
males. Time, 2½ hours. Price, 35 Cents.

DEACON DUBBS

By Walter Ben Hare. Comedy-drama in 3 acts; 5 males,
5 females. Time, 2½ hours. Price, 35 Cents.

THE DREAM THAT CAME TRUE

By Lindsey Barbee. Comedy-drama in 3 acts; 6 males,
13 females. Time, 2½ hours. Price, 35 Cents.

KICKED OUT OF COLLEGE

By Walter Ben Hare. College farce in 3 acts; 10 males,
9 females Time, 2½ hours. Price, 35 Cents.

A LITTLE CLODHOPPER

By Walter Ben Hare. Comedy-drama in 3 acts; 3 males,
4 females. Time, 2 hours. Price, 35 Cents.

MRS. TUBBS OF SHANTYTOWN

By Walter Ben Hare. Comedy-drama in 3 acts; 4 males,
7 females (5 children). Time, 2½ hours. Price, 35 Cents.

A POOR MARRIED MAN

By Walter Ben Hare. Farce-comedy in 3 acts; 4 males,
4 females. Time, 2 hours. Price, 35 Cents.

THE REAL THING AFTER ALL

By Lindsey Barbee. Comedy-drama in 3 acts; 7 males,
9 females (2 children). Time, 2½ hours. Price, 35 Cents.

SAFETY FIRST

By Sheldon Farmer. Farce-comedy in 3 acts; 5 males,
5 females. Time, 2½ hours. Price, 35 Cents.

THE THREAD OF DESTINY

By Lindsey Barbee. Comedy-drama in 3 acts; 9 males,
16 females. Time, 2½ hours. Price, 35 Cents.

WHEN THE CLOCK STRIKES TWELVE

By Lindsey Barbee. Comedy-drama in 3 acts; 8 males,
20 females. Time, 2½ hours. Price, 35 Cents.

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